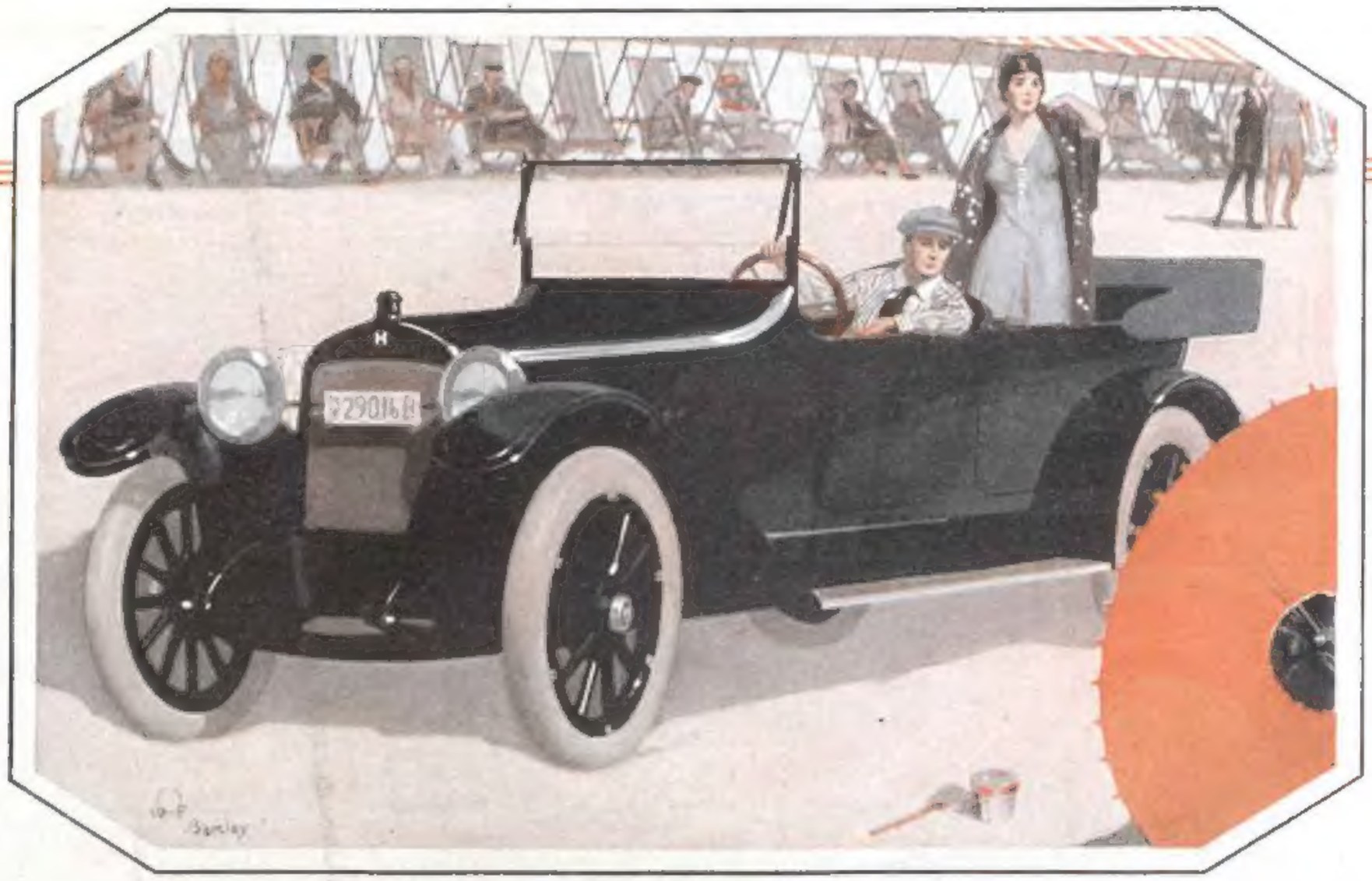
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu[s]ekly
Founded A[o] [1]Franklin

JULY 14, 1917 5c. THE COPY

J. Ogden Armour – Joseph Hergesheimer – H. C. Witwer
Basil King – Herbert Corey – George Eustace Pearson



Front-Rank In Beauty— Front-Rank In Value

An expert engineer calls the Hupmobile the best four-cylinder car he has seen this year.

A leading technical journal classes it the representative car of its type.

One of the great European powers prefers it for military and other purposes where the work and climate put many cars down and out.

We recite these facts because we believe you should know how good the Hupmobile is. We believe you should know that it is supreme in value, as in beauty and performance.

Beauty-Car and Value-Car Too

You think of the Hupmobile as the year-ahead beauty-car. And you are right. But it is more than that. Think of it also as the year's value-car.

The engineer we speak of knows all cars. He goes exhaustively into factory methods, materials, engineering design. His standing in the industry is of the highest.

The technical journal, too, judges by quality, engineering design, and manufacturing methods.

The government referred to, for one of its colonial possessions, specifies Hupmobiles only. For another, our inability to supply all the cars wanted cost us profitable business.

We have made the Hupmobile the year-ahead beauty-car. We have given it advanced style and refinements that will be good next year, and even the next.

Thus we add to the lasting value that has always set the Hupmobile ahead of others of its class. Never has it been a one-season car. Seldom if ever, at second sale, has it failed to bring a price higher than the average.

We have retained, and increased, in this beauty-car, all of Hupmobile value. Another manufacturer, visiting our factory, was amazed at the quality in the motor. "That motor," he said, "is so good it belongs in a $3,000 car."

Others have said that our materials are too good, our manufacturing methods too fine, for a car of Hupmobile price. But we are repaid by the loyalty of Hupmobile owners; by the supremacy of Hupmobile performance.

You have heard how the Hupmobile, in performance, outpoints other fours, and sixes, eights and twelves. On the country's noted test hills—in sand and mud—in every kind of bad going—its pulling power has proved supreme.

Gains In Beauty And In Quality

That is one reason why the Hupmobile has won preference over multi-cylinders. Another is its simplicity. Still another is its greater economy.

The Hupmobile has gained in beauty. It is also a better car. Larger factories, increased production, enable us to give mechanical betterments along with greater beauty.

So, when you think of the Hupmobile as the year-ahead beauty-car, we ask you to think of it as the year's value-car also.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Mich.

Value and Style Are Reflected Here

Bright finish, long grain, French seam upholstery

Improved cushions and lace type back springs in seats

Leather-covered molding finish along edges of upholstery

Neverleek top, black outside, tan inside—waterproof

Tonneau gipsy quarter curtains, integral with top

Front and rear edges of top finished with leather-covered molding

Hupmobile-Bishop door-curtain carriers, folding with curtains—exclusive

Bright leather hand grip-pads on doors

Large door pockets with special weighted flaps

Body a new color—Hupmobile blue

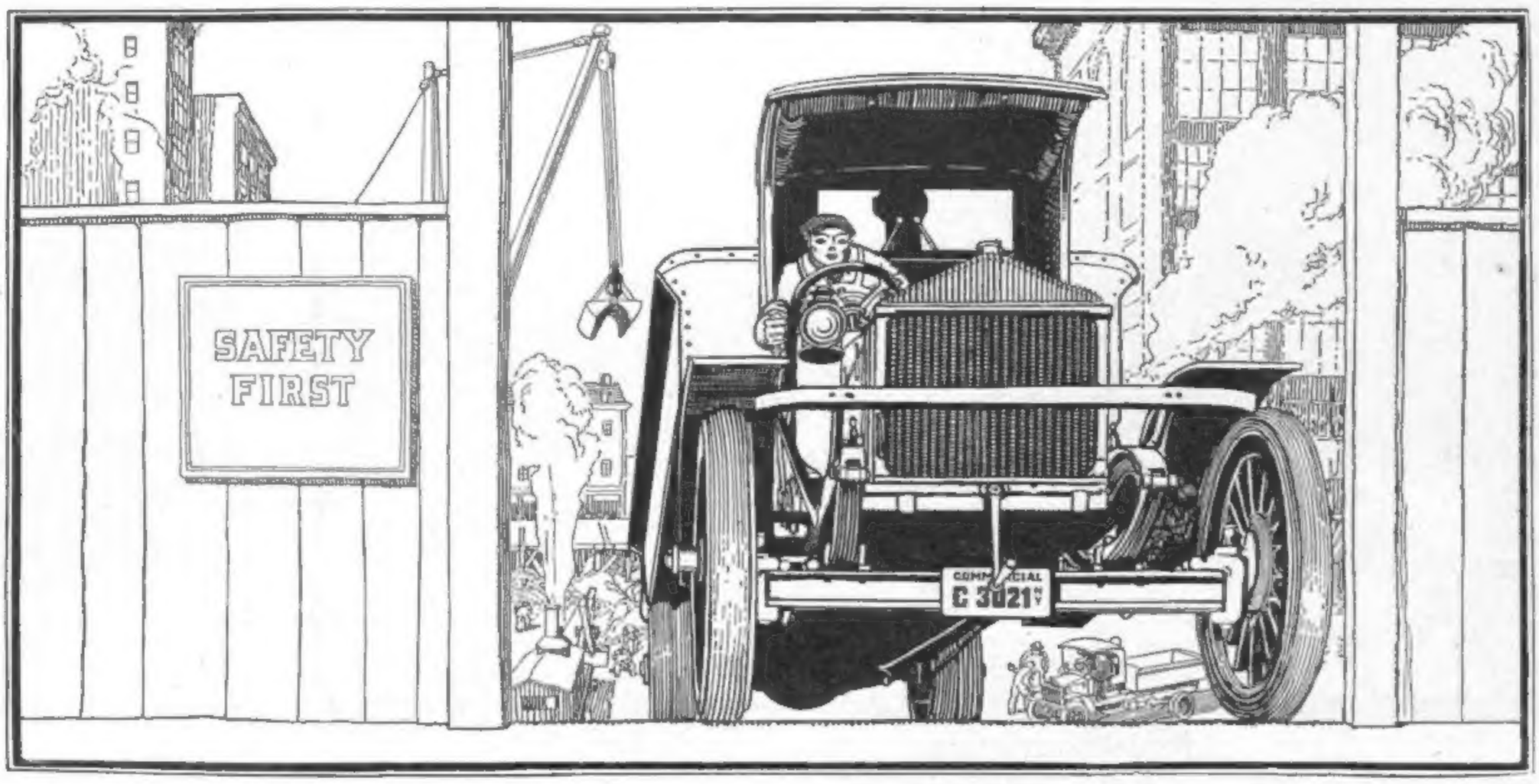
New variable dimming device, graduates brilliance of headlights

New soft operating clutch

Four Models—Two Chassis

Five-passenger Touring Car, Roadster, Sedan, 119-inch wheelbase; Seven-passenger Touring Car, 134-inch wheelbase.

The New Hupmobile



For big jobs in record time

FOR emergency rush work, Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks have set the pace. Many of the best known manufacturers, engineers and contractors give their Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks chief credit for the completion of big construction jobs in record time.

PIERCE-ARROW
Motor Trucks

Heavy time forfeits successfully met on subway excavations, factories rushed up by day and night work, thousands of dollars saved in freight car demurrage, incredible tonnages handled swiftly and surely in cramped spaces and crowded traffic —Pierce-Arrow owners can tell you the story, and they will. If you are faced with an emergency hauling problem, tell us about it, and we will put you in touch with some Pierce-Arrow owner who has solved a similar one.

The Worm-Gear

All Pierce-Arrow trucks are equipped with the worm-gear drive, which is a positive guarantee of effective service under the most difficult conditions.

Specific data are available covering the cost of operation of Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks in many different lines of business, such as Transport, Grocery, Contracting, Coal, Brewery, Textile, Oil, Dry Goods, Chemicals, etc.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Buffalo, N. Y.

Main Street, Pewaukee, Waukesha County, Wis. Treated with "Tarvia-B"

Tarvia Roads for Small Towns—

THE road problem of a small town is an awkward one. Property values as a rule cannot sustain costly types of pavement, whereas the traffic coming in from the surrounding countryside may be quite heavy.

The best roads for towns so situated are Tarvia-macadam.

Tarvia is a coal-tar preparation which bonds the stone together, making a tough, slightly plastic surface which is *automobile-proof, dustless and durable.*

An old macadam road can be converted to Tarvia-macadam at a slight cost and will thenceforth show a very *low annual upkeep.*

In fact, thousands of miles of macadam are being converted to Tarvia-macadam every year in recognition of the lowered cost of maintenance and the net saving in taxation.

When Tarvia roads are introduced, the business of the community usually increases greatly—more products going out and more money and goods coming in.

Statistics invariably prove that where *good roads* replace *poor roads*, the people of the community save enough in hauling expenses the first year or two to pay for the roads.

Further, good roads will convert the most dismal, stuck-in-the-mud community into one that is up-and-doing, and throbbing with life and growth.

Tarvia
Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust

Tarvia brings good roads within the reach of many communities which otherwise could not afford them. While it sometimes, though not always, adds to the original cost of a road, it saves large sums in the end by reducing the expenses of maintenance and prolonging the life of the road-surface.

An ordinary macadam road that would go to pieces in two years under a given amount of traffic will last indefinitely if bonded and treated with Tarvia.

Tarvia makes just the difference between a road that is too weak for its job and a road that is strong enough.

Scores of towns and many counties as well as many park systems and private estates have adopted the policy of using Tarvia consistently on all their roads for the sake of reducing expenses. At the same time, of course, they get far better roads.

Illustrated Booklet Free

To any one who is interested in the modern, inexpensive way of building and maintaining good roads, we shall be glad to send a Tarvia booklet without charge. The booklet shows good roads all over the country which are being built and maintained at lower cost than any other type of permanent roadway.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers.

This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

New York Chicago Philadelphia
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville

The Barrett Company

Boston St. Louis
Detroit Birmingham
Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Secretary and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1917, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 190 *PHILADELPHIA, JULY 14, 1917* *Number 2*

PUTTING THE RED CROSS ON A NEW WAR BASIS

A Story of Big Business

By Elizabeth Frazer

DECORATION BY H. J. JOULEN

THE purpose of this article is to state clearly the problem that to-day confronts the National Red Cross of America, now that we as a nation are at war, and also to see how, as a business organization, it is measuring up to the practical details of that problem. In order to get a better light upon the proposition it will be necessary to go back a little and to sketch briefly the policies and activities of the American Red Cross during the pre-war period, before the United States threw her hat into the ring and declared herself the antagonist of Prussian autocracy.

What was the policy of the Red Cross during this period? What were her aims, her scope, her vision? Did she measure up in her vision to the vast demands made upon human pity by the frightful catastrophe that, with the suddenness of a flood or a fire, swept across the face of Europe? As a powerful organization of noble tradition, with ramifications in every state in the Union, trained to meet just such emergencies, how did she meet this stupendous emergency? Was she equal to her task? Or did she more or less flunk it? What, in short, did she decide to do? What did she decide not to do? And which was the greater field, the circle which she drew to circumscribe her efforts or the field which was left after the circle was drawn? Finally, is that circle to-day the same in diameter as it was during the pre-war period? Or has the Red Cross redrawn her circle? What is her vision now, to-day, in the month of July, 1917? Where does she stand on policy?

The Acid Test

GIVEN this prescribed field of activity, how did the Red Cross fulfill her obligations, meet her contracts? Was she efficient as an organization, supple, mobile, and above all swift in getting results within her own marked-out limits—or was she defective in any of the above qualities? What was her standing from a keen, hard-headed business man's point of view? Are any of those defects that marked her past career still operating to-day, with America at war? Or has there been a reorganization?

In other words, is the Red Cross of the present moment a good business proposition? Is it worth investing a hundred million dollars in? If it can stand the acid test of practical efficiency it is worth investing, not only one hundred million dollars in, but ten times that sum. A billion dollars is not too much to invest in the Red Cross if the Red Cross can show a billion-dollar-size program to cover our present war-relief needs, and can likewise show a modern, swift, high-powered business organization that knows how to handle a billion dollars after it gets it. That, as Hamlet observed, is the question; and the answer to that question constitutes the real subject of this article.

For some time, or, to be meticulously exact, from the commencement of the big war and previous to the entrance into it of the United States as a belligerent factor, the American Red Cross rested under a shadow. This shadow, cloud, crepuscular adumbration—call it what you like—was the accumulated weight of public distrust. The Red Cross organization, for one reason or another, just or unjust, during the first two years of the European war managed to lose the confidence of the American public. Not altogether, not absolutely—but somewhat. There was not, on the part of the people as a whole, a hearty and enthusiastic support of the Red Cross, with respect to either its policies or its business methods. As a humanitarian enterprise it was not in the clear, warm sunshine of American approbation.

This was in the pre-war period, that delicate, disturbed, soul-torturing period before Von Bernstorff received his passports, when the United States was still, technically at any rate, a neutral nation—but a neutral nation straining at the leash; when a large and constantly augmenting portion of that nation was so ardently pro-Ally that it was getting dreadfully red in the face from the prolonged effort of holding its breath; when hundreds of its young men were braving the submarine peril in order to cross over and drive ambulances on the French Front, and thousands of others were quietly slipping across the Northern Border to enlist with the Canadian troops.

Antebellum Policies

IT WAS a period when insult and scathing innuendo were the order of the day in drawing-room and club and saloon and street; and when for a woman to so much as admit that she admired the blond type in man was instantly to lay her under the darkling suspicion of being pro-German, or even—dread word!—a spy! Belgium, the furious rush on innocent Paris, the Lusitania disaster—the sudden horror fallen across the peaceful, prosaic sunlight of the world—made America first gasp with incredulity and then split into two savagely antagonistic camps. Families were divided, ancient friendships were broken, and men and women gave the direct lie to each other in the streets.

And it was in this period of tremendous tension, of tremendous and uncontrolled passion, that the American Red Cross decided on its line of action: to steer a straight course on the even keel of neutrality, and to send hospital units and supplies to all the belligerent countries—including Germany. When this decision became public property a great outcry went up—or rather, two great outcries went up, of rage and of joy respectively, proceeding from the pro-Ally and the pro-German camps. The pro-German, and also a majority of the pacifist group, declared the Red Cross policy to be beautiful, humanitarian, Christlike. And their utterances, in the main, were sincere. But equally sincere was the contention of the opposing faction that to give comfort and aid to the enemies of France was to destroy France and her institutions of freedom; and in the exact ratio in which aid and comfort were given to Germany, the American Red Cross was sustaining that mighty autocracy which was fighting to get its brutal fingers on the windpipe of the free world. And if, through the downfall of France, those ruthless fingers once got a grip on the windpipe—America would feel the squeeze!

Thus each group argued; and each was logical from its own angle of vision. But the practical result, so far as the Red Cross was concerned, was disastrous, for she

lost out, financially, with both sides. The pro-Allies did not hesitate to condemn her as pro-German in sympathies, and refused to contribute a cent to her support, handing over their donations, instead, to independent relief organizations whose policies they indorsed. And the German element, which had been so vociferous in proclaiming the course of the Red Cross Christlike, when it came to opening their pocketbooks nine out of ten of them made their solid contributions, not to the American but to the German Red Cross. It was all very well to be Christlike, but when it came to beating the French and the English they were not going to take any chances!

This, of course, was only human, but the Red Cross presently found herself in the embarrassing situation resembling that of old Mother Hubbard who went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone. Her appeals for aid met numerous cold shoulders. One incident may serve to reveal the temper of the times. It was in New York, in 1915, and a certain rich man had invited a certain other rich man to lunch with him, with the eye to cajoling out of the latter a handsome contribution to the Red Cross, of which it stood in dire need. The cajoler was a pacifist of purest ray serene. What the party of the second part was will appear.

Neutral Policies and Partisan Purses

THE lunch proceeded harmoniously while the host outlined the magnificent ideal of humanity, of common brotherhood and love, which the Red Cross had made flesh, so to speak, through its splendid record of aid in previous disasters. He witnessed the San Francisco fire, the Dayton flood, the Messina earthquake; and then passed diplomatically to the personal application, the present vital need and his guest's well-known reputation for liberality. The guest, who had murmured approval at the earlier phases of the history, became silent as the eulogy proceeded, and at its conclusion he spoke.

"I believe in the Red Cross," he began slowly. "I consider it one of the most magnificent and dynamic ideas which has struck this century. As an idea, it has my heartiest indorsement. But"—he paused, and continued soberly—"just how far the Red Cross organization, in its present phase, is the clear embodiment of that glorious idea, I have grave doubts. It is a mighty big idea; I don't know that the Red Cross, as it now operates, has a big idea. It's a vision. I'm not quite sure that the leaders of the present organization have vision. I've been thinking hard over this humanitarian proposition, and I've been asking questions as to how the Red Cross is being run ——"

"There's always criticism! It's the cheapest commodity on earth!"

"And, on the whole, the most valuable! Woe to the government or the institution which dodges criticism!"

"But I can explain ——"

"You don't have to, for that's not the ground of my refusal. What's this I hear about the American Red Cross sending hospital supplies into Germany?"

The host raised his eyebrows.

"Of course we do! We're a neutral nation."

"That's just the point. We're a neutral nation—as yet!—but I'm not a neutral individual, and my pocketbook is not a neutral pocketbook, and so long as the Red Cross sends one bandage or one compress into Germany, and thus helps her to beat France, I shall not give one penny to the upkeep of the Red Cross. Do I make myself clear?"

This was only one of innumerable refusals that met the Red Cross in its time of need. And the reason was that the policy of the organization in this one respect did not run with the desires of a vast and constantly growing group of individuals, and so the individuals rejected the organization. And the Red Cross suffered in consequence. It suffered in funds, but also it suffered even more in a diminution of public confidence and prestige. This one policy accounts for a good deal of the criticism that persistently dogged the footsteps of the Red Cross during the pre-war period—but it does not account for all.

There was another general policy that was even more effectual in cutting off the organization from the sympathy and warm enthusiasm of the American public, even that portion of the public which was not particularly pro-Ally or pro-anything except pro-human. And this was the decision of the Red Cross leaders to do no general relief work in Europe, but to concentrate its efforts upon sending hospital units and supplies to the various belligerent countries. It is not the purpose of this article to go into the soundness or unsoundness of these fundamental policies, but simply to state them and note their reaction on the American public, and their practical result in the net.

And the first practical result was this: That as the Red Cross did not busy itself with relief work, so the American people, as a whole, did not busy itself with the Red Cross. When the Germans swept through Belgium and the news story of the horrors perpetrated in that country reached us, the United States rocked from shore to shore with passionate indignation, and then rose, almost to a man, in Belgium's defense. Desperate, gallant, tragic little Belgium! Gaunt, starving little Belgium! Grim, dogged, unyielding little Belgium! Superb, unconquerable little Belgium! Millions to the aid of Belgium! Pennies and nickels and dimes and millions and jewels, all you can possibly or impossibly spare for brave little Belgium!

These were the watchwords that ran like wildfire round the country, and the money began to pour in. There is a fine sumptuous quality to American generosity once it really gets going, a naïve, childlike desire to fill up the cup to its very brimming tiptop, which was not lacking on this occasion. What happened, once the wheels began to revolve, all the world knows. Rockefeller came forward with shiploads of food and his checkbook. Hoover got on the job. The result was an organization, an expert machine operating at a distance from the base of supplies, over an immense foreign population, with an effectiveness such as the world had never before witnessed.

And it is interesting to note in this connection that here was a situation of the very type that the Red Cross by her organization and training might have handled. It was in its essence emergency relief work, comparable to the work done by the Red Cross in the San Francisco fire or the Dayton flood, with this difference: that the unit of measurement was bigger. In the former catastrophe, a city or a community was the victim, while in the case of Belgium it was an entire nation that was slaughtered, outraged, pillaged, and put to the fire and the sword. It was the Red Cross idea that operated, to be sure, but it was not operating through the national organization. The people had cut for their sympathies a fresh channel. Its name was the Belgian Relief Commission.

During the two years of the war other independent relief organizations came into existence—some big, some little, some effective, some not so effective, but all imbued with the same motive—to cover the relief work in Europe which the Red Cross leaders, when they drew their circle, had left outside their field. In this way the Red Cross idea, as an idea, still flourished and broke into lovely bloom; but instead of blossoming solely from the parent stem it was now dispersed among a numerous sisterhood of societies backed by groups of earnest workers, each of whom pushed and rooted and begged for her own particular organization.

Competition in Mercy

IT WAS no longer one Red Cross; it was numerous Red Crosses under different names. It was no longer one big humanitarian proposition with a noble tradition standing like the cool shadow of a rock in a weary land—and incidentally collaring all the collections; it was, instead, dozens of lively little propositions, with no hampering traditions at all, but kicking along at a very good speed and diverting some of the donations from the elder sister. In short, the American Red Cross as a humanitarian organization was no longer isolated in her endeavors. The age of competition had arrived.

And now let us glance briefly at some of these friendly competitors and note their scope and effectiveness. Of these, first and foremost in importance stands the Belgian Relief Commission, an independent relief body of American origin which has expended up to date approximately two hundred millions of dollars. Of this fabulous sum, between eleven and twelve millions has been collected in America. The monthly budget of this society runs from twelve to eighteen millions of dollars. The American Red Cross has spent something over four millions during the war in the belligerent countries. But a like sum, four millions, was collected for the Belgian Relief Commission by its New York office alone. And that amount does not represent food supplies or comforts collected by that office, but sheer cash. The work of the Belgian Commission, the superb breadth of its policies, and the practical efficiency of its organization are an enduring monument to American clear-headedness in the humanitarian field. It is the fingerpost pointing the road of the future, and indicating what can be done when big constructive vision and big constructive business methods meet.

Aside from this powerful organization there were scores of others, laboring in more limited fields. The work of one of these, the National Surgical Dressings Committee, is noteworthy, for here an organization invaded the Red Cross circle of endeavor and began sending hospital supplies to Europe. Why did it not contribute funds to the Red Cross, which already had an organization built up for that very purpose? The answer reveals one of the prime defects of the Red Cross of this period—defects which right along were negative ones.

The National Surgical Dressings Committee was built up from materials that the Red Cross refused to use. It was built out of rags. Fragments of old linen, old sheets, cobwebby lingerie, all the millions of odd bits that ordinarily find a home in the ash bin were made into surgical dressings. To-day it has one of the best business organizations of its kind to be found in the country. No red tape, no cumbersome machinery. It is as mobile and straightforward as a fire hose, and almost as effective in action. It has reduced its problem to its lowest common denominator, with the result that it gets action, it gets teamwork, it gets speed. In the two years of its humble existence this society has sent over seventeen millions of surgical dressings to the French and English and Italian hospitals.

How Enthusiasm Was Dampened

ONE day a high Red Cross official ran into a high Surgical Dressings official. "You should belong to us," said the Red Cross lady with a shade of reproof in her voice. "Your organization is doing our work. You should be enrolled under our banner."

"That is very true."

"Then why aren't you?"

"Because you refused us. You refused rags, and we are founded on rags." It was another case of the stone which the builder rejected.

Private individuals had similar experiences. They ran up against a fixity, a hard, tight, jealous attitude of authority that alienated service all along the line. The case of Miss Isabel Lord, director of domestic arts and sciences of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, is but one of many instances. One morning Miss Lord rang up the Red Cross headquarters in Brooklyn and said:

"I have a big plant here, composed of three hundred girls and high-power machines, and I should like to contribute their services to the Red Cross for so many hours per week. Supply us with materials and specifications and we will supply you with the finished product."

And this was the reply she received: "We cannot use you unless you furnish your own materials."

Damped in enthusiasm but not daunted, Miss Lord rang up an independent organization and repeated her offer.

"Delighted!" came the instant response. "We'll send somebody right over to confer with you."

These examples bring us directly to the problem of the internal organization of the Red Cross; and now, in the words of the philosopher, we are getting down to first causes. What is scientific management, anyhow? One famous business expert says that it is merely knowing what you want done, and then seeing that it is done in the best and cheapest way. It is better, he continues, to have trained experts as the heads of departments who do all the preparatory planning so that the work proceeds in smooth, straightforward, unobstructed lines; for if any cog slips the whole machinery is likely to skid. Accordingly, putting a few high-priced keen business men, experts in their own specialties, in charge of the various branches, each responsible for the efficiency of his own department and responsible also to his executive chief, is the best plan of procedure, for these men lick the organization into shape and get back returns in no time. To-day one must have leaders who know how to handle the

(Continued on Page 53)

TOL'ABLE DAVID

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

A Sharp Sense of Victory Possessed David, and He Whispered His Brother's Name

HE WAS the younger of two brothers, in his sixteenth year; and he had his father's eyes—a tender and idyllic blue. There, however, the obvious resemblance ended. The elder's azure gaze was set in a face scarred and riven by hardship, debauch and disease; he had been—before he had inevitably returned to the mountains where he was born—a brakeman in the lowest strata of the corruption of small cities on big railroads; and his thin, stooped body, his gaunt head and uncertain hands, all bore the stamp of ruinous years. But in the midst of this his eyes, like David's, retained their singularly tranquil color of sweetness and innocence.

David was the youngest, the freshest thing imaginable; he was overtall and gawky, his cheeks were as delicately rosy as apple blossoms, and his smile was an epitome of ingenuous interest and frank wonder. It was as if some quality of especial fineness, lingering unspotted in Hunter Kinemon, had found complete expression in his son David. A great deal of this certainly was due to his mother, a thick, solid woman, who retained more than a trace of girlish beauty when she stood back, flushed from the heat of cooking, or tramped with heavy pails from the milking shed, her bright eyes snapping, on a winter morning.

Both the Kinemon boys were engaging. Allen, almost twenty-one, was, of course, the more conspicuous; he was called the strongest youth in Greenstream County. He had his mother's brown eyes; a deep, bony box of a chest; rippling shoulders; and a broad, peaceful countenance. He drove the Crabapple stage, between Crabapple, the village just over the back mountain, and Beaulings, in West Virginia. It was twenty-six miles from point to point, a way that crossed an enormous mountain, hung above a far veil of unbroken spruce, forded swift glittering streams, and followed a road that passed rare, isolated dwellings, dominating rocky and precarious patches and hills of cultivation. One night Allen slept in Beaulings; the next he was home, rising at four o'clock in order to take his stage out of Crabapple at seven sharp.

It was a splendid job, and brought them thirty-five dollars a month; not in mere trade at the store, but actual money. This, together with Hunter Kinemon's position, tending the rich bottom farm of State Senator Galt, gave them a position of ease and comfort in Greenstream. They were a very highly esteemed family.

Galt's farm was in grazing; it extended in deep green pastures and sparkling water between two high mountainous walls drawn across east and west. In the morning the rising sun cast long, delicate shadows on one side; at evening the shadow troops lengthened across the emerald valley from the other. The farmhouse occupied a fenced clearing on the eastern rise, with a gray huddle of barn and sheds below, a garden patch of innumerable bean poles, and an incessant stir of snowy chickens. Beyond, the cattle moved in sleek chestnut-brown and orange herds; and farther out flocks of sheep shifted like gray-white clouds on a green-blue sky.

It was, Mrs. Kinemon occasionally complained, powerful lonely, with the store two miles up the road, Crabapple over a heft of a rise, and no personable neighbors; and she kept a loaded rifle in an angle of the kitchen when the men were all out in a distant pasturage. But David liked it extremely well; he liked riding an old horse after the cattle, the all-night sap boilings in spring groves, the rough path across a rib of the mountain to school.

Nevertheless, he was glad when school was over for the year. It finished early in May, on account of upland planting, and left David with a great many weeks filled only with work that seemed to him unadulterated play. Even that didn't last all the time; there were hours when he could fish for trout, plentiful in cool, rocky pools; or shoot gray squirrels in the towering maples. Then, of evenings, he could listen to Allen's thrilling tales of the road, of the gambling and fighting among the lumbermen in Beaulings, or of strange people that had taken passage in the Crabapple stage—drummers, for the most part, with impressive diamond rings and the doggonedest lies imaginable. But they couldn't fool Allen, however believing he might seem. . . . The Kinemons were listening to such a recital by their eldest son now.

They were gathered in a room of very general purpose. It had a rough board floor and crumbling plaster walls, and held a large scarred cherry bed with high posts and a gayly quilted cover; a long couch, covered with yellow, untanned sheepskins, by a window and primitive telephone; some painted wooden chairs; a wardrobe, lurching insecurely forward; and an empty iron stove with a pipe let into an original open hearth with a wide, rugged stone. Beyond, a door opened into the kitchen, and back of the bed a raw unguarded flight of steps led up to the peaked space where Allen and David slept.

Hunter Kinemon was extended on the couch, his home-knitted socks comfortably free of shoes, smoking a sandstone pipe with a reed stem. Mrs. Kinemon was seated in a rocking-chair with a stained and torn red plush cushion, that moved with a thin complaint on a fixed base. Allen was over against the stove, his corduroy trousers thrust into greased laced boots, and a black cotton shirt open on a chest and throat like pink marble. While David supported his lanky length, in a careless and dust-colored garb, with a capacious hand on the oak beam of the mantel.

It was May, school had stopped, and a door was open on a warm, still dusk. Allen's tale had come to an end; he was pinching the ear of a diminutive dog—like a fat white sausage with wire-thin legs and a rat tail—that never left him. The smoke from the elder Kinemon's pipe rose in a tranquil cloud. Mrs. Kinemon rocked vigorously, with a prolonged wail of the chair springs. "I got to put some tallow to that chair," Kinemon proclaimed.

"The house on Elbow Barren's took," Allen told him suddenly—"the one just off the road. I saw smoke in the chimney this evening."

A revival of interest, a speculation, followed this announcement.

"Any women'll get to the church," Mrs. Kinemon asserted. "I wonder? Did a person say who were they?"

"I asked; but they're strange to Crabapple. I heard this though: there weren't any women to them—just men—father and sons like. I drew up right slow going by; but nobody passed out a word. It's a middling bad farm place—rocks and berry bushes. I wouldn't reckon much would be content there."

David walked out through the open doorway and stood on the small covered portico, with a bench on each side, hanging to the face of the dwelling. The stars were brightening in the sky above the confining mountain walls; there was a tremendous shrilling of frogs; the faint clamor of a sheep bell. He was absolutely, irresponsibly happy. He wished the time would hurry when he should be big and strong, like Allen, and get out into the absorbing stir of the world.

II

HE WAS dimly roused by Allen's departure in the beginning brightness of the following morning. The road over which the stage ran drew by the rim of the farm; and later David saw the rigid, three-seated surrey, leather mail bags strapped in the rear, trotted by under the swinging whip of his brother. He heard the faint, sharp bark of Rocket, Allen's dog, braced beside him in the stage.

David spent the day with his father, repairing the fencing of the middle field, swinging a mail and digging post holes; and at evening his arms ached. But he assured himself he was not tired; any brother of Allen's couldn't give in before such insignificant effort. When Hunter Kinemon turned back toward house and supper David made a wide circle, ostensibly to see whether there was rock salt enough out for the cattle, but in reality to express his superabundant youth, staying qualities and unquenchable vivid interest in every foot of the valley.

He saw the meanest kind of an old fox, and marked what he thought might be its hole; his flashing gaze caught the obscure, distant retreat of ground hogs; he threw a contemptuous clod at the woolly-brained sheep; and with a bent willow shoot neatly looped a trout out upon the grassy bank. As a consequence of all this he was late for supper, and sat at the table with his mother, who never took her place until the men—yes, and boys of her family—had satisfied their appetites. The dark came on and she lit a lamp swinging under a tin reflector from the ceiling. The kitchen was an addition, and had a sloping shed roof, board sides, a polished stove, and a long table with a red cloth.

His father, David learned, attacking a plateful of brown chicken swimming with greens and gravy, was having another bad spell. He had the familiar sharp pain through his back and his arms hurt him.

"He can't be drove to a doctor," the woman told David, speaking, in her concern, as if to an equal in age and comprehension.

David had grown accustomed to the elder's periods of suffering: they came, twisted his father's face into deep lines, departed, and things were exactly as before—or very nearly the same. The boy saw that Hunter Kinemon couldn't support labor that only two or three years before he would have finished without consciousness. David resolutely ignored this; he felt that it must be a cause of shame, unhappiness, to his father; and he never mentioned it to Allen.

Kinemon lay very still on the couch; his pipe, beside him on the floor, had spilled its live core, burning into a length of rag carpet. His face, hung with shadows like the marks of a sooty finger, was glistening with fine sweat. Not the whisper of a complaint passed his dry lips. When his wife approached he attempted to smooth out his corrugated countenance. His eyes, as tenderly blue as flowers, gazed at her with a faint masking of humor.

"This is worse'n usual," she said sharply. "And I ain't going to have you fill yourself with any more of that patent trash. You don't spare me by not letting on. I can tell as

soon as you're miserable. David can fetch the doctor from Crabapple to-night if you don't look better."

"But I am," he assured her. "It's just a comeback of an old ache. There was a power of heavy work to that fence."

"You'll have to get more to help you," she continued. "That Galt'll let you kill yourself and not turn a hand. He can afford a dozen. I don't mind housing and cooking for them. David's only tol'able for lifting, too, while he's growing."

"Why," David protested, "it ain't just nothing what I do. I could do twice as much. I don't believe Allen could heft more'n me when he was sixteen. It ain't just nothing at all."

He was disturbed by this assault upon his manhood; if his muscles were still a little stringy it was surprising what he could accomplish with them. He would show her to-morrow.

"And," he added impetuously, "I can shoot better than Allen right now. You ask him if I can't. You ask him what I did with that cranky twenty-two last Sunday up on the mountain."

His clear gaze sought her, his lean face quivered with anxiety to impress, convince, her of his virility, skill. His jaw was as sharp as the blade of a hatchet. She studied him with a new, surprised concern.

"David!" she exclaimed. "For a minute you had a look of a man. A real steady look, like your father. Don't you grow up too fast, David," she directed him, in an irrepressible maternal solicitude. "I want a boy—something young—round a while yet."

Hunter Kinemon sat erect and reached for his pipe. The strain had largely vanished from his countenance. When his wife had momentarily left the room he said to David:

"That was a hard one. I thought she had me that time."

The younger gazed at him with an intense admiration. His father's voice was light, steady. He instinctively felt that nothing mortal could shake the other's courage. And, on top of his mother's complimentary surprise, his father had confided in him, made an admission that, David realized, must be kept from fretting women. He couldn't have said more to Allen himself.

He pictured the latter swinging magnificently into Beaulings, cracking the whip over the horses' ears, putting on the grinding brake before the post office. No one, even in that town of reckless drinking, ever tried to down Allen; he was as ready as he was strong. He had charge of government mail, of passengers; and he carried a burnished revolver in a holster under the seat at his hand. Allen would kill anybody who interfered with him. So would he—David—if a man edged up on him or on his family; if anyone hurt even a dog of his, his own dog, he'd shoot him.

An inextinguishable hot pride, a deep sullen intolerance, rose in him at the thought of an assault on his personal liberty, his rights, or on his connections and belongings. A deeper red burned in his fresh young cheeks; his smiling lips were steady; his candid blue eyes, ineffably gentle, gazed widely against the candlelit gloom where he was making his simple preparations for bed. The last feeling of which he was conscious was a wave of sharp admiration, of love, for everything and everybody that constituted his home.

David Pictured Allen Swinging Magnificently Into Beaulings

III

ALLEN, on his return the following evening, immediately opened an excited account of the new family, and with no women, on the place by Elbow Barren.

"I heard they were from down hellwards on the Clinch," he repeated; "and then that they'd come from Kentucky. Anyway, they're bad. Ed Arbogast just stepped on their place for a pleasant howdy, and someone on the stoop hollered for him to move. Ed, he saw the shine on a rifle barrel, and went right along up to the store. Then they hired Simmons—the one that ain't good in his head—to cut out bush; and Simmons trailed home after a while with the side of his face all tore, where he'd been hit with a piece of board. Simmons' brother went and asked them what was it about; and one of the Hatburns—that's their name—said he'd busted the loony just because!"

"What did Simmons answer back?" Hunter Kinemon demanded, his coffee cup suspended.

"Nothing much; he'd law them, or something like that. The Simmonses are right spindling; they don't belong in Greenstream either." David said: "I wouldn't have et a thing till I'd got them!" In the ruddy reflection of the lamp his pink-and-blue charm, his shy lips, resembled a pastoral divinity of boyhood. Allen laughed.

"That family, the Hatburns ——" He paused. "Why, they'd just mow you down with the field daisies."

David flushed with annoyance. He saw his mother studying him with the attentive concern she had first shown the day before yesterday.

"You have no call to mix in with them," Kinemon told his elder son. "Drive stage and mind your business. I'd even step aside a little from folks like that."

David was conscious of a feeling of disappointment, surprise, at his father's statement. It seemed to him out of keeping with the elder's courage and determination. It, too, appeared almost spindling. Perhaps he had said it because his wife, a mere woman, was there. He was certain that Allen would not agree with such mildness. The latter, lounging back from the table, narrowed his eyes; his fingers played with the ears of his dog, Rocket. Allen gave his father a cigar and lit one himself, a present from a passenger on the stage. David could see a third in Allen's shirt pocket, and he longed passionately for the day when he would be old enough to have a cigar offered him.

He longed for the time when he, like Allen, would be swinging a whip over the horses of a stage, rumbling down a steep mountain, or walking up at the team's head to take off some weight.

Where the stage line stopped in Beaulings the railroad commenced. Allen, he knew, intended in the fall to give up the stage for the infinitely wider world of freight cars; and David wondered whether Priest, the storekeeper in Crabapple who had charge of the awarding of the position, could be brought to see that he was as able a driver, almost, as Allen.

It was probable Priest would call him too young for the charge of the Government mail. But he wasn't; Allen had to admit that he, David, was the straighter shot. He wouldn't step aside for any Hatburn alive. And, he decided, he would smoke nothing but cigars. He considered whether he might light his small clay pipe, concealed under the stoop, before the family; but reluctantly concluded that the time had not yet arrived.

The stage and Allen passed the next morning as usual, leaving a gray wreath of dust to settle back into the tranquil yellow sunshine; the sun moved from the east barrier to the west; a cool purple dusk filled the valley; and the shrilling of the frogs rose to meet the night. The following day was almost identical—the shadows swept out, shortened under the groves of trees and drew out again over the sheep on the western slope. Before Allen reached home he had to feed and bed his horses, and walk back the two miles over the mountain from Crabapple; and David was greatly surprised to see, a full hour before the time for his brother's arrival, the stage itself making its way in over the precarious turf road that led up to the Kinemons' dwelling.

He was standing by the stoop, and immediately his mother moved out to his side, as if unconsciously disturbed by the unusual occurrence. David saw, while the stage was still diminutive against the rolling pasture, that Allen was not driving; and there was an odd confusion of figures in a rear seat. Mrs. Kinemon said at once, in a shrill, strange voice:

"Something has happened to Allen!" She pressed her hands against her laboring breast.

David ran forward and met the surrey as it came through the fence opening by the stable shed. Ed Arbogast was driving; and a stranger—a drummer evidently—in a white-and-black check suit, was holding Allen, crumpled in a dreadful, bloody faint.

"Where's Hunter?" Arbogast asked the boy.

"There he comes now," David replied, his heart pounding wildly and dread constricting his throat.

Hunter Kinemon and his wife reached the stage at the same moment. Both were plaster-white; but the woman was shaking with frightened concern, while her husband was deliberate and still.

"Help me carry him in to our bed," he said to Ed Arbogast.

They lifted Allen out and bore him toward the house, his limp fingers, David saw, trailing through the grass. At first the latter involuntarily turned away; but, objurgating such cowardice, he forced himself to gaze at Allen. He recognized at once that his brother had not been shot; his hip was too smeared and muddy for that. It was, he decided, an accident, when he saw Arbogast and the drummer leading Hunter Kinemon aside.

It Was His First Actual Sight of a Hatburn

David Kinemon walked resolutely up to the little group. His father gestured for him to go away, but he ignored the elder's command. He must know what had happened to Allen. The stranger in the checked suit was talking excitedly, waving trembling hands—a sharp contrast to the grim immobility of the Greenstream men:

"He'd been talking about that family, driving out of Beaulings, saying how they had done this and that; and when we came to where they lived he pointed out the house. A couple of dark-favored men were working in a patch by the road, and he waved his whip at them, in a way of speaking; but they never made a sign. The horses were going slow then; and, for some reason or another, his little dog jumped to the road and ran in on the patch. Sirs, one of those men spit, stepped up to the dog, and kicked it into kingdom come."

David's hands clenched; and he drew in a sharp, sobbing breath.

"This Allen," the other continued, "pulled in the team and drawed a gun from under the seat before I could move a hand. You can hear me—I wouldn't have kicked any dog of his for all the gold there is! He got down from the stage and started forward, and his face was black; then he stopped, undecided. He stood studying, with the two men watching him, one leaning careless on a grub hoe. Then, by heaven, he turned and rested the gun on the seat, and walked up to where laid the last of his dog. He picked it up, and says he:

"'Hatburn, I got Government mail on that stage to get in under contract, and there's a passenger too—paid to Crabapple; but when I get them two things done I'm coming back to kill you too dead to hear the last trumpet.'

"The one on the hoe laughed; but the other picked up a stone like my two fists and let Allen have it in the back. It surprised him like; he stumbled forward, and the other stepped out and laid the hoe over his head. It missed him mostly, but enough landed to knock Allen over. He rolled into the ditch, like, by the road; and then Hatburn jumped down on him, deliberate, with lumbermen's irons in his shoes."

David was conscious of an icy flood pouring through him; a revulsion of grief and fury that blinded him. Tears welled over his fresh cheeks in an audible crying. But he was silenced by the aspect of his father. Hunter Kinemon's tender blue eyes had changed apparently into bits of polished steel; his mouth was infolded until it was only a line among the other lines and seaming of his worn face.

"I'd thank you to drive the stage into Crabapple, Ed," he said; "and if you see the doctor coming over the mountain—he's been rung up for—ask him please, sir, will he hurry." He turned and walked abruptly away, followed by David.

Allen lay under the gay quilt in the Kinemons' big bed. His stained clothes drooped from a chair where Mrs. Kinemon had flung them. Allen's face was like white paper; suddenly it had grown as thin and sharp as an old man's. Only a slight quiver of his eyelids showed that he was not dead.

Hunter Kinemon sat on the couch, obviously waiting for the doctor. He, too, looked queer, David thought. He wished his father would break the dreadful silence gathering over them; but the only sound was the stirring of the woman in the kitchen, boiling a pot of water. Allen moved and cried out in a knifelike agony, and a flicker of suffering passed over his father's face.

An intolerable hour dragged out before the doctor arrived; and then David was driven from the room. He sat outside on the stoop, listening to the passage of feet about Allen in a high, shuddering protest. David's hands and feet were still cold, but he was conscious of an increasing stillness within, an attitude not unlike his father's. He held out an arm and saw that it was as steady as a beam of the stoop roof. He was without definite plan, knowledge of what must occur; but he told himself that any plan of Hunter Kinemon's must not exclude himself.

There were four Hatburns; but two Kinemons were better; and he meant his father and himself, for he instinctively knew that Allen was badly hurt. Soon there would be no Hatburns at all. And then the law could do as it pleased. It seemed a long way, to David, from the valley, Allen broken in bed, to the next term of court—September—in Crabapple. The Kinemons could protect, revenge, their own.

The doctor passed out, and David entered the room where his mother was bent above her elder son. Hunter Kinemon, with a blackened rag, was wiping the lock of an

old but efficient repeating rifle. His motions were unhurried, careful. Mrs. Kinemon gazed at him with blanching lips, but she interposed no word. There was another rifle, David knew, in the long cupboard by the hearth; and he was moving to secure it when his father's voice halted him in the middle of the floor.

"You David," he said, "I want you to stop along here with your mother. It ain't fit for her to be left alone with Allen, and there's a mess of little things for doing. I want those cows milked dry, and catch in those little Dominicker chickens before that old gander eats them up."

David was about to protest, to sob out a passionate refusal, when a glimpse of his father's expression silenced him. He realized that the slightest argument would be worse than futile. There wasn't a particle of familiar feeling in the elder's voice; suddenly David was afraid of him. Hunter Kinemon slipped a number of heavily greased cartridges into the rifle's magazine. Then he rose and said:

"Well, Mattie?"

His wife laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Hunter," she told him, "you've been a mighty sweet and good husband." He drew his hand slowly and lovingly across her cheek.

"I'm sorry about this, Mattie," he replied; "I've been powerful happy along with you and all of us. David, be a likely boy," he said to his son. Then he walked out of the room, across the grass to the stable shed.

"He's going to drive to Elbow Barren," David thought; "and he hadn't ought to have left me to tend the cows and chickens. That's for a woman to do. I ought to be right along with him facing down those Hatburns. I can shoot, and my hand is steady as his."

He stood in the doorway, waiting for the reappearance of his father with the roan horse to hitch to their old buggy. It didn't occur to David to wonder at the fact that his father was going alone to confront four men. The Kinemons had a mort of friends who would have gladly accompanied, assisted Hunter; but this, the boy told himself, was their own affair—their own pride.

From within came the sound of his mother, crying softly, and of Allen muttering his pain. David was appalled by the swift change that had fallen over them—the breaking up of his entire world, the shifting of every hope and plan. He was appalled and confused; the thoughtless, unquestioning security of his boyhood had been utterly destroyed. He looked about, dazed, at the surrounding scene, callous in its total carelessness of Allen's injury, his haggard father with the rifle. The valley was serenely beautiful; doves were calling from the eaves of the barn; a hen clucked excitedly. The western sky was a single expanse of primrose, against which the mountains were jagged and blue.

He had never known his father to be so long getting the bridle on the roan; the buggy was drawn up outside. An uneasy tension increased within him—a pressing necessity to see his father leading out their horse. He didn't come, and finally David was forced to walk over to the shed.

The roan had been untied, and turned as the boy entered; but David, at first, failed to see Hunter Kinemon. Then he almost stepped on the elder's hand. His father lay across a corner of the earthen floor, with the bridle tangled in stiff fingers, and his blue eyes staring blankly up.

David stifled an exclamation of dread, and forced himself to bend forward and touch the gray face. Only then he realized that he was looking at death. The pain in his father's back had got him at last! The rifle had been carefully placed against the wall; and, without realizing the significance of his act, David picked it up and laid the cold barrel against his rigid young body.

IV

ON THE evening after Hunter Kinemon's burial in the rocky, steep graveyard above Crabapple, David and his mother sat, one on the couch, the other in her creaking rocking-chair, lost in heavy silence. Allen moved in a perpetual uneasy pain on the bed, his face drawn and fretful, and shadowed by a soft young beard. The wardrobe doors stood open, revealing a stripped interior; wooden chairs were tied back to back; and two trunks—one of mottled paper, the other of ancient leather—stood by the side of a willow basket filled with a miscellany of housekeeping objects.

What were left of the Kinemons were moving into a small house on the edge of Crabapple; Senator Galt had already secured another tenant for the care of his bottom acres and fat herds. The night swept into the room, fragrant and blue, powdered with stars; the sheep bells sounded in a faintly distant clashing; a whippoorwill beat its throat out against the piny dark.

An overpowering melancholy surged through David; though his youth responded to the dramatic, the tragic change that had enveloped them, at the same time he was reluctant to leave the farm, the valley with its trout and ground hogs, its fox holes and sap boilings. These feelings mingled in the back of his consciousness; his active thoughts were all directed toward the time when, with the rifle, the obligation that he had practically picked up from his dead father's hand, he would walk up to the Hatburn place and take full payment for Allen's injury and his father's death.

He thought uneasily that he should have gone before this—at once; but there had been a multitude of small duties connected with the funeral, intimate things that could not be turned over to the kindest neighbors; and the ceremony itself, it seemed to him, should be attended by dignity and repose.

Now, however, it was over; and only his great duty remained, filling the entire threshold of his existence. He had no plan; only a necessity to perform. It was possible that he would fail—there were four Hatburns; and that chance depressed him. If he were killed there was no one else, for Allen could never take another step. That had been disclosed by the most casual examination of his injury. Only himself, David, remained to uphold the pride of the Kinemons.

He gazed covertly at his mother; she must not, of course, be warned of his course; she was a woman, to be spared the responsibility borne by men. A feeling of her being under his protection, even advice, had grown within him since he had discovered the death in the stable shed. This had not changed his aspect of blossoming youth, the intense blue candor of his gaze; he sat with his knees bent boyishly, his immature hands locked behind his head.

An open wagon, piled with blankets, carried Allen to Crabapple, and Mrs. Kinemon and David followed in the buggy, a great bundle, folded in the bright quilt, roped behind. They soon crossed the range and dropped into a broader valley. Crabapple lay on a road leading from mountain wall to wall, the houses quickly thinning out into meadow at each end.

A crossroads was occupied by three stores and the courthouse, a square red-brick edifice with a classic white portico and high lantern; and it was out from that, where the highway had degenerated into a sod-cut trail, that the future home of the Kinemons lay. It was a small, somber frame dwelling, immediately on the road, with a rain-washed patch rising abruptly at the back. A dilapidated shed on the left provided a meager shelter for the roan; and there was an aged and twisted apple tree over the broken pump.

"You'll have to get at that shed, David," his mother told him; "the first rain would drown anything inside."

She was settling Allen on the couch with the ragged sheepskin. So he would; but there was something else to attend to first. He would walk over to Elbow Barren to-morrow. He unconsciously laid his hand on the barrel of the rifle, temporarily leaned against a table, when his mother spoke sharply from an inner doorway.

"You David," she said; "come right out into the kitchen."

There he stood before her, with his gaze stubbornly fixed on the bare floor, his mouth tight shut.

"David," she continued, her voice now lowered, fluctuating with anxiety, "you weren't reckoning on paying off them Hatburns? You never?" She halted, gazing at him intently. "Why, they'd shoot you up in no time! You are nothing but a ——"

"You can call me a boy if you've a mind to," he interrupted; "and maybe the Hatburns'll kill me—and maybe they won't. But there's no one can hurt Allen like that and go plumb, sniggering free; not while I can move and hold a gun."

"I saw a look to you that was right manlike a week or two back," she replied; "and I said to myself: 'There's David growing up overnight.' I favored the thought, too, though I didn't want to lose you that way so soon. And only last night I said again: 'Thank God, David's a man in his heart, for all his pretty cheeks!' I thought I could build on you, with me getting old and Allen never taking a mortal step. Priest would give you a place, and glad, in the store—the Kinemons are mighty good people. I had it all fixed up like that, how we'd live here and pay regular.

"Oh, I didn't say nothing to your father when he started out—he was too old to change; but I hoped you would be different. I hoped you would forget your own feeling, and see Allen there on his back, and me . . . getting along. You're all we got, David. It's no use, I reckon; you'll go like Allen and Hunter, full up with your own pride and never ——" She broke off, gazing bitterly at her hands folded in her calico lap.

A new trouble filled David's heart. Through the open doorway he could see Allen, twisting on the couch; his mother was older, more worn, than he had realized. She had failed a great deal in the past few days. She was suddenly stripped of her aspect of authority, force; suddenly she appeared negative, dependent. A sharp pity for her arose, through his other contending emotions.

"I don't know how you figure you will be helping Allen by stepping off to be shot instead of putting food in his mouth," she spoke again. "He's got nobody at all but you, David."

That was so; and yet ——

"How can I let those skunks set their hell on us?" he demanded passionately. "Why, all Greenstream will think I'm afraid, that I let the Hatburns bust Allen and kill my father. I couldn't stand up in Priest's store; I couldn't bear to look at anybody. Don't you understand how men are about those things?"

She nodded.

"I can see, right enough—with Hunter in the graveyard and Allen with both hips broke. What I can't see is what we'll do next winter; how we'll keep Allen warm and fed. I suppose we can go to the County Home."

But that, David knew, was as disgraceful as the other—his own mother, Allen, objects of public charity! His face

(Continued on Page 31)

Mrs. Kinemon Gazed at Him With Blanching Lips; but She Interposed No Word

WHEN THE HALF-GODS GO

They Had Dined in the Garden of the Restaurant, With Nothing Between Them and the Stars

By Louise Dutton

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

"WHEN half-gods go the gods arrive." This title is not new; but the story is. It is the story of J. Eldredge Jones, and how his half-gods went and his gods arrived; the story of J. Eldredge Jones and the Twilight Girl. In these days half-gods no longer topple over with a spectacular crash of falling temples and splendid wrecking of devastated altars. They fade gently away, like a face in a movie fade-out, till gradually, unaware, we find ourselves gazing into the face of a true god and worshiping with our whole hearts and souls; worshiping as we never in our crowded modern lives meant to worship, and never should have if we had not met the half-gods first. And so there is a new and great need for half-gods in these days. The half-gods of J. Eldredge Jones had had the same New York address for ten years, and on Saturday nights he generally visited them.

Mr. J. Eldredge Jones, then, early one April Saturday night was walking slowly down Fifth Avenue. His favorite restaurant, cool behind full-leaved flower boxes; his favorite haberdasher's window, gay with spring yellows and greens; and his favorite club—none of them got a second glance from him to-night. Mr. Jones was dining at André's.

Mr. Jones was not so young as he looked, though he did not look so young as he dressed to look. He was nearer fifty than forty, very much nearer; but his hundred-dollar tailor had done things to his demurely colored business suit, mysterious and clever things at the shoulder and waist line, and in the more indeterminate regions between, that made his stocky, middle-aged figure look springy and strong; and the black pearl in his tie was a modest choice, but his green-and-purple tie was not, and his panama was not. Even his graying mustache, trim against the nice, tubbed, exercised pink of his skin, had a jaunty look, and he had every appearance of owning the Avenue—and, indeed, the town. And he had the light that belongs to April nights, to New York Saturday nights, and to youth itself, asleep, but ready to wake to-night, in his rather cold gray-green eyes. But André's was only a pastry shop southwest of Washington Square, where the Square and Greenwich Village and all Bohemia dined that year; and he was J. Eldredge Jones.

J. Eldredge Jones, of Jones, Jones & Company, Mortgage and Loan Brokers, of high finance and higher social pretensions, of the Plaza, though he lived there in one cramped room; and of Greenwich Village, which had one, and only one, J. Eldredge Jones. Years ago he discovered the Village as a place where you could dine for forty cents, *vin compris;* but now he no longer saved money there. He spent it—spent it royally for little things and big; his famous parties at the old Evert; the tea room he financed for one lady of his heart, and the hat shop for another. Just now he was backing the Penny Players, who produced very modern drama in an unconverted stable and starred Marianina Myers.

Guide, philosopher and friend, patron of all the arts, a king; and a king with the divine right of kings to take what he wanted, though he paid as he went and never wanted anything long—this was Mr. Jones to the Village.

But what was the Village to him? The Village did not know, but the answer was simple enough: Mr. Jones was in love.

Ladies left him or lost him, and no one face held him; but the whole Village held him. It was Bohemia still, the land of eternal youth to him; a country where anything might happen, newborn for him every night, clean as the course white cloths on the restaurant tables, alluring as the old light of love in new eyes—this land of his love. For the names of his half-gods were Adventure and Romance, and they lived in the Village. Mr. Jones was in love with the Village, with Greenwich Village itself.

This was his secret, plain in his face to-night, as he paused by the Evert. He was to meet Marianina at André's at seven; but it was only six, and the April night called to him. He started aimlessly across the Square.

The splendid far-lit length of the Avenue stretched unregarded behind him. His Square was dim with trees and small scattered fairy lights; and ahead, high and black, opened the Arch that had never yet failed to lead him into another world. It was a beautiful world to-night, in the April dusk which, though the lights were lit, lingered unfading, as if it could last forever; a world that waited for night, or some greater event; waited and stood on tiptoe, and held its breath—a twilight world. Mr. Jones let it lead him on from one gray street of his Village to another; and it led him far away. He stood still at last, and seemed to have come at once to the end of his walk and the world. Mr. Jones was on Primrose Street.

This street had the gray emptiness of twilight, without the charm. It was a ragged jumble of frowzy flat houses, big office buildings and mean little shops. A discouraged fox terrier, hopelessly nosing a garbage can, sniffed furtively at Mr. Jones. In the narrow building on his left, already dark for the night, light shone palely far up and dim curtains fluttered; and on a window sill the milk bottles of some humble studio dweller took the last rays of the sun. For it is in just such streets, in isolated attic studios and converted tenements, that Greenwich Village begins, ugly and muddy at its source, as the purest stream may be. But Mr. Jones liked to forget that there were such streets in his Village.

"God-forsaken hole!" said Mr. Jones out loud.

But as he said it, it was no longer true. A girl was coming slowly toward him down Primrose Street. She was slender and dressed in clinging black. She might have grown out of the shadows of the gathering dark, for he did not see her turn the corner. She stooped as she walked, but moved lightly and with strange grace. He watched her idly; but he watched, for he seemed to be alone in the street and in the world with her. And as he watched several things seemed to happen all at once. The girl was opposite to him; then she was crossing the street at an awkward little stumbling run; then brushing past him and in at the doorway on his left, where she stood fumbling with her key.

"My fault!" he had said when they collided; but she did not seem to hear. Now, as if the words registered at last in her brain, she turned uncertainly toward him—and then swayed sharply forward and dropped down in a little heap on the steps—a queer, crumpled little heap. Marianina could faint much better, on the stage and off; but this was an authentic faint. Mr. Jones, investigating, looked; looked again, and thought no more of Marianina.

He unlocked the door with the key she had dropped; saw a dingy corridor with rows of closed doors that looked as if they had never been open, though they were only office doors closed for the night; and flights of stairs that, by the one flaring gas jet, seemed to lead on and up into the dark forever, but must lead to the room with the light he had seen from the street. And he picked up the lady and started up. Even ninety-eight pounds of strange lady—and she did not weigh more—is hard to manipulate on dark stairs; but they both reached the top. The rear loft was not partitioned off, and in front one door flapped open upon untenanted emptiness, cluttered with bulky shapes of packing cases; but through ground glass in the other door rosy light glowed, and her key opened the door. She lived here—here in the one little island of light where you could live in this dead, black house; and he put her down on the couch, a chaste, green-covered couch, with stiff green pillows, and looked at the room and her.

It was a strange room to eyes used to Marianina's Oriental effects; bare and neat, with prim white curtains, an ink-stained table, unsteady wicker chairs; a gas stove on a packing box, and a bureau, both partly hidden by a semi-Japanese screen. The rosy light came from under a cheap paper shade, and below it stood an empty cracker box; and the milk bottle on the window sill was empty too. The girl had fainted because she was hungry.

She was only a girl, the strange lady who had come out of the twilight. Her misty black was not mysterious, but shabby—a patched satin, limp from turning and redraping. Under its swathing surplice folds the soft curves and lines of her had the sweet, arresting abruptness of youth; and her throat, against the unrelieved black, showed slender and young; and the dab of rouge against the lovely clear white of her cheeks was like a child's forbidden experiment with make-up. Her big hat, a dusty, winter velvet, more forlorn for its one spring rose, drooped in his hand; and her blond hair, pinned tight round her little head in two broad braids, looked as crisp and cool as spring. Her small straight lips were tight shut, as if they hid all the selfishly guarded secrets of youth.

"Squab!" said Mr. Jones.

Very young girls bored Mr. Jones; also, he liked to forget that girls ever lived on crackers and milk in his Village, or ever went hungry. But this girl's face was like no other face he had seen. He had for a moment a sense that it was like no other face in the world; and in that moment he knew why. The girl's closed lids fluttered open and dark eyes looked into his—looked and then closed; but the last of the twilight was not gone from Primrose Street. It was there in her eyes—all the dream, the unfulfilled

promise and strange urge of twilight that is always hoping and asking, never satisfied, never sure what it wants—but asking. What this girl wanted, what her eyes asked of the world and of him, Mr. Jones did not know; but she made him think of twilight. She was a twilight girl.

"Better now, sister?" he said; and he sat down on the couch, which creaked, and put a hand on her shoulder.

It felt warm under the threadbare satin, though she lay there so shadowy and still. And after a minute two arms, white and thin under the loose chiffon sleeves, reached up uncertainly and closed round his neck. They closed tight and clung; and they were not shadow arms.

"What? What's that?" said Mr. Jones. "I don't get it, sister. Don't—what?"

"Don't leave me!"

It was the small strange voice of a child talking in its sleep that he heard—asleep, but about to wake; and presently the dark eyes opened again. They were unclouded and clear, and looked at him with one long, unwavering look. Then the arms let him go.

"It's you!" said the girl.

That was what Cinderella first said to the Prince when she woke. But Cinderella did not turn away and hide her face when she said it; and this girl did.

"Me," said Mr. Jones; "and that's a good thing for you, though you don't know me yet. Lie still and wait."

He found a Roman blanket and pulled it over her. The colors were warm, but the blanket was not, and he added his coat. Then he turned back his sleeves, took off his ruby cuff links, his massive seal ring and diminutive wrist watch and disappeared behind the semi-Japanese screen. He could get quick results even in such a sketchy kitchenette; and he came back a few minutes later with a cup in his hand in which something steamed as he held it out to her.

"Oh, don't!" said the girl faintly. "I can't ——"

"Not milk," explained Mr. Jones, understanding her. "Beef extract! I always carry it. Call it the soup course. Now I'm going after the meat course."

He took a small electric flashlight from his pocket, tested it, and then, hatless and still in his shirt sleeves—very elegant shirt sleeves they were, of a mauve that toned with his tie—he left the room and creaked solidly down the stairs.

When he came back the girl's cup was empty and she sat stiffly propped against the stiff green pillows.

"I thought I had dreamed you," she said in a voice that was not quite so flattering as her words, if one were critical; Mr. Jones was not.

"Well, I'm real, and you're going to eat real food. And I haven't been out of the building. I didn't have to," he said, and paused for praise, but did not get it. "I've put the street door on the latch. I decided just what to do when I was carrying you upstairs. Didn't I tell you that you were a lucky girl, sister? Yes? That's right; you eat first and talk afterward. I give them five minutes more."

He pulled the table close to the couch, propped a shaky leg with a cigarette box, and then opened her door with the impressive air of a conjurer producing white rabbits from nowhere. Producing a square meal from a dark and empty building was a harder trick; but in just five minutes a door slammed below, feet clattered up the stairs, and a man stopped at her door. Mr. Jones' ample form half hid him as they met, but the white of a waiter's apron showed in the dark, and Mr. Jones came back with a tray covered with a big serving napkin, which he removed with a flourish as he put it on her table.

"There isn't a man's size baked potato left in Manhattan," he said, lifting metal covers that were tarnished but hot.

The potatoes and the big steak were hot, the tomato salad was thick with mayonnaise, and the custard pie and the meal were the kind the American business man gets homesick for in Europe. As Mr. Jones poured it expertly, there was a bead on the brown ale.

"All here," he went on. "Guess where I got it. Can't?" She pointed to the faded red initial on her napkin. "You have me," said Mr. Jones, only slightly disappointed. "Jerry's. Only two blocks from here. He knows me. I phoned to him. Smashed the glass in an office door downstairs, broke in and phoned to him and a friend of mine at André's. Two calls; and I left a ten-dollar bill—five a call. I pay as I enter—that's me! What's that? What's your trouble, sister?"

"You mustn't do this for me. I can't let you, because ——"

"Oh, I can afford it," said Mr. Jones cheerfully. "Go to it, sister. Here's looking at you!" And the two battered mugs touched across the rickety table; and she looked, and then went to it.

The king of Greenwich Village and this smallest and shabbiest of his subjects were a strange and ill-assorted pair. By the rose-shaded light the little meal seemed meant for love and youth to share in a garret and make their divine alliance closer—not for these two, worlds apart with only the narrow table between, and, in spite of the gentle magic of a good meal shared and the accident of fate that had marooned them here together, alone above the dark building and the town. Mr. Jones looked older and fatter in his purple shirt sleeves, and a purplish flush spread round his cheek bones as he ate.

Faint pink crept into the girl's cheeks, under her rouge; and he watched it, content with himself and the world. When the thick white dishes were empty he pushed back his chair, lighted a big cigar and smiled the pleased, proprietary smile of a man who has just fed a woman, and fed her well.

"Now, sister," he said, "what else can I do for you?"

"Go!" said the girl.

Mr. Jones only laughed a fat, comfortable laugh.

"You're a queer little thing," he said, "and you certainly are not long on small talk; but you've got a way with you, and I like you. Don't stall. Stalling never got a girl anything from me. I'm a plain man. Tell me your troubles. I broke a dinner date for you, but I've got another date soon. You and I have only fifteen minutes to get acquainted."

"We don't need it," said the girl; "I know you."

"Well, I'm not exactly a stranger in these parts," said Mr. Jones.

"No. Everybody knows you. You are a great man in Greenwich Village. I saw you once at the Evert, drinking out of a red satin slipper."

"I don't do that every night," said Mr. Jones rather uncomfortably. "Well, if you do know me, you know that I mean what I say; and I've said I'll do anything I can for you. Tell me your troubles. I'm listening." But the girl apparently was not.

"Too shy?" continued Mr. Jones. "Then I'll tell you. It's old stuff anyway—genius in a garret, crackers and milk, and Bohemia and the white lights. They are worth the crackers and milk, and don't you forget that; but your

"It's Late, I Know; but I Wanted to Make Sure You Didn't Worry, to Tell You That Everything is All Right"

hard time is over. We'll call this a loan or not, as you like; and there's more where it came from."

Mr. Jones had laid a crisp bill on the table, but she did not appear to see it.

"Afraid?" he said. "There's no string to anything I do for any girl. Everything's up to the girl."

"I can't take your money."

"You have. I shan't take it back," said Mr. Jones; then he laughed.

Promptly, too promptly, like an actress stale in the business of her part and losing the full dramatic value of it, she had torn the bill across and across and dropped it at his feet.

"Perfectly good still, if you mend it with court plaster, you know," he said. "Of course you do know. But you have got nerve; and I like nerve. I like you."

"I don't like you. I hate you!"

"Little girl," said Mr. Jones, aware at last of the storm in her voice and eyes, which had been gathering ever since she opened her eyes on his face, gathering long before that, "are you trying to be rude to me?"

"I am trying—not to be rude."

"Don't try," said Mr. Jones. "Go to it!"

Then the storm broke.

"They call you the king of Greenwich Village, don't they?" said the twilight girl in her small and clear twilight voice. "Well, I hate New York, I hate Greenwich Village, and I hate you! I don't live down here because I like it. I live here because it's cheap; and I take what fun I can get because that's cheap too. I've had enough of the Village—two whole years. I want three meals a day and a real bed to sleep in; and boys who make love to me because they want to marry me, not because they—don't. I want—home! But I've sold two stories and I've got a job at typewriting. I begin to-morrow. I quarreled with my people when I came; and I'm going to stay here until I beat the Village and the town and make good. I have to stay here, but you don't. You needn't ever come here. It's a game to you, and you could play bigger and cleaner games. That's why you are the ugliest thing in the whole ugly Village."

"Go as far as you like," urged Mr. Jones unnecessarily.

"I'm a game to you too. You'd spend money on me and make love to me if you could, and get tired of me and drop me. Well, you can't! I shall pay you for this dinner. I ate it because I was so hungry. I couldn't help it; but I did not ask you for it and I shan't thank you for it, and I never want to see you again. I hate you!"

"You don't want to talk like that," said Mr. Jones weakly. "You can't talk like that to me," he amended, "and get away with it. You ——"

Speech deserted him; and just then the most cutting phrase of all struck straight at his heart again.

"I hate Greenwich Village!" Then, as suddenly as it had broken, the storm was over.

Over; and it is not in such storms that the real battles of sex are fought, but in the silence after them, when our hearts are swept by strange, sudden impulses and do not know why. The king, facing the only one of his subjects who had ever openly defied him, looked puzzled now, and not angry. The girl stood with one thin hand pressed against the table, breathing hard, and looking very shabby and helpless and small. And after a few minutes the king pulled down his shirt sleeves and got into his coat. Then he pushed the table out of the way and came close to her, and put his hands heavily but gently on her shoulders.

The arms that had embraced him were locked behind her back, like a frightened child's; but her twilight eyes met his.

"What are you going to do?" she whispered.

"You poor little girl!" said the king, and most of the royal pride and bluster were gone from his voice. "You poor little tired, scared, fighting girl. Why, if you've got nothing to add to your comprehensive remarks, I'm going. But I'm coming back, sister, one week from to-night, to buy you another meal; and a lot more meals after that. You can hate me all you want, but you can't hate the Village."

It was the note which makes the national anthem ring true whether we get the words right or not that thrilled in his voice.

"The Village is a place where you're free and can have what you want; a clean good time, if you want that. Give it another chance. It's not perfect. I'm not perfect; but I'll treat you right. I won't"—he produced the phrase proudly out of his remote, small-town past—"take any liberties with you. I won't even ask your real name. I'll call you the Twilight Girl. That's what you are. And next week, at seven, you'll walk down those stairs and find me and a taxi waiting; and you'll get in."

"I won't—I can't ——"

"You've got to!" Mr. Jones, delivering this ultimatum, was every inch a king—a real king for the first time in the years of his reign. "You've started something and you've got to go through. So long, sister!"

But even a king has his hours of reaction and doubt after big decisions; and Mr. Jones had one as he looked back from the corner of Primrose Street at the girl's windows, and at the thing he had done—tied up an evening a week ahead; pledged an indefinite amount of attention and time when Marianina took more time than he could afford already! What had he done, and why? How had this girl made him do it, and what would she make him do next? What did her twilight eyes ask? They asked in a language he did not know, but it was beautiful; and for one strange minute, alone in the dark and the sudden spring cold of Primrose Street, Mr. Jones was afraid of the Twilight Girl.

Then his hands, slipping into his pockets for warmth, found something in the right one, and he knew what it was even before he struck a match and looked, though he had not felt her put it there—the torn pieces of a hundred-dollar bill. Mr. Jones laughed out loud in the dark and hurried away to the last act of a play, and the Penny Players' very informal Saturday dance, and Marianina.

Promptly at seven, a week later, florid and sumptuous-looking even in his correct black and white, and smelling pleasantly of jasmine-scented soap, good tobacco and Jack Rose cocktails, Mr. Jones stepped out of a taxi at her door and found the Twilight Girl waiting—a shabby little girl in the same shabby black; a little girl rather sulky and shy, but eager for a party too.

"Well—I'm coming," she said.

"Yours," said Mr. Jones, and held out a big, loosely bunched cluster of violets.

No gardenia dominated them, and they were Parma violets. She hid her face in them; and when she lifted it there were two round real tears in her eyes. Mr. Jones was used to weeping ladies, but not to real tears.

"Guessed right, did I? That's one of the best things I do," he said.

"Oh, how did you know?" said the girl. "Oh, I do want violets, and good food too; and good times! I lost my temper and scolded because I was homesick and lonely. I'm sorry. And I won't do it again, or be any bother, ever, if you are really going to be kind to me the way you said. I promise. I promise. I'll be so good."

"I'll be good too," said Mr. Jones gravely. "Get in, sister. I don't know just where we're going, but we're on our way." And with these words their strange alliance formally began.

Suddenly and unobtrusively as twilight comes, it found and took its place in Mr. Jones' life. He gave one evening a week to it—always Thursday, for he was a methodical man; Thursday, in honor of an unforgotten series of Thursday-night prayer meetings in his childhood. He gave the girl the whole evening, from violets to cabarets, and dinners complete from canapé to liqueur; he made her take all her liqueurs frappé, and allowed her only mildly intoxicating drinks, champagne highballs, much diluted, the French *sirops*, and even attempted one strictly temperance evening, but went sound asleep over a bottle of aërated water at Hector's. He gave her the whole show at the theater, since her amusement-starved eyes reproached him if they were too early or late; saw the curtain rise on the first acts of musical comedies, a thing he had not done since he used to pay a hard-earned fifty cents for his seat; saw it go down on the last acts of Wagnerian operas, a thing he had never done.

At first he kept lists headed, cryptically, T. G., and recording amusements suited to her; and he used to get them out and stare at them helplessly in street cars. Later he used to show them to the girl, who would read the more inspired items with soft little murmurs of wonder and thanks, laugh her pretty, low laugh at others, and add others still in her own round childish hand—mushrooms *sous cloche;* Caruso; Hippodrome; black Malaga grapes; green chartreuse. Soon he gave up the lists, because they grew too long; and the Thursday evenings, and other evenings stolen for her from his busy weeks, were too short for all the things he wanted to eat, drink and do with the Twilight Girl.

She was still the Twilight Girl and had no other name for him; but she talked to him as no girl had since his confiding first and last small-town sweetheart, years ago. And now he knew everything about her except her name—why she lost her job; why she preferred her new one, though the salary was ten dollars a week instead of twelve; the vicissitudes of unsold poems; the plots of unwritten stories; and what she paid a yard for her one evening gown. A typical Greenwich Village gown it was, all bluish greens and greenish blues, interchangeable and vague, with long clinging lines, and long green earrings to match. And she looked like a pink child masquerading in flimsy borrowed finery, a child with world-old, unreadable dreams in her eyes.

The Village did not couple their names; did not often see them together in its restaurants; and had not time to gossip about all the ladies with whom Mr. Jones was seen. The Penny Players were making money now and spending more—Mr. Jones' money; and Marianina was hard to manage on the stage and off; also, the world was at war and the stock market was aware of it. But the little gray thread that was the Twilight Girl slipped in and out through the colorful fabric of Mr. Jones' life, undisturbed, until the second Thursday in May.

It was the perfect end of a perfect evening, though they had only dined in one restaurant and danced in another; and now, with the hot lights and the heavy throb and thrill of the noisiest jazz band in New York far behind them, they were slipping home in an open taxi through the cool white lights of the Avenue, under remote cool stars, into the dark, silent Square.

The lights of the Evert twinkled sleepily, like home lights waiting in the window. The girl had taken off her hat to lean back in the taxi and look up at the stars; and the little wind that is always kept for emergencies under the Arch in the Square came out to meet them, and blew a trailing wisp of flimsy scented scarf into Mr. Jones' face.

"It's sweet here," said the girl, "to-night. I almost like the Village. I almost—love it! It was never so sweet before."

"No," said Mr. Jones.

"You don't feel like talking, do you?"

"No," said Mr. Jones again.

"Do you know," said the girl, "that for twenty blocks you haven't said one word to me except yes or no?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jones.

Now the cab swung precariously into her narrow street to the girl's door, where he helped her out rather awkwardly.

"Wait, son!" he said to the chauffeur. "Here you are, sister. Last stop. Do not leave umbrellas or packages."

"Why, it's dark!" said the girl.

The one gas jet was turned off, and Mr. Jones, standing stiffly just inside the door, which he had unlocked rather clumsily, held it open for her upon darkness.

"Go upstairs," he said; "go now."

And then the door swung out of his hand and closed, shutting them alone into black airless dark.

"Sister," Mr. Jones whispered as it closed. "Sister ——"

For a minute there was no other sound in the hall; only silence that throbbed and vibrated like a sound—silence and soft-sighing breath. Then quick feet hurried up the stairs in the dark and a door closed far above, echoing through the empty house; and after that—some minutes after—Mr. Jones stepped out of the house and into his taxi again—J. Eldredge Jones, looking almost as old as he was and a little worried, and more than a little tired. Yet nothing had happened to make him look old or worried or tired. He had kissed a new girl for the first time—that was all.

"What? What's that?" he said irritably to the chauffeur.

"Where to, sir?"

"Philadelphia!" suggested Mr. Jones absently. "Anywhere! No ——" Then he gave a strange address for that hour in the morning, his office address. "And be quick, son!" he said; "I've got work to do. Back work. Ten years of it," he explained thoughtfully to the indifferent chauffeur and to the pale, vanishing light in the Twilight Girl's windows.

(Continued on Page 69)

He Picked Up the Lady and Started Up

Diversify, Fertilize, Motorize, Specialize

By J. OGDEN ARMOUR

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE nation awaits the solution of the food problem. That there is a problem is evidenced by the existence of a most unusual condition wherein, with the world clamoring for a larger food supply and paying record high prices, the producers hesitate to increase their yield greatly, through fear that increased production will penalize and maybe ruin the producers. They have visions of glutted markets.

The Government's food-control commission, headed by Herbert C. Hoover, is the center of attention, and the public apparently expects it to come forth with a brief announcement or decision that will assure food in plenty and at low prices.

In my opinion there will be nothing sensational or especially radical in the program that the commission will finally adopt. The seat of the trouble is neither at the producing nor the consuming end of the matter, but with the distribution thereof. A common-sense readjustment of the nation's distributing system is needed in order to assure a market, at a profit, for everything perishable that the farmers can raise.

The producers must be assured against continuation of a condition wherein every year sees thousands of bushels of apples rot under the trees and thousands of bushels of potatoes decay in the pits – because there is neither a ready market for them of which the producers are aware, nor adequate means of storing them up for some future use

It is necessary that we bring order out of the chaos which now rules the business of growing and distributing perishable food. This chaos is chiefly apparent in the lack of knowledge accompanying the planting and the distributing of crops.

There is need that the farmers of the nation have at their disposal full and complete information as to what crops are being grown and when the harvest will be on. There is need that they be kept fully informed as to the location of food stocks and the directions in which they are moving, and that there be easily accessible channels of news which will prevent the sending of more food or livestock to a single market than it has need for, while some other market is in want. Likewise the farmers should have advices at hand that will enable them to regulate their shipments so that all supplies will not reach market at the same time, thereby forcing prices below their true value level and taking the just profit out of farming.

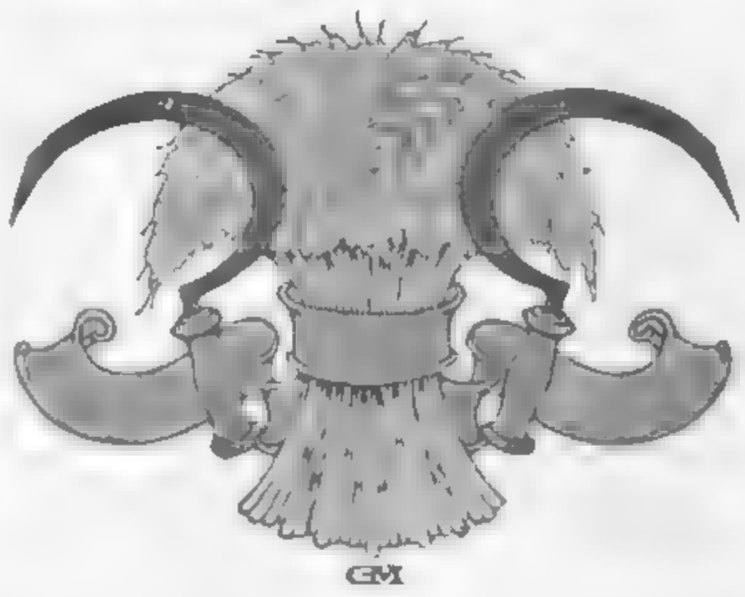
How Better Distribution Will Help

SUCH occurrences are frequent at the various stockyards. Hogs or cattle arrive in such large numbers some days that the supply greatly exceeds demand, and the competition to sell forces the price below normal. Stale cattle then affect the market for several days, and shippers learn of the glut and withhold or divert their animals. A shortage follows, and the competition on the part of the buyers sends prices above a true value. This condition, wherein the farmer does not know approximately what his animals are going to sell for, must be remedied.

It is the chaos which exists in the planning of our crops, in the marketing of them, and in the distribution thereof, that acts as the greatest deterrent to a determination on the part of the farmers to increase their crops.

The machinery for the Government to be of service to the whole people in assembling and disseminating the needed information already exists for the most part, but it should be improved and amplified so that the objective can be fully attained.

Our food supply might be likened to a stream. At some seasons of the year the creek bed, due to the spring freshet, is full to overflowing, and if we take no steps to conserve it we waste what might be very valuable to us later on when the drought comes. But suppose we build a dam. Then in the reservoir behind it we store up a big supply of water which we are able to let out little by little as needed, to irrigate fields that otherwise



would be sunbaked. In the food world the cold-storage plant and various preserving processes must be amplified until they represent a great reservoir, taking foodstuffs as they come into season and passing them out to us again through all the other months of the year.

The food problem will be solved only when Nature is worked to capacity in the growing season and when all the products of this season are so distributed over the other seasons that nothing will be lost. Not until then can we, as a nation, capitalize the agricultural possibilities of this wonderful country, which, experts assert, could be made, under a proper system of intensive cultivation, to feed the whole world.

My conclusion on the nation's problem is this: If efficient distribution of foodstuffs is assured, so that there will be no danger of glutted markets and ruinous prices at harvest times, the farmers themselves will find the way to make production measure up to the world needs.

The distribution of foodstuffs naturally resolves itself into two phases, which are: Distribution throughout the year, and distribution throughout the country.

Distribution of foodstuffs over the seasons is a problem out of all proportion to the attention it has received. Our present methods result in brief periods of great plenty and long stretches of scarcity. At least that applies in the aggregate. We must adopt measures that will make it unnecessary to eat things in order to prevent their being wasted. We must perfect means whereby we can have so-called "seasonable" products at all seasons of the year.

It is imperative that we recognize this need and make provision at once, else we shall shortly witness an enormous wastage of much good food. I am told that the products of the truck garden are going to be nearly doubled this year as a result of the "plant every acre, vacant lot and back yard" movement. An increase of one hundred per cent in the amount of vegetables is an accomplishment that the nation should profit by to the fullest extent. To do so, provision must be made for carrying some of the yield far past the date when it usually goes off the market, else we shall have a glutted market for a few weeks, during which time vegetables will be cheap and following which they will bound right back to prices such as prevailed this spring.

What will it avail us to grow great quantities of foodstuffs which will not last longer than the ordinary supply?

Here is a vast field for Government attention. Systems of storage and preservation must be developed and not only made acceptable to the people but so well understood that they too can use them in saving for future use the products of their labors in the garden.

The cold-storage system is a wonderful factor in evening the distribution of foodstuffs and thereby stabilizing the market. It is a national necessity. There was a time, not many years ago, when meat, other than smoked or dried, was a winter product. It was not a case of high price in the summer; you simply had to do without. Fruits traveled a similar route before a way was found to preserve the ripe crop for use in the months and even the years to come.

That man or that firm which is engaged in storing up food from the days of plenty for the days when Nature is not providing is benefiting the human race.

The Government should encourage the building of cold storages and should coöperate in filling them up in the seasons of plenty. A watchful eye will result in the food's going back on the market when it is needed, and at a proper price. That price should be the initial cost, plus the cost of handling and storage, plus a reasonable profit. It is as proper for the Government to prevent usurious prices for food as it is for the Government to prevent usury in the exchange of money.

Joseph Had the Right Idea

PRESERVATION is not food speculation or food hoarding for high prices. It is simply applying the lesson taught by Joseph, of Old-Testament fame, who stored up the excess crops of seven years to provide for the seven lean years that his vision told him were to follow, and who thereby saved Egypt from starvation.

Joseph's determination to lay by a portion of each year's crops probably caused criticism. Doubtless some short-sighted individuals branded him a food hoarder and suspected him of trying to corner the market in order to get high prices. What Joseph in his wisdom did is now the practice of the world, and those things that Nature makes easy to preserve are laid by from year to year so that one bad crop or two bad crops do not result in want. Had Joseph known how to preserve vegetables and fruits and eggs and butter and other eatables, he would doubtless have done for Egypt what the cold storages and the canneries do for us now.

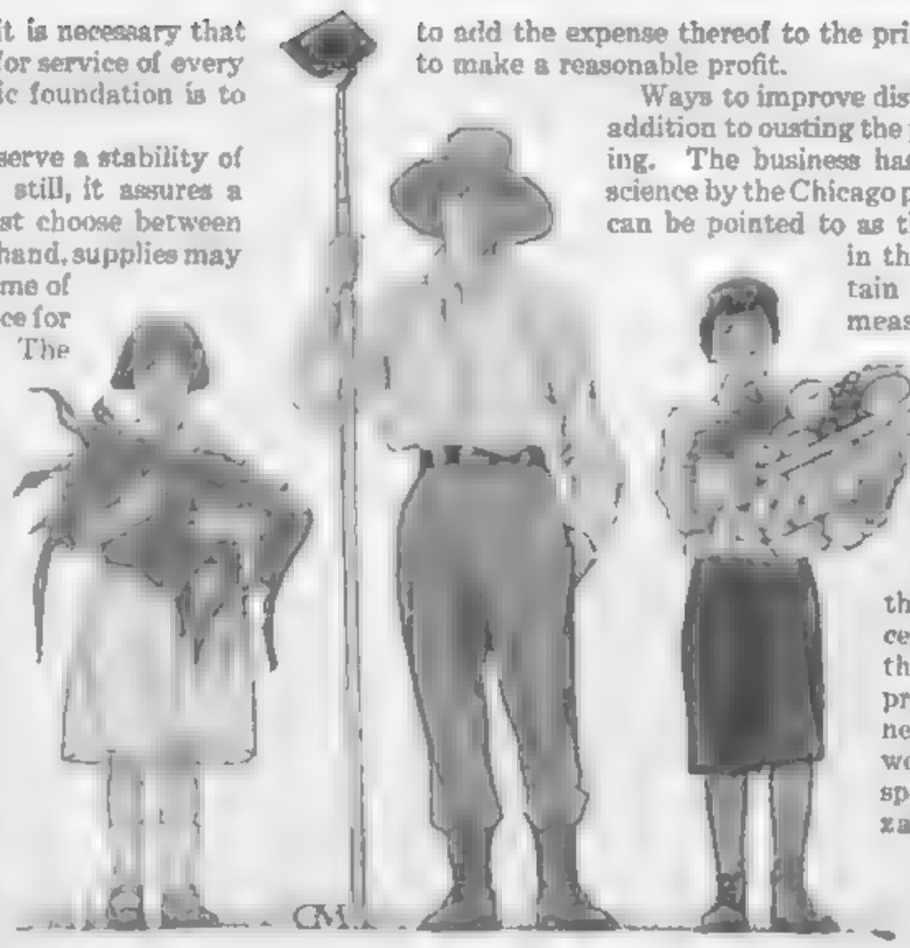
Government experts know the world's best methods for storing and preserving food, and they have abundant means to evolve new methods and new processes. They should apply themselves to the task, and in addition should do everything in their power to enlighten the public on methods for storing and preserving the products of the garden before those products reach the point where they must be eaten or wasted.

The people need governmental assistance on this score, especially in view of the hindrances to the following of the ordinary home methods of preservation. Tin cans and glass jars are scarce and high in price. New methods of preservation may have to be devised and the Government undoubtedly will do its share not only in developing means of preservation but also in acquainting the public with their suitability and desirability. Apparently the drying of food products presents a wonderful field for Government investigation and development.

Cold storage and preservative processes benefit the producer in giving him a market at a profit when the supply is largest, and when, if it were not for the cold storage and the methods of preservation, the price would be forced below the actual cost of production. It is right and proper to

pay all producers a profit; it is necessary that there be a reasonable profit for service of every kind if the nation's economic foundation is to be kept firm.

Cold storage tends to preserve a stability of prices; but, more important still, it assures a stability of supply. We must choose between two alternatives: On the one hand, supplies may be bought below cost at the time of production, but not at any price for the remainder of the year. The other alternative provides no "bargain" low prices at any one time, but an assured supply at a reasonable price for all time. The former is the practice of the animal and the savage; the latter is the method of civilization. The storing up of the summer's products for the winter's use is a demonstration of wisdom.



The second of these phases of distribution—that of moving food products over the country—is a work for big concerns, because it requires a huge organization and large investment to render efficient service. Distribution over the country means moving the products of one section to the consumers in all sections. The oranges of California and Florida are needed in Maine and Minnesota. The apples of Oregon and Washington and New York are wanted in Illinois and Louisiana. The cattle from the Western ranges and from the Corn Belt farms must provide steaks in Boston and Philadelphia. In a word, the problem is to spread the product of prolific sections over all sections, and to do it at the least expense and with the least possible waste.

When peaches glut the market in Chicago, but are scarce in New York, it is an indication of a faulty system of national distribution. When potatoes are plentiful and cheap in Colorado, but scarce and expensive in San Francisco, something is wrong with the distributing system. Under ideal conditions the supply of any food will be so equitably distributed that all danger of sectional shortages will be eliminated, and one of the main causes of high prices will disappear at the same time.

There is need for some agency that will supervise distribution of foodstuffs over the country in much the same manner that an efficient train dispatcher supervises the movement of cars—sending them out promptly and by the shortest route, with all trains doing capacity work and with empty cars reduced to a minimum.

Maximum and Minimum Prices

IT IS much easier to diagnose this condition than it is to prescribe. Improvement cannot be brought about by the stroke of a pen. A plan will have to be worked out that will show the whereabouts of supplies and the directions in which they are moving. When that information in complete form is available to shippers and to dealers distribution over the country will in a considerable measure regulate itself. There need be only enough official supervision to make certain that the laws of supply and demand are permitted to work unhampered. Existing Government agencies can do this.

The important part played by the railroads in the matter of distribution must not be overlooked. It is imperative that there be facilities for quick shipment of any quantity of foodstuffs to any or every part of the country, according to the needs. The railroads present the only means of accomplishing this, and they cannot do it unless they expand and improve their services. The Government must take measures that will put the railroads in a high state of efficiency for the big task that is theirs. Only prosperous and growing railroads can give satisfactory service in the work of nation-wide distribution.

Distributors of food do a work that is indispensable in our state of civilization. Their function is to move products from the farm and range and orchard, where people cannot go, to the tables of the consumers, where the producers cannot take them. Also, it is the function of these middlemen to prepare, improve, refine, preserve and store the products in order that they may reach the consumer in a form that accords with his demand and at the time he wants them.

The legitimate middleman gives value received for every fraction of a penny that he must needs add to the cost of the article he handles. The service he gives entitles him to add the expense thereof to the price of the article and to make a reasonable profit.

Ways to improve distributing methods in addition to ousting the parasite are not lacking. The business has been reduced to a science by the Chicago packing plants, which can be pointed to as the acme of efficiency in the distribution of certain foodstuffs. Similar measures made nation wide would greatly simplify and expedite distribution to the benefit of the producer and of the consumer. It is a matter of record that the packing concerns do business on the lowest margin of profit of any big business industries in the world. That is what specialization, organization and heavy investment have accomplished in the meat-packing industry.

Other products are handled on similar low margins, and the vast systems that have been worked out enable the quick movement of foodstuffs from the field of production to the place of consumption in the most economical manner, both as regards cost and as regards waste. It is the function of the packers to get products where and when they reach their highest state of excellence and to give them to the consumer at any time in the future he may want them, and with quality unimpaired.

The Government can aid in the ultimate distribution of food by taking steps that will assist legitimate middlemen in more highly organizing their operations for the purpose of decreasing their costs, thereby lowering the amount they must necessarily add to the original cost of the product.

There has been some talk of licensing distributors and purveyors of foodstuffs, and such a course might well be taken, as it would prevent the man who is not a food dealer from dealing in food.

We should begin work on the solution of the food problem by proclaiming the justice of the claim that the producer is entitled to sell at a profit all he can produce, at this time when scarcity means national danger and menace to our freedom and even to our existence. It is reasonable to believe that production will keep pace with demand when production is sure of profit.

But if any incentive other than assured distribution is needed I believe the Government could provide it in the shape of guaranteed prices for the producer.

There should be no error as to the meaning of a guaranteed minimum price. It is not a guaranty of low price; it is nothing more or less than a stimulator of production. A guaranteed minimum price for grain or for livestock, fixed high enough to assure the producer a profit even at present high prices for seed and labor and the other things that determine the cost of production, would undoubtedly result in greater supplies of food being produced.

Farmers must not be expected to blind themselves absolutely to their own best interests. Self-preservation is the first law, and the farmer whose capital is small will be a patriot, indeed, if he sinks it all into high-priced seed and labor when there is a chance that prices may fall to a point where his patriotic effort to produce more threatens his own ruin. There are few people who desire to be martyrs.

Farming, like all business, and like all life, for that matter, is a gamble. The manufacturer insures the sale of his product, so far as he can, before he makes it, and the best business men are those who are certain of their ground. Either may make a mistake, however, or may lose out through no fault or oversight of his own; and for that reason the element of chance always enters in. But so far as is possible, under conditions that exist now and will exist for some years to come, I think it right for the Government to remove the element of chance in the matter of producing food. Any step that will stimulate production and assure a larger supply of food is a good one for the Government to take.

The guaranty of a minimum price will not prevent the producer from benefiting from his labor; on the contrary, it will aid him to do his best to solve the food situation without risking his own welfare.

The fixing of a maximum price during the war period as a protection for the consumer is likewise worth consideration. I see no good reason why the public should not be protected against extortion in the same way that the producer is protected against loss. A maximum price, carefully calculated from the costs of production, of preparation and of distribution, plus a reasonable profit, should not be objected to by the producer or by those who handle food on its way to the table. That individual or that concern which protests against a maximum price justly and reasonably calculated on a basis that will give a reasonable profit for service rendered should look to itself, for it is out of accord with the needs of the day and the desires of the public.

The assumption that a better distributing system would stimulate food production is based on knowledge that American farms can be made to produce much more than is now the case.

Intensive farming, coupled with better agricultural methods, is the way to increase yields in the face of labor shortage. Intensive farming does not mean the tilling of a ten-acre plot in lieu of a hundred-acre farm. It means the tilling of every acre to capacity; and from what we know of the capacity of a single acre of average land, it is not hard to accept as true the statement that intensive farming methods would enable the United States of America to produce enough food for nearly all the people in the world.

Greater Yields With Less Labor

THE general idea of intensive farming is the application of much labor to a few acres. That kind of intensive farming is out of the question, because we must seek to lessen the amount of labor per acre rather than to increase it. The question we must answer, therefore, is this: How can we increase the yield of every acre without increasing the labor thereon?

There is an answer to that question. It is a formula that can be put thus:

DIVERSIFY
FERTILIZE
MOTORIZE
SPECIALIZE

The first and the last of these may seem contradictory, but they are not. Proper diversification requires that the farm be managed so that it will produce every year the largest possible crop of the product it is best fitted to grow, and that any part of the farm not devoted to that particular crop be utilized for raising such crops or such products as will best serve to aid in producing the main crop. We must banish the mistaken belief that diversification means dabbling; that it means the growing of half a dozen or more products; that it means getting away from a single main crop.

The most glaring instance of this mistaken idea of diversification comes from the South, where efforts are being made to turn the farmers from their cotton crop. For the South to give up raising cotton in order to raise corn, wheat or other products would be a most distressing mistake. The South is the place to raise cotton. It should raise more rather than less.

Cotton, besides producing cloth, is a food crop of much greater importance than is generally known. It is a producer of fats, for one thing, and fats are most important. The lack of fats in Germany is one of the greatest handicaps the Kaiser faces in his effort to dominate the world. Cottonseed oil and cottonseed meal are foods that are more widely used than appreciated, and that are worth more to the nation than is generally known. The production of cotton should be stimulated, rather than curtailed by any propaganda that would turn cotton fields into cornfields.

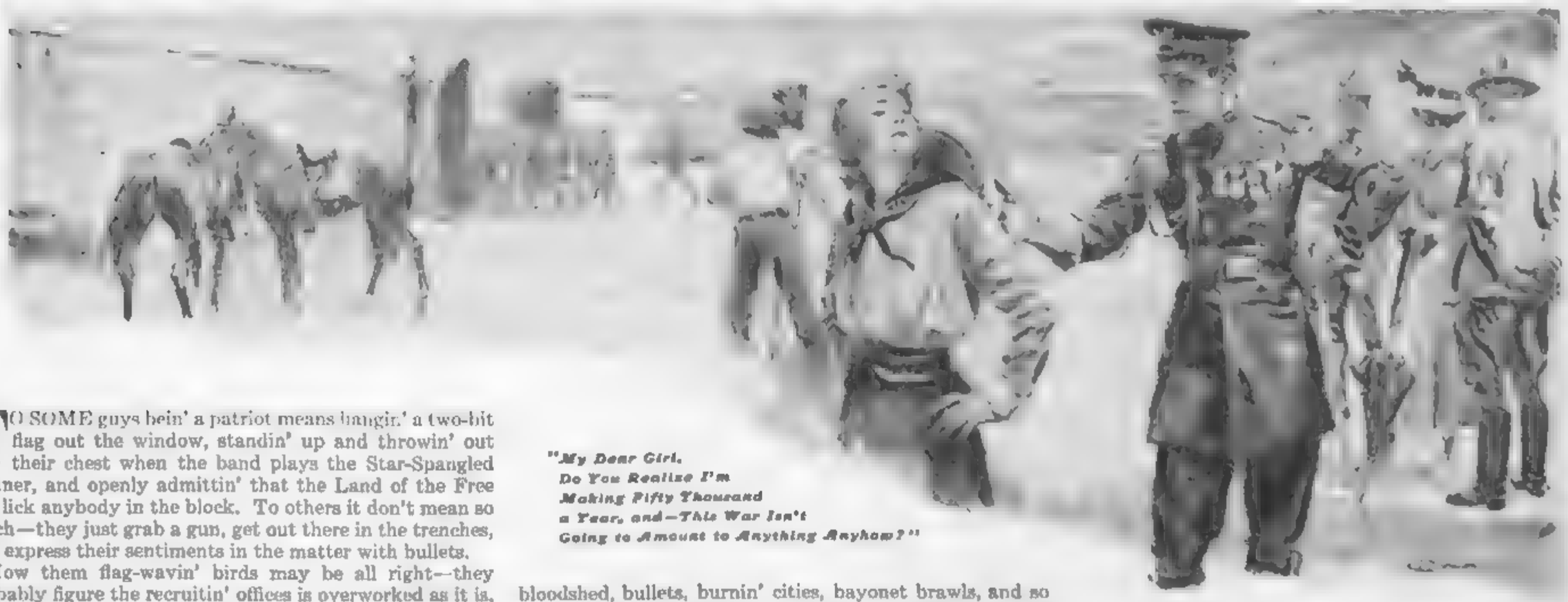
Diversification in the cotton country demands the growing only of those things that are necessary to maintain the land at its greatest productive power. The cotton grower

Concluded on Page 57

WARRIORS ALL

By H. C. WITWER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. VAUX WILSON



"My Dear Girl, Do You Realize I'm Making Fifty Thousand a Year, and—This War Isn't Going to Amount to Anything Anyhow?"

TO SOME guys bein' a patriot means hangin' a two-bit flag out the window, standin' up and throwin' out their chest when the band plays the Star-Spangled Banner, and openly admittin' that the Land of the Free can lick anybody in the block. To others it don't mean so much—they just grab a gun, get out there in the trenches, and express their sentiments in the matter with bullets.

Now them flag-wavin' birds may be all right—they probably figure the recruitin' offices is overworked as it is, and what's the use of givin' 'em more trouble. But when it gets down to scrappin', believe me, son, three of them dear old six-inch shells has got three cheers beat eighty ways for results. Still, I suppose somebody has got to stay home at that, or there wouldn't be nobody to watch the parades when them other guys gets back from savin' the well-known country.

The line that divides heroes and yellah dogs is so fine that often you can't see it at all. When we hit the nursery we're all pretty even anyhow, and whether we wind up just among them present or in Washington depends on us and California. However, the idea is this: there's many a guy which would be champion hero of the world if somethin' only turned up to make him display his wares. He needs a prod of some kind. To the naked eye he's yellah, but give him somethin' real to fight for and that bird is the do-or-die kid.

War, women and hard luck has made more heroes than any other three things on earth. Taken by the each, they've cured a million cases of yellah streak that old Doctor World has give up as hopeless. But when you can get that combination workin' together! Oh, boy! Say—that team has made fightin' fools out of guys that would hesitate at strikin' a match.

And speakin' of women—believe me, it's just as wise to say "Find the woman!" when some guy makes good with a loud crash as it is to pull the same line with your upper lip twisted when a big leaguer takes a terrible tumble.

I was out in Film City, Cal., where they put the move in most of them eighteen-reel salesladies' delights, when the U. S. remembered that Lafayette come from France and we got in as an added starter in the World's Series in Europe. At the time we was workin' on a twenty-four-carat thriller entitled Dorothy Darling's Daring Deviltry. I was takin' off a "Curse you, Jack Dalton!" in the thing, and had been practically livin' in a dress suit for a week. Eddie Duke had made me wear a trick whisker so's I wouldn't be mistook for the head waiter when I breezed in to the grand ballroom scene in Reel Two.

One mornin' I was busy dollin' up for this thing when Eddie calls me into his office back of the Moonlight-in-Venice set. He was walkin' up and down the floor, tearin' his hair and wavin' a telegram.

"Say," he bawls when I come in. "What did those idiots back in the New York office hire me for, heh?"

"Well," I says, sittin' down, "it's past me, Eddie—maybe they was all drunk when you asked for the job."

"Can the comedy," he snarls. "I want you to crawl out of that bridegroom trousseau you got on and beat it over to 'Frisco on the one-o'clock train. And listen—have you by any chance got an idea where I can grab up a submarine right quick?"

I give him the north and south, but he looked as serious as typhoid fever.

"Have you tried the mail-order people?" I sneers. "Where d'ye get that stuff? What d'ye mean, can you get a submarine?"

Without answerin' he shoves this here telegram into my hands. It was from Potts, the Big Boss back in New York, and it ordered Eddie to drop everything he was then workin' on and get busy right away on the biggest war picture the fifteen companies we had there could produce. Potts didn't care where the plot come from; as far as he was concerned we could dramatize Old Mother Hubbard. But what he was after and aimed to get was battles, bloodshed, bullets, burnin' cities, bayonet brawls, and so forth. He said all the other directors would work with Eddie, and there was no limit to the money we could blow on the thing, provided it didn't run over forty thousand bucks. If it come to eight cents more, Eddie would have to pay the difference himself; if it come to eight thousand, he'd put Eddie in jail.

The wire wound up by sayin' that at the end of the picture he wanted somethin' that had never been done before, and that vampires, comedy chases and auto-train races was absolutely barred.

"Well," I says when I had read it, "it looks like war, eh?"

"The big bonehead!" bellers Eddie, prancin' round. "Where am I gonna get all this stuff? Where am I gonna get a scenario? This here's a year's job, and by the time I get the thing finished the war will be all over."

"Yeh," I tells him, pickin' up a newspaper that was on his desk. "All over is right. It'll be over here, for one thing!"

"Oh, that!" he sneers, wavin' his hand at the headlines, which said we had just quit speakin' to Germany. "Don't pay no attention to that, because nothin' will come of it. We ain't ready to go to war with nobody. We don't realize what a big thing this here war is. We ain't got the men and ——"

"Listen, fellah," I butts in. "The last time we come to blows with another gang we made Spain holler for the cops."

"Yeh; well, this ain't Spain now," he comes back. "That little brush we had in 1898 was a lovers' tiff compared to this free-for-all in Europe."

"It may not be Spain, Edward, old top," I says, "but this is still the little old U. S. A. Don't let that small item get past you. Why, if somethin' would only happen to wake us all up, we'd turn out an army that would sound like the national debt when you mentioned the figures, instead of like the score at the beginnin' of the ninth innin', as it does now. Everybody is ——"

"I'm glad you know so much about war," he interrupts, "because from now on you're gonna have all of it you can handle right here. Here's Van Aylstyne, and I'll get him busy on a scenario for this thing pronto. In the meanwhile you go over to 'Frisco and pretend you're a vacuum cleaner. I want you to dig up all the huskies you can get—comb the town from end to end—and the more roughnecks the better. Offer 'em three bucks a day and found—four bucks for ex-soldiers—and the fare over here. You just been blowin' about what a cinch it is to raise an army; all right, show me!"

Just then this Van Aylstyne guy eases himself in the room. Van Aylstyne was the bird that committed most of the big scenarios at Film City. He got a couple of hundred bucks a week, and thought no more of himself than you do of your left eye. He had the coarse, brutal voice and manner of a sweet young graduate, and dressed like the dare-devil young American consul in the musical comedies. Every time I seen him I kept lookin' in back of him for the chorus.

"Here!" pipes Eddie. "How are you on the 'mid-shot-and-shell stuff?"

"I beg pardon?" says Van Aylstyne, lookin' stupider than usual.

"Don't apologize," sneers Eddie. "I ain't payin' your salary. What I seek to find out is this: How long will it take you to grind out five reels of a war story with a kick like dynamite in every reel?"

"My dear fellow," answers Van, raisin' his long, lingerin' eyebrows, "I really can't say offhand. I'm working now like a veritable machine and ——"

"I know the name of the machine you're workin' like," snarls Eddie. "However, get busy on this war thing and give me a continuity by to-morrow mornin'. All I ask from you is the love stuff. I'll put the wallop in it. Now shoot! Wait—can you think of a good title? C'mon now, gimme somethin' hot!"

"How about 'Cease This Fearful Combat'?" says Van hopefully.

"Good-by!" howls Eddie, wavin' him away. "I got enough! That's about as hot as the middle of Alaska. Don't use your brain at all—just gimme the movie!" He falls in a chair and sinks his head in his hands: "'Cease This Fearful Combat,' hey?" he moans. "Oh, boy!"

When we get outside Van turns to me and coughs. Me and him had been gettin' along about as well as gasoline and matches ever since I come there. He wipes his noble brow with forty-eight cents' worth of Irish lace and sighs.

"I loathe this task!" he says. "I'm a pacifist; aren't you?"

"No," I tells him. "How d'ye play it?"

"Play it?" he says. "Heavens, what ignorance! Pacifism is not a game!"

"What is it?" I asks. "A disease?"

"You said somethin'," butts in Eddie Duke, comin' up just then. "It's a disease that would kill the country if it wasn't that we have plenty of the antidote—common sense—always on hand. Now both you guys beat it and leave the war to me. I'm gonna put on a brawl out here that'll make that quarrel in Europe look like a billiard tourney."

When I got to 'Frisco that afternoon I naturally figured I'd have some trouble raisin' a movie army, bein' in a way competin' with Uncle Sam. The town was flooded with posters callin' on all men to prove it and fight for their country—but I didn't have no trouble. I did a little slummin', and in a couple of days I had put about two hundred guys in the movies. I picked 'em up from round the docks, the railroad yards, employment agencies and—well, I looked everywhere but in hospitals and jails. There was ex-soldiers, ex-actors, ex-cowpunchers, ex-gunmen, bookkeepers, clerks and cops. I bet I had one representative from every trade on earth except tendin' bar—I had four from that. When I herded 'em all together to take the train back to Film City, believe me they was a fine crew of bad examples. Every one of 'em was six foot or over, as sound as the Rocky Mountains and as husky as baby elephants. None of 'em had anything heavier to worry 'em than where they was gonna get breakfast, and they'd rather of had smallpox any day than work. They hung round the corners all day, panhandlin', claimin' life was a frame-up and kiddin' the guys which were enlistin'. Nothin' like that for them babies—oh, no! They was too wise, they told me, to carry a gun for thirteen bucks a month and a chance to get shot. They looked on this movie job as somethin' good and soft, because I told them all they'd have to do for their three bucks a day was to walk round in a swell uniform and eat.

Goin' over on the train them birds was as happy as a guy on his first honeymoon. Three bucks a day with eats for doin' nothin'! Also they was gonna breeze round in swell scenery, kiddin' the movie dames, and so forth. Oh, boy!

They slapped each other on the back and grinned out loud, lookin' at me like I was some new kind of soft come-on.

I did a piece of laughin' myself every time I looked at 'em. I knew exactly how they felt about the thing, and I was thinkin' of the little surprise Eddie Duke would slip them when we hit Film City and he cast his eye over these birds. Eddie had a "rep" as a slave driver, when it come to handlin' extra people, that would make Simon Legree look like Little Eva. I lined 'em up in front of him late that afternoon over back of the African Village. He stood there givin' 'em the up-and-down with the same kind of a look on his face that a young nurse wears at her first operation.

"Oh, boy!" he says. "Who tipped you off to this bunch of guerrillas?"

"I got 'em all by myself," I tells him. "What d'ye think of 'em—first class, hey?"

"Nope—steerage!" he grunts, while they shuffle from foot to foot and grin back. "The idea of a gang of piano movers like you duckin' the recruitin' sergeant!" he busts out suddenly, glarin' at 'em. "There ought to be a way of makin' you birds fight for your country!" He gives a couple of snorts, because they're still grinnin'.

"Any of you tramps ever had any military experience?" he asks them.

A little guy steps out and takes off his hat, winkin' at the gang.

"I had, boss," he pipes. "I followed the Salvation Army around for a year."

The gang howls.

I thought for a minute or two that Eddie was gonna wallop this guy, but he let it go at pushin' him over a chair.

"When's the last time you had a job?" he asks another guy.

This bird scratches his chin and tries to register intelligence.

"I think it was in 1911," he says, "but I wouldn't swear to it, on account of not havin' marked it down or nothin'."

"D'ye get that?" yells Eddie to me. "That big hick ain't worked for six years, and he's as fat as a pig! How do they get away with it?"

"It's a gift," bawls some guy from the back of the bunch, and they all howl again.

Eddie pulls his hat down over his ears and groaned. "Take this troupe over and stable 'em for the night," he tells me. "To-morrow mornin' I'm gonna make 'em wish they was somewheres in France."

Well, it took a short week for Van Aylstyne to get the scenario of this war movie out of his system. I gotta hand it to him—it was a riot! There was what is known to the trade as a "love interest" in it that would make Romeo and Juliet look like Germany and the Allies; and as for action—oh, boy! In the last reel everybody got murdered but the camera men. Eddie advertised all over North America and Long Island for a title. He offered a prize of a hundred bucks for the best thing to call it. From the names that was signed to some of the half million entries, our most gigantic authors, bankers, senators and whatnot are as keen for the small dough in this year of grace as they was when a five-dollar note was large money to them. The thing was won by a fireman in Toledo who composed the following: "The World Ablaze!"

We got permission to use as much of the National Guard as yearned to be actors, because the Government figured the sight of the well-known boys in blue—only it's brown now—dashin' madly round under fire and etcetera would wake up these birds which are coy about enlistin' and help swell the army. Some of their officers pitched in and showed the extra people how to handle a gun and a bayonet. Them that could ride we made cavalry out of, and in a couple of more weeks we was ready to start makin' the picture.

Arline Arbuthnot—*née* Mamie O'Reilly—which we had grabbed from the Monotony Film Features, Inc., was the chief female hero and Gerald Q. Hedgeman of course played the lead. They was about ninety principals alone in the frolic, and some of 'em couldn't even play solitaire; but they was gettin' away with it. I managed to horn in with a small little part myself. I took off a general on the other side, and they was a close-up of me riddled with bullets and practically dead in the last reel.

Now I wouldn't be surprised if Sarah Bernhardt wasn't a better actress than Arline Arbuthnot; but when it come to bein' pleasant to gaze upon, Arline would have made the magazine-cover dames quit. She was no bigger than a ten-inch shell, and just about as harmless. Her aces was a bumper crop of yellow hair, which she spent six hours on every mornin' to make it have that careless, nonchalant look—like it had just tumbled down and she had nothin' to pin it up with; a complexion that made you wish you was the breeze that fanned it; and a figure that—well, believe me, son, this dame was there!

From the day she blew into Film City in her sixty-horsepower Gazoop roadster she was a knockout. Everybody from Genaro, the general manager, to the three-months-old brass-lunged descendant of the property man's, fell for her so hard I'll bet they heard the crash on Broadway. Even Betty Vincent, our fifty-thousand-a-year best bet, which was recoverin' from failin' to exit from The Burning of Rome in time, admitted Arline was a "cute little thing."

She was all of that!

Arline was no amateur at the game of keepin' up the interest. She played no favorites, and showed the most frowzy-lookin' super in the place as many of her flashin' white teeth as she did the biggest guy on the lot; and when she burnt up the roads outside Film City in that gas buckboard of hers the only thing that went along with her was the extra tires.

Now the bunch of roughnecks I had brought over from Frisco for army life in the movies had been weeded down to an even hundred by the time we started takin' the picture. They herded by themselves from the start, and as far as the rest of Film City was concerned it was mutual. The directors bawled 'em out all day long, speakin' to 'em in terms that would of made a dog sore; the actors glared and sneered at 'em; and the women wouldn't walk past their hangout alone for a million bucks cash. There they was, a hundred strong white men in a town of three or four thousand; and as far as the rest of the population cared they could of been in Brazil. Everybody was off them and went out of their way to show it.

"Good-By!" Howls Eddie. "Don't Use Your Brain at All—Just Gimme the Movie!"

Everybody but Arline!

Say—that dame was a wonder! Here she was, the Big Show—know what I mean? Everybody in the place sittin' up nights tryin' to dope out a scheme to get over with her, and she deliberately sticks up her cute little nose at the cream of the place and goes over to cheer up them bums! Every minute she wasn't in the picture she was over in the Sahara Desert set, where they sprawled round by themselves—like they was quarantined or somethin'—kiddin' with 'em, listenin' to their tales of woe, and passin' out smiles that a lot of us would of took Berlin for.

Well, in a couple of days all the other dames in the place was sayin' things about her that might have worried her parents, and them hundred bums just simply went clean nutty over her. They would of strangled a guy which kept his hat on in her presence as quick as they would one who forgot himself and cussed. One day they elected a has-been from among 'em that used to be a bank clerk to ask her for a picture with her name written on it. She gave 'em a hundred that same afternoon, one for each of 'em; and after that—oh, boy!—she had exactly one hundred six-foot huskies which would have gone through the middle of Hades to get her a light if she asked 'em.

Eddie Duke went after them guys and he made 'em work like stokers on a blockade runner. They charged madly across fields full of red fire and burstin' magnesium bombs; they crashed through barbed-wire fences that cut 'em to the bone into trenches they had dug themselves; and they did nutty falls off horses at top speed that would have killed many a guy and did put lots of 'em on the hospital list. Every time they mutinied, which was every hour on the hour, Arline would talk to 'em and—zippo! They was ready for anything. In three weeks them birds got more war than they would have consumed in Europe in a couple of years, and the regular army sergeant who drilled 'em said he'd trade his own company for this bunch of roughnecks if he was up against the real thing, any time.

The day they led with their ace in Washington and we woke up actually in the Big Mêlée was a large day at Film City. We hung an American flag on every nail in the place, and the band played the Star-Spangled Banner till their wind quit on 'em. The real soldiers which had been lent us was called back to their regiments at once, and before they left a smart spick-and-span lieutenant, which was a millionaire's biggest extravagance before the call to the colors, got up on a box and made a speech to the mob. He asked us all to stand by the flag and show we still had some fightin' blood in our midst in spite of Broadway, the movies, tangoin' and whatnot. The top sergeant had tipped him off, and he made a special appeal to these hundred roughnecks which stood on the outside of the crowd, listenin' and grinnin'.

When he got through the hundred rode away, yellin' and cuttin' up amongst themselves. The lieutenant swore under his breath and marched out at the head of his men, while we all stood and give 'em three cheers instead of what he asked for. Me? Say—I had tried to get in the thing weeks before. They turned me down in Frisco because of a rheumatic limp I'd been tryin' to lose for ten years. Eddie Duke swore he'd enlist the minute we finished the picture.

The rest let it go at the cheers.

I went out to the gates to watch 'em march out, because somehow the sight of your Uncle Sam's troops, blarin' bands and the old banner flutterin' a "Come on, boys!" in the breeze kinda gets under my skin and gives me a jolt I never been able to get outa no highball.

In the bunch that was standin' there wavin' to the boys was Arline and Gerald Q. Hedgeman, our dashin' leadin' man. He sure would have emptied many a kitchen—yes, and drawin'-room, too—as he stood there tall and straight in his uniform as chief hero in this war picture. He had a flashin' sword at his side and enough medals and gold lace to outfit the entire staff of half a dozen armies—only for wearin' this gorgeous outfit Gerald got a thousand a week instead of thirteen a month, and in the most blood-curdlin' battle we ever pulled off out there he never even got his hair mussed.

Arline wasn't lookin' at the soldiers; she was gazin' back at her hundred little roughneck pets who was ridin' away from the marchin' troops. Her million-dollar face was set and hard—the last time the missus gimme a look like she was givin' them I stayed under cover for a month!

"Oh, the cowards!" she says to Gerald in a low voice that was like the stab of a bayonet. "I thought they were at least men. I guess you all were right—they're animals. To think that now when their country calls them—they with their splendid bodies, vigorous health and case-hardened nerves; they who by their own boast have never done a single useful thing—to think they would let these mere boys take their places while they stay at home!"

Gerald laughs coldly.

"What can you expect, Arline?" he sneers, flickin' a spot off his sleeve. "What can anyone expect from a horde like that? Scum of the earth! It's a wonder Duke wouldn't have more respect for his people than to ask them to associate daily with such rabble. How can you expect them to have any fine feeling? Gunmen, roustabouts, hoboes and ex-jailbirds. What does their country mean to them?" He strikes one of his star poses, throws out his chest and begins to act: "What do they know of love for their fathers' flag—what to them is the call to arms? Nothing!"

With that for an opener, he reels off a speech that would have brought down the gallery at any matinée, standin' there with the sun flashin' off that gold-and-blue uniform and all the little whatnots on his breast and shoulders. Arline watches him with a queer little smile on her face and the wind blowin' that wonderful hair round her head, until, watchin' her, I seen what makes guys make cities or wreck 'em. I couldn't figure that smile, though. It wasn't pleasant or it wasn't nasty—it was a little of each. She put her hand out and shut off Gerald's rally-round-the-flag stuff.

"Of course, Gerald," she says, borin' him through with her eyes—"of course you're going up to Frisco and enlist?"

Oh, boy!

Gerald stops talkin' like an auto which has suddenly run out of gas. He spluttered and coughed, brushin' back his wavy black hair while his face turns more colors than there is in the flag. Arline stepped back a bit, but her eyes never left his face. She didn't give him no chance to get set.

"You're—not—going!" she breathes softly, bitin' off the words.

"Why—ah—er—look here, Arline—don't be silly!" answers friend Gerald, ninety miles up in the air. "I—er—of course—why, I couldn't leave here in the middle of this picture, and why—my dear girl, do you realize what I've had to go through to get where I am to-day? Why, I'm making fifty thousand a year now, and—why, look here, girl, this war isn't going to amount to anything anyhow, and ——"

"And neither are you!" butts in Arline. "Neither are you, Gerald!" She gives a short little laugh that was worse than a punch in the nose. "Oh, you poor, deluded, contemptible—toy!" she goes on quickly. "All your life living in an atmosphere of tinsel and make-believe! The daring hero of a hundred thrilling adventures—in motion pictures! Now the dare-devil soldier of fortune; now the dashing cowboy; now the resplendent general, leading his men to death—in the third reel! The handsome heart-breaker who tackles twenty ruffians single-handed—every few feet of film!" She reaches out like a flash, grabs his arm and swung him round to where the last row of soldiers is passin' out the gate. "Look!" she laughs harshly. "No mock heroics there—no tinsel, no make-believe, no glittering trappings—but the real thing! That gawky farmer boy there, trudging along in his dirty khaki, shouldering a gun for his country, will never get love notes from the matinée girls—but he's a real man, not a movie hero!"

Gerald, white as his cuffs, is gaspin' like a hooked trout.

"But—but my dear girl, Arline—listen!" he chokes out. "This outburst is uncalled for. There are—ah—plenty of men better—er—qualified to go to the Front than I. Some of us have to stay home and—and ——" His voice trails right off into the air, breakin' up under that steady, cool stare.

"Good heavens!" says Arline. "Is it possible that you are a coward? You, who have just stopped denouncing those poor derelicts for evading their duty!"

He grabs her arm.

"Look here, Arline," he chops out. "Do you want your husband sent to Europe to be shot instead of going on our honeymoon?"

"Stop!" says Arline, her face flashin' red. "How dare you! Do you think I'd marry you now—an acknowledged coward?"

Now this was a knockout to me, because I didn't know that Gerald had got any farther with Arline than anyone else in the camp. Of course she was spendin' the best part of the day in Gerald's manly arms, but that was all in the picture. From the way they was talkin' it was pretty plain that it had been all over but sendin' for the minister, up to the time the soldiers had marched out of Film City and walked all over Gerald's chances.

This here bein' called yellah was beginnin' to get his goat.

"You rail at the schoolgirls for being susceptible to my acting," he says; "yet you yourself get positively hysterical over the sight of these men in uniforms and the martial sound of the bands."

"You bet I get hysterical over that uniform!" Arline comes back, pointin' to the troops; "as will many a proud woman whose man is wearing one before this war is over. Why, my father is nearing seventy, and I know he's heartbroken right now because he's too old to do his share."

"Well, I'm not seventy—I'm thirty," pipes Gerald, "and I don't propose to end my life in a trench. I'll fight the same as any man if foreign troops land on our soil, but I'm not going all the way to Europe to get shot!"

"It will nauseate me to play out the rest of this picture with you," snaps Arline, her eyes as bright as Gerald's phony medals, "but I'll have to do it, I suppose. But I should think my feelings would be nothing compared to yours as you dash bravely across the field here, leading your rag-tail horde of shirkers before the deadly battery of cameras! Forsaking your country and going through this sham battle with mock heroics when you are needed at the Front where there is real fighting!" She turns away and then comes back suddenly, grabbin' his arm. "Oh, Gerald," she says softly, "tear off the tinsel and be a man! Throw off those gorgeous, childish trappings you have on and show me yourself in the uniform of a United States trooper—and I'll marry you to-morrow!"

"See here, Arline!" answers Gerald, kinda peeved; "you who hate to make-believe—this is not a play! Why, you sound like the climax in Act Three or something! I will not abandon my career in the truly make-believe, melodramatic manner you insist upon to hold you to your promise. Let's leave the theatricals in the movies—this is plain everyday life. We're out of the film now; there's no camera recording our movements. Let's be real and drop the drama. I love you. Will you marry me?"

Arline looks past him in a kinda dreamy way.

"I see how it is with you," she says, passin' up the big question. "Perhaps you cannot help it. You are of the generation reared on milk and gruel. You haven't got the fighting blood. Thank God, some of us have!"

With that she leaves him flat.

The next mornin' Arline cuts loose on that band of roughnecks that formerly had been teacher's pets. In a low voice that cut like a bull whip she called 'em by their real names, and told 'em things about themselves that would have meant murder if she'd of been a man. She did it all in a nice, ladylike manner that was about eight hundred times worse than if she'd of bawled 'em out in their own tongue, and when she got through they looked like what she called 'em—yellah dogs! They was no longer her hundred bold and gallant knights. They wouldn't fight for their country, and Arline was off them for life.

They didn't make no come-back; just stood there lookin' dazed and mutterin' to themselves. It took 'em all day to figure out why Arline should tie the can on them simply because they refused to throw up a good payin' job to enlist in the army. I heard some of 'em say that it must of been somethin' else.

Well, we go ahead with the picture which was drawin' to a close, and it was funny to watch them guys stallin' and doggin' it because Arline kept passin' 'em with her head in the air. She'd be throwin' her arms round Gerald one minute in front of the camera and then, steppin' out of focus, she'd sneer at him in a way that kept him continually as red in the face as an apoplectic.

Then one day a troop of regular cavalry trots past Film City on their way to camp about a mile down the road. They was gonna drill round there a bit and then they was goin'—well, they wasn't allowed to tell that, and most of 'em didn't know anyways; but the general idea seemed to be that when they left there they was goin' on a seein'-Europe tour.

We wasn't allowed to take any pictures of 'em or come within five hundred yards of the camp, and with the sentries on guard day and night the thing was real warlike.

The top sergeant come up and give out a lot of booklets about the gay life in the army and how Uncle Sam needed us now for real work and not movies. Them books aroused about as much interest in Film City as a set of new telephone directories would of. All the able-bodied heroes was too busy puttin' on this movie war to get excited about the real thing, and I got so sore thinkin' about it that I made myself sick for a week tryin' out cures for rheumatism. I sure did want to join them guys campin' down the road.

Now the wind-up of this movie was a knockout. We had rehearsed the thing for three days before Eddie Duke was satisfied to turn us loose before the cameras; but one beautiful sunshiny mornin' the word goes out to get ready for the grand, smashin' finish. Countin' the main and assistant heroes, male and female, there was over a thousand human bein's in this last thriller. It was to be pulled off in a valley between two good-sized hills, and believe me it had cost a few pennies to make this look like an honest-to-goodness battle. On the side of one hill was a fort in which, accordin' to one of the various plots, Arline was bein' held captive by the foe. While a general free-for-all scrap went on in the valley Gerald, at the head of the hundred roughnecks, was to charge up that hill, take the fort and rescue Arline just as the villain blowed the whole works up with dynamite rather than be took alive.

(Concluded on Page 60)

The Flag Was Bigger Than She Was, and I Don't Know How the Girl Handled It; But Let Me Tell You It Was Some Sight!

ENGLANDER SCHWEIN

By George Eustace Pearson

Being the Account of the Capture and Fifteen Months' Imprisonment of Corporal Edwards, of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and His Final Escape From Germany Into Holland

THE main facts—having to do with the destruction of the regiment on the eighth of May, 1915, the identity and activities of the individuals mentioned and the more important of the later happenings, including the final escape into Holland—are matters of official record and as such have frequently been mentioned in the official dispatches. The more personal details, which have been set down and shaped into a personal narrative by the signer, are based on the recollections of Corporal Edwards' retentive mind, aided by his very unusual powers of observation and the rough diary which he managed to retain possession of during his later adventures.

MAY THE EIGHTH. It seemed as though I had just stepped off my whack of sentry go for my group when a kick in the ribs apprised me that it was "stand to." I rubbed my eyes, swore and rose to my feet. Such was the narrowness of the trench that the movement put me at my post at the parapet, where in common with my mates I fell to scanning the top for the first signs of day and the Germans.

The preceding night, that of the seventh, had been the quietest we had known since the fourth, on which day and in this same spot and after two weeks of trenches between St. Julien and Hill 60 we had had upward of two hundred casualties, and a lesser number every day since. Over everything hung the pallor of the mist-ridden Flemish morning, deadly quiet, as was usual at that time of the trench day when the tenseness of the all-night vigil was just merging into the relieving daylight.

At half past six that stillness was punctuated by a single shell, which broke barely in our rear. And then the ball commenced—the most intense bombardment we had yet experienced. Most of the fire came from the batteries in concealed positions on our right, whence, as on the fourth, they poured in a very destructive enfilade fire that swept up and down the length of the trench like the stream of a hose, making it a shambles. Each burst of high-explosive shells, each terrible pulsation of the atmosphere, if they missed the body, seemed to rend the very brain in twain, or else stupefied it.

Overhead an aëroplane buzzed. We could even descry the figures of the pilot and his observer, the latter signaling. No gun of ours answered. The dead and dying lay all about and none could attend them. A rifle was a rifle.

The Heroic Stand of the Princess Pats

THIS continued for an hour, at the end of which time we poked our heads up and saw their infantry coming on in columns of mobs, and some of them also very prettily in open order. Every field and hedge spewed them up. We stood, head and shoulders exposed above the ragged parapet, giving them "rapid fire." They had no stomach for that and retired to their holes, leaving many dead and grievously wounded.

It was at this time that we saw the Third Monmouthshires on our left and the Third King's Royal Rifles on our right falling back in orderly fashion. I called that fact to the attention of Lieutenant Lane, who was the only officer left in our vicinity. He said that the last word he had received was to hang on.

This we proceeded to do, and so, we are told, did the others. We learned later that the battalion roll call that night showed a strength of one hundred and fifty men out of the six hundred and thirty-five who had answered "Present" twenty-four hours earlier. And the official records of the Canadian Eye Witness state that "Those who survive and the friends of those who have died may draw solace from the thought that never in the history of arms have soldiers more valiantly sustained the gift and trust of a Lady," referring to the colors which had been worked for and presented to us by the Princess Patricia, daughter of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, then Governor-General of Canada.

We were on the apex of the line and were now unsupported on either side. It was about this time, I believe, that a small detachment of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, a sister regiment in our brigade, fetched to the companies in our rear twenty boxes of badly needed ammunition and reënforced the Princess Pats.

Corporal Edward Edwards, of the Original Princess Pats

Following the beating off of their infantry attack the Germans gave us a short breathing spell until their machine guns were trained on our parapet and a school of light field guns dragged up into place. The aëroplane came out again, dropping to within three hundred feet of our trench, and with tiny jets of varicolored smoke bombs directed the terribly accurate rate fire of their guns, already so close to us but so well insured against any harm from us that they attempted no concealment.

And the big guns on the right completed the devastation.

This continued for another half hour, at the end of which time there remained intact only one small traverse in the trench, which owed its existence to the fragment of chicken wire that held its sides up. The remainder was absolutely wiped out. This time there was no rapid fire, nor even any looking over the top to see if the enemy were coming on. Instead, the Germans fairly combed the parapet with their machine guns. Each indication of curiosity from us drew forth from them such a stream of fire that the top of the parapet spat forth a steady shower of flying mud, which made it impossible for us to defend ourselves properly, even had there been enough of us to do so.

The rest was chaos, a bit of pure hell. Men struggling, buried alive and looking at us for the aid they would not ask for. Soldiers all. And the Germans now pouring in in waves from all sides, and especially from our unprotected flanks and rear, hindered only by the desultory rifle fire of our two weakened companies in the support trenches. We were receiving rifle fire from four directions and bayonet thrusts from the Germans on the parapet. Mowed down like sheep. And as they came on they trampled our dead and bayoneted our wounded.

How the Huns Like to Fight

THE machine-gun crew had gone under to a man, doing their best to the last. I think Sergeant Whitehead went with them, too; at least he was near there a short time before, and I never saw him or any of the gun crew again. The only living soul near that spot was Royston, dragging himself out from under a pile of débris and covered with mud and blood, his face swollen to twice its normal size, blinded for the moment.

George Easton was firing with me at the gray mass of the oncoming horde. "My rifle's jammed!" he cried.

"Take mine." And I stooped to get one from a casualty underfoot. But a moment later my bayonet was broken off by a shot as I fired from the parapet. I shouted wildly to Cosh to toss me one from near by.

Just then the main body of the Germans swarmed into the end of the trench. Bugler Lee shouted to me: "I'm shot through the leg." A couple of us seized him, planning to go down to where the communication trench had once been. But he stopped us, saying: "It's no good, boys. It's a dead end! They're killing us."

Cosh swore. "Don't give up, kid!" A German standing a few yards away raised his rifle and blew his head off. Young Brown broke down at this—they had just done in his wounded pal: "Oh, look! Look what they've done to Davie," and fell to weeping. And with that another put the muzzle of his rifle against the boy's head and pulled the trigger.

Young Cox from Winnipeg put his hands above his head at the order. His captor placed the muzzle of his rifle squarely against the palm and blew it off. There remained only a bloody and broken mass dangling from the wrist.

I was still without a bayonet. And seeing these things, I said to Easton: "We'd better beat it."

He swore again. "Yes, they're murdering us. No use stopping here. Come on!"

And just then he, too, dropped. I thought him dead. At a later date we met in England. There was no use in my stopping to share his fate or worse. It was now every man for himself.

The other half of the regiment lay in support two hundred yards away, in Bellewaarde Wood and in front of the château and lake of that name, where my draft had lain on the fourth. I made a dash for it. The going was bad, what with the mud and the many shell holes. I was indistinctly aware of a great deal of promiscuous shooting at me, but most distinctly remember that one German shot at me about ten times in as many yards and from quite close range. I saw I could not make it. So I flung myself into a Johnson hole, and as soon as I had caught my breath scrambled out again and raced for the trench I had just left. Another German shot at me as

A Cheshire Regiment Man, a Siberian Russian, an East Yorkshire Light Infantry Man and a Gordon Highlander at Giessen Camp. Above, Private Marcia C. Simonds, Who Escaped With Corporal Edwards

I went toward him. I was by this time unarmed, having flung my rifle away to further my flight.

As I landed in the trench an angry voice shouted something I could not understand. And I scrambled to my feet in time to see a German sullenly lower his rifle from the level of my body at the command of a big black-bearded officer.

They were by this time in full possession of this slice of trench, and for the next few minutes the officer was kept busy pulling his men off their victims. Like slavering dogs they were.

To one officer we undoubtedly owed our wretched lives that day. I in particular have good cause to be grateful. A German, all of six foot four, swinging a tremendous broad headsman's ax with curved blade, tried several times to get at me. Each time the officer stopped him. Still he persisted. He apparently saw no one else and kept his eye fastened on me with deadly intention in it. He pushed aside the others, Prussians and prisoners alike; he whirled the shining blade high above a face lit up with savage exultation, terrible to see, and which reflected the sensual reveling of his heated brain in the bloody orgy ahead. My blood turned to water. My eye followed the incredibly rapid motions of the blade. My limbs refused to act. My mind traveled back over the years to a little Scottish village where I had been used to sit in the dark corners of the shoemaker's shop, listening to him and others of the Second Gordons recount their terrible tales of the hill men on the march to Kandahar with Bobs. And now I felt that same tremendous sensation of fear that used to send me trembling to my childish pallet in the croft, peering fearfully through the darkness for the oiled body of a naked Pathan with his corkscrew kris. Terror swept over me like a springtime flood. He saw no one else. His eye fastened on me in most deadly intention. As he stood over me with feet spread wide, the circle of his ax's swing broadening for the finale, the thread of rabbit-like mesmerism broke and I sprang nimbly aside as the blade buried itself deep in the mud wall I had been cowering against. I endeavored to dodge him by putting some of my fellow prisoners between us. No use. He followed me, shoving and cursing his way among them, swinging his ax. My hair stood on end and I felt rather critical of the much-vaunted Prussian discipline. Another endeavored to bayonet Charlie Scarfe. The officer at last stopped them both.

No Man's Land. Typical View on the Western Front

Below: Princess Pat Cap Badge Used as a Watch Fob

The Pluck of Young Cox

OUR captors belonged to the Twenty-first Prussian Regiment and were, so far as we knew, the first of their kind we had been up against, all previous comers on our front having been Bavarians and latterly of the army group of Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria—"Rupie," we called him. They were armed for the most part with pioneers' bayonets, as well adapted by reason of their saw edges for sawing wood as for sticking flesh and blood; and, if for the latter, an unnecessarily cruel weapon, since it was bound to stick in the body and badly lacerate it internally in the withdrawal; especially if given a twist.

Our captors were already casting our dead out of the shattered trench, both in front and behind, and in many cases using them to stop the gaps in the parapet so that they received the bullets of their erstwhile comrades. The trench front had been about-faced since its change of ownership.

We were ordered up and out at the back of the parapet and then made to lie there. The German artillery had ceased. We had none. Odd shots from the remnant of our fellows still hanging on in the supports continued to come over, but none of us were hit. In all probability seeing what was afoot they withheld their fire. Some German snipers in a farmhouse at the rear were less considerate, but fortunately failed to hit us.

Later we were ordered to take our equipment off and those who had coats to shed them. We never saw the latter again and missed them horribly in the rain all that day. Two of the Prussians "frisked" us for our tobacco, cigarettes, knives and other valuables. We were then marched to the rear, with the exception of one, who remained with the dying Taylor by permission of the officer.

About the middle of the afternoon we were herded by our guards into a shallow depression a short distance in the rear and there told to lie down. The officer and his men retrenched. Until we were turned to the trench at six we were taken back to the at by the Germans continually sniped trench. We had no in the captured make ourselves as recourse but to ble, which we did. small as possi- owing to the fact And whether low we were lying that the hol- our being actually in prevented of the enemy vision, within the range were merely playing or whether they us, I do not know, but cat and mouse with Cox suffered stoically. none were hit. Young His mangled hand had become badly fouled with dirt and filth, and the ragged bones protruded through the broken flesh. So in a quiet interval between the sniping periods we hurriedly sawed the shattered stump of his hand off with our clasp knives and bound it up as best we could. During the operation he did not so much as grunt. The nearest he came to complaining was when he asked me to let him lay his hand across my body to ease it, at the same time remarking: "I guess when they get us to Germany they'll let us write, and I'll be able to write mother and then she'll not know I've lost my hand." He was a most valiant and faithful soldier.

The perpetual rain and mist peculiar to that low-lying land added to our wretched condition and increased the pain of the wounds most of us had suffered.

At six o'clock our guards came for us and curtly ordered us to our feet. We were taken back to the trench, where our officer friend had us searched again. Here for the first time my two corporal's stripes were noticed and a mild excitement ensued. "Korporal! Korporal!" they exclaimed, and crowded up the better to inspect me and verify the report, and jabbering "*Ja! Ja!*" Apparently a captured corporal was a rarity. Strangely enough, they paid little or no attention to the sergeant of our party, although he had the three stripes of his rank up.

As I happened to be in the lead of our party and the first to enter the trench, I was the first man searched and so had to wait the examination of the remainder. Worn out by the events of the day and the wound I had received early in the morning from a shell fragment, I fell asleep against the wall of the trench where I sat.

I was awakened by a poke in the ribs from Scarfe. "Time to shift, mate."

I rose to my feet and, following the instructions of the officer, led the way along the trench. The Germans had already, with their usual industry, gotten the trench into some sort of shape again, with the parapet shifted over to the other side and facing Bellewaarde Wood. And everywhere along its length I noticed the bodies of our dead built into it to replace sandbags. Others lay on the parados at the rear.

Naturally we had to crowd by the other occupants of the trench. And each took a poke at us as we went by, some with their bayonets, saying "Verdammt Engländer" and "Engländer Schwein," pigs of English. Also quite a number of them spoke English after a fashion. There was in these men none of the soldier's usual tolerance or good-natured pity for an enemy who had fought well and had then succumbed to the fortunes of war. Instead a blind and vicious rage which took no account of our helpless condition.

Shortly, and after much cuffing, buffeting and stabbing, we were led into the presence of a young officer of the Crown Prince type, who wore glasses and a tiny mustache, and whose face I shall remember if I live to be a hundred. He seized me by the right shoulder with his left hand: "You Corporal! You Corporal!" as though that fact of itself condemned me, and at the same time tugging at his holster until he found his revolver, which he placed against my temple. Then and there I fervently prayed that he would pull the trigger and end it all. I was fed up. The all-day bombardment, the last terrible slaughter of helpless men, the rain and cold, combining with the pain of the raw wound in my side, had gotten on my nerves. With the revolver still at my head I turned to Scarfe: "They're going to do us in, Charlie. I only hope they'll do it proper. None of that bayonet stuff. Bullets for me." Already the Prussians were crowding round us threateningly again, with their saw-edged bayonets ready, some fixed in the rifle, others clasped short, like daggers, for such a butchering as they had earlier in the afternoon, when I had been so nearly axed.

"Might as well kill us outright as scare us to death," complained Scarfe bitterly.

The Village of Pine-Bough Huts

NEVERTHELESS, our hearts leaped when a moment later our mysterious black officer friend hove in sight. Life is sweet. He sharply ordered them to desist, at which they slunk sullenly away, like hungry dogs from a bone.

We were then escorted under heavy guard out over the fields in the rear, past the farmhouse close by, which was simply filled with snipers. The latter, however, did not shoot at us, presumably because they might have hit some of our numerous guards. We seemed to be working right through the heart of the German Army. Everywhere the troops were massed. Along the road they lay in solid formation on both sides. Every shell-hole, farmhouse, hut and dugout and old trench on the three-mile stretch between the Front and Polygon Wood contributed its quota. This was the line our regiment had evacuated on the night of the third to avoid a surrounding movement from the rear. If we had had artillery to play on them now they would have suffered tremendous losses. The whole countryside presented a living target. All the way they shouted "Schwein" and taunted us in both languages.

At Polygon Wood we were marched over to the little settlement of pine-bough huts which our regiment had previously taken over from the French. It lay just off the race track in front of the ruined château, buried deep in the remnants of what had once been the beautiful park of a large country estate. These huts were now the German headquarters.

As we came to a halt one big fellow smoking a pipe observed nonchalantly: "You fellows are lucky. Our orders were to take no Canadian prisoners."

There was as much English as German talked there that day. Everywhere there was cooking going on, mostly in portable camp kitchens.

Another officer said "Engländer?"

The big fellow said "Kanadier." The other raised his brows and shoulders: "Uhh!"

Wire Entanglements Ready to be Set Up in Belgium

A younger officer came up: "Never mind, boys. Your turn to-day. Might be mine to-morrow." Turning to the others, he too said "Engländer?"

"No! Canadian."

"Oh!" And he appeared to be pleasantly surprised. He asked me for a souvenir and pointed to the brass Canada shoulder straps and the red cloth "P. P. C. L. I.'s" on the shoulders of the others. But I had already shoved my few trinkets down my puttees while lying back of the trench that afternoon. Scarfe, however, gave up his Canada straps.

The young officer gave him in return a carved nut with silver filigree work and gave another man a silver crucifix for the bronze maple leaves from the collar of his tunic. And, more important still, he gave us all a cigarette, while he had a sergeant give us coffee.

We were marched to Roulers, which we reached well after dark. A considerable crowd of soldiers and civilians awaited our coming. The Belgian women and children congregated in front of the church while we waited to be let in, and threw us apples and cigarettes. The uhlans and infantrymen rushed them with the flat side of their swords and the butts of their muskets; and mistreated them. They knocked one old woman down quite close to where I stood. So we had to do without and were not even permitted to pick up the gifts that lay at our feet, much less the old woman.

The church had been used as a stable quite recently and the stone-flagged floor was deep with the decayed straw and accumulated filth of men and horses. We lay down in it and got what rest we could for the remainder of the night. There were about one hundred and fifty prisoners in all—Shropshires, Cheshires, King's Royal Rifles and other British regiments—all from our division and mostly from our brigade. Other small parties continued to come in during the night, but there were no more P. P.'s. In the morning a large tub of water was carried in and each man was given a bit of black bread and a slice of raw fat bacon. The latter was salty and so thoroughly unappetizing that I cannot recall that anyone ate his ration. In spite of the fact that we had been twenty-four hours without food we were so upset by the experiences we had undergone, so shattered by shell fire and lack of rest that we were perhaps inclined to be more critical than healthy men would have been.

Shortly afterward a high German officer came in with his staff. He was a stout and well-built man of middle age or over, typically German in his general characteristics and not half bad looking. His uniform was covered with braid and medals. Everyone paid him the utmost deference. He stopped in the middle of the room.

"Are there any Canadians here?"

I stepped forward. "Yes, sir."

"I mean the Princess Patricia's Canadians."

"Yes, sir. I am. And here's some more of them," pointing at the prostrate figures of my companions, where they sprawled on the flagstones.

"Princess Patricia's Regiment?"

"Yes."

"Well, the Princess Patricia is my niece. Awfully nice girl. I hope it won't be long before I see her again."

I grinned. "Well, I hope it won't be long before I see her, too, sir."

Princess Pat's German Uncle

THE other fellows joined us, the straw and the smell of it still sticking to their clothes as they formed a little knot about the Prince and his staff.

He laughed back at us and was altogether very friendly. "You'll go to a good camp and you'll be all right if you behave yourselves." I told him I had been on a guard of honor to the Princess as a child when her father, the Duke of Connaught, had been the general officer commanding at Aldershot.

Scarfe shoved in his oar here, grousing in good British-soldier fashion: "I don't call it very good treatment when they steal the overcoats from wounded men."

"Who did that?" He was all steel, and I saw that a change came over the staff.

"The chaps that took us prisoners," said Scarfe.

"What regiment were they?" The Prince glanced at an aide, who hastily drew out a notebook and began to take down our replies.

"The Twenty-first Prussians, sir."

"Do you know the men?"

"Their faces but not their names."

"Of what rank was the officer in charge?"

We did not know, but thought him a company officer of the rank of captain perhaps. He asked for other particulars, which we gave to the best of our knowledge.

"I'll attend to that," he said. However, we heard no more of it. We refrained from complaining about the actual ill-treatment and indignities we had been subjected to, the murder of our unoffending comrades or the lack of attention to our wounds, as we rightly judged that we would only have earned the enmity of our guards.

"May I have your cap badge?" he asked decently enough.

I lied: "Sorry, sir; I've lost mine."

The fact was I had shoved it down my puttees while lying back of the trench the previous afternoon.

Scarfe said: "You can have mine, sir."

He took it. "Thanks so much." He glanced at the aide again; rather sharply this time, I thought. The latter blushed and hastily extracted a wallet, from which he handed Scarfe a two-mark piece, equal to one and ten pence, or forty-four cents. He gave us his name before leaving, and my recollection is that it was something like Eitelbert. Evidently he was a brother of the Duchess of Connaught, whom we knew to have been a German princess whose brothers and other male relatives all enjoyed high commands among our foes.

We remained in the fouled church all of that day and night and until the following morning. No more food appeared. We were marched down to the railroad under heavy escort, crowded into freight cars and locked in. The guards were distributed in cars of their own, alternating with ours. Our wounds remained unattended to.

At every station they thundered: "Come out, Canadians!" They lined us up in a row while a staff officer put the same questions to us in nearly every case. They were particularly interested in the quality of our rations and asked if it was not true that we were starving and if our pay had not been stopped. The guards invariably explained to the civilians that these were the Canadians who had cut the throats of the German wounded. The mob surged round and reviled us, while the guards, in high good humor, translated their remarks, unless, as was frequently the case, they were made to the officials in English for our benefit. The other British soldiers were left in their cars.

Our wounded were getting very badly off by this time. It was impossible to avoid trampling on one another. It was very dark at best and the one small window in the roof was closed as soon as we drew into a station. When taken out we were under heavy escort and were allowed no opportunity to clean up the accumulated filth of the car. We suffered terribly for food and water, and some of the wounds began to turn, so that what with exhaustion and all we grew very weak.

Patching Up the "Pipped"

At one station the guards took us out and made us line up to watch them eat of a hearty repast which the Red Cross women had just brought them. And we were very hungry. When we, too, asked for food they said "Nix, Nix." They met us at every station, including women of all classes, who called us Engländer Schwein and who at no time gave us the slightest assistance, but instead devoted themselves to the guard.

We did not receive any food during this trip, which lasted from the morning of one day until the night of the next. We had gone since the day of our capture on the coffee received at headquarters in Polygon Wood and the single issue of water, bread and bacon received in the church, the latter of which we could not eat; a total of three days and nights on this ration.

We pulled into Giessen at eleven, the night of May tenth. They made a Roman holiday of the occasion. The entire population turned out to see the Englander Schwein. There was a guard for every prisoner, and two lines of fixed bayonets. The mob surged round, heaping on us insults and blows; particularly the women. They spat on us, with hate in their eyes. We had to take that or the bayonet. These were the acts not only of the rabble, but also of the people of good appearance and address. One very well-dressed woman came rushing up. Under other circumstances I should have judged her to be a gentlewoman.

She was screaming invectives at us as she forced her way through the crowd. "Schwein!" she screamed, and struck at the man next me. Then, drawing deep from the very bottom of her lungs, she spat the mass full in his face.

The Prison Camp at Giessen

WE HAD a mile-and-a-half march to the prison camp. Those who were past walking were put in street cars and sent to the lager, where upon our arrival we were shoved into huts for the night, supperless of course. This was our introduction to the prison camp of Giessen.

The next morning we each received three-quarters of a pint of acorn coffee, so called, horrible-tasting stuff; and a loaf of black bread—half potatoes and half rye—weighing two hundred and fifty grams, or a little more than half a pound, between five men. This allowed a piece about three by three by four inches to each man for the day's ration. The coffee consisted of acorns and four pounds of burned barley boiled in one hundred gallons of water. There was no sugar or milk. My curiosity led me later to get this and other recipes from the fat French cook.

All that day and for several following, officials and guards were busy numbering and renumbering us and assigning us to our companies. They were hopelessly German about it, and did so many times and very thoroughly. There were twelve thousand men in the camp and eight hundred in the lager. The majority were Russian and French with a fairish sprinkling of Belgians. There were perhaps six hundred British in the entire camp. The various nationalities were mixed up and each section given a hut very similar to those our own troops occupy in England. A number of smaller camps in the neighboring districts were governed from this central camp.

For dinner we had Shadow Soup. The recipe in my diary reads: "For eight hundred men, two hundred gallons of water, one small bag of potatoes and one packet of herbs." Meat soup was two hundred gallons of water, ten pounds of meat, one small bag of potatoes and ten pounds of vegetables. This was the most nutritious of the lot. Unfortunately for us, the small portion of meat and most of the potatoes were given to the French, both because the cook and all his assistants were Frenchmen and because the authorities willed it so.

This was usually managed without any apparent unfairness by serving the British first and the French last, with the result that the one received a tin full of hot water, while the Frenchmen's spoons stood to attention in the thicker mess they found in the bottom. This, with other things, contributed to make bad blood between the two races. A great show was made of stirring up the mess, but it was a pure farce.

Once in two months a ration of sausage was dished out. For breakfast once a week there was one pint of acorn coffee without sugar or milk and one and a half square inches of Limburger cheese. To quote from the diary: "Before serving open all windows and doors. Then send for the Russians to take it away."

The Germans discriminated against the British prisoners. When there was any disagreeable duty the cry went up for "der Engländer." The much-sought-for cookhouse jobs all went to the French, who waxed fat in consequence. No Britisher was ever allowed near the cookhouse.

(Continued on Page 34)

THE HIGH HEART

XVIII

By Basil King

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I Have Been in Love—and am Still; but Love is Not the Most Important Thing in the World ——"

WHAT happened on the train after Mrs. Brokenshire and I had left it I heard from Mr. Strangways. Having got it from him in some detail I can give it in my own words more easily than in his.

I may be permitted to state here how much and how little of the romance between Mr. Grainger and Mrs. Brokenshire Larry Strangways knew. He knew next to nothing but he inferred a good deal. From facts I gave him once or twice in hours of my own perplexity he had been able to get light on certain matters which had come under his observation as Mr. Grainger's confidential man, and to which otherwise he would have had no key. He inferred, for instance, that Mrs. Brokenshire wrote daily to her lover, and that occasionally, at long intervals, her lover could safely write to her. He inferred that when their meetings had ended in one place they were taken up discreetly at another, but only with difficulty and danger. He inferred that the man chafed against this restraint, and as he had got out of it with other women he was planning to get out of it again. I understood that had Mrs. Brokenshire been the only such instance in Stacy Grainger's career Larry Strangways might not have felt impelled to interfere; but seeing from the beginning that his employer "had a weakness," he felt it only right to help me save a woman for whom he knew I cared.

I have never wholly understood why he believed that the situation had worked up to a crisis on that particular day; but having watched the laying of the mine he could hardly do anything but expect the explosion on the application of the match.

When Mr. Grainger had bidden him that morning go to the station and secure a drawing-room, or, if that was impossible, two parlor-car seats, on the five-o'clock for Boston, he had reasons for following the course of which I have briefly given the lines. No drawing-room was available, because any that was not sold he bought for himself in order to set the stage according to his own ideas. How far he was justified in this will be a matter of opinion. Some may commend him, while others will accuse him of unwarrantable interference.

It must be evident that as Mr. Strangways didn't know what was to happen he could have no plan of action. All he could arrange for was that he and I should be on the spot. As it is difficult for guilty lovers to elope while acquaintances are looking on he was resolved that they should find elopement difficult. For anything else he relied on chance—and on me. Chance favored him in keeping Stacy Grainger out of sight, in putting Mrs. Brokenshire next to me, and in making the action, such as it was, run smoothly. Had I known that he relied on me I should have been more terrified than I actually was, since I was relying on him.

It will be seen then that at the moment when Mrs. Brokenshire and I left the train Larry Strangways had but a vague idea of what had taken place. He merely conjectured from the swish of skirts that we had gone. His next idea was, as he phrased it, to make himself scarce on his own account; but in that his efforts miscarried.

Hoping to slip into another car and thus avoid a meeting with the out-maneuvered lover he was snapping the clasp of the bag into which he had thrust his cap when he perceived a tall figure enter the car by the forward end. To escape recognition he bent his head, pretending to search for something on the floor. The tall figure passed, but came back again. It was necessary that he should come back, because of the number on the ticket, the ulster, the walking stick and the golf clubs.

What Stacy Grainger saw, of course, was three empty seats, with his secretary sitting in a fourth. The sight of the three empty seats was doubtless puzzling enough, but that of the secretary must have been bewildering. Without turning his head Mr. Strangways knew by his sixth and seventh senses that his employer was comparing the number on his ticket with that of the seat, examining the hand luggage to make sure it was his own, and otherwise drawing the conclusion that his faculties hadn't left him. For a private secretary who had ventured so far out of his line of duty it was a trying minute, but he turned and glanced upward only on feeling a tap on his shoulder.

"Hello, Strangways! Is it you? What's the meaning of this?"

Strangways rose. As the question had been asked in perplexity rather than in anger he could answer calmly.

"The meaning of what, sir?"

"Where the deuce are you going? What are you doing here?"

"I'm going to Boston, sir."

"What for? Who told you you could go to Boston?"

The tone began to nettle the young man, who was not accustomed to being spoken to so imperiously before strangers.

"No one told me, sir. I didn't ask permission. I'm my own master. I've left your employ."

"The devil you have! Since when?"

"Since this morning. I couldn't tell you, because when you left the office after I'd given you the tickets you didn't come back."

"And do you call that decent to a man who's —— But no matter!" He pointed to the seat next his own. "Where's the—the lady who's been sitting here?"

Mr. Strangways raised his eyebrows innocently and shook his head. "I haven't seen any lady, sir."

"What? There must have been a lady here. Was to have got on at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street."

"Possibly; I only say I didn't see her. As a matter of fact, I've been reading, and I don't think I looked round during the entire journey. Hadn't we better not speak so loud?" he suggested in a lower tone. "People are listening to us."

"Oh, let them go to —— Now look here, Strangways," he began again, speaking softly but excitedly, "there must be some explanation to this."

"Of course there must be; only I can't give it. Perhaps the porter could tell us. Shall I call him?"

Mr. Grainger nodded his permission. The colored man with the flashing teeth came up on the broad grin, showing them. "Yep," he replied in answer to the question; "they was two ladies in them seats all the way f'um Ne' Yawk."

"Two ladies?" Mr. Grainger cried incredulously.

"Yes, gen'lemen. Two different ladies. The young one she got in at the Grand Central—fust one in the cyar—and the ole one at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street."

"Do you mean to say it was an old lady who got in there?"

"Yep, gen'lemen; ole and cranky. I ain't handled 'em no crankier not since I've bin on this beat. Sick, too. They done get off at Providence, though they was booked right through to Boston, because the ole lady she couldn't go no farther."

Mr. Grainger was not a sleuth-hound, but he did what he could in the way of verification.

"Did the young lady wear—wear a veil?"

The porter scratched his head.

"Come to think of it she did—one of them there flowery things"—his forefinger made little whirling designs on his coffee-colored skin—"what makes a kind of pattern like all over people's face."

Because he was frantically seeking a clew Mr. Grainger blurted out the foolish question:

"Was she—pretty?"

To answer as a connoisseur and as man to man the African took his time.

"Wa-al, not to say p'ooty, she wasn't—but she'd pa-ss. A little black-eyed thing, an' awful smart. One of 'em trained nusses like—very perlite, but a turr'ble boss you could see she'd be, for all she was so soft spoken. Had cyare of the ole one, who was what you'd call plum crazy."

"That will do." The trail seemed not worth following any further. "There's some mistake," he continued furiously. "She must be in one of the other cars."

Like a colbe from the leash he bounded off to make new investigations. In five minutes he was back again, passing up the length of the car and going on to examine those at the other end of the train. His face as he returned was livid; his manner, as far as he dared betray himself before a dozen or twenty spectators, that of a balked wild animal.

"Strangways," he swore as he dropped to the arm of his seat, "you're going to answer for this."

Strangways replied composedly.

"I'm ready to answer for anything I know. You can't expect me to be responsible for what I don't know anything about."

He slapped his knee.

"What are you doing in that particular chair? Even if you're going to Boston, why aren't you somewhere else?"

"That's easily explained. You told me to get two tickets by this train. Knowing that I was to travel by it myself I asked for three. I daresay it was stupid of me not to think that the propinquity would be open to objection; but as it's a public conveyance, and there's not generally anything secret or special about a trip of the kind ——"

"Why in thunder didn't you get a drawing-room as I told you to?"

"For the reason I've given—there were none to be had. If you could have taken me into your confidence a little—but I suppose that wasn't possible."

To this there was no response but a series of muttered oaths that bore the same relation to soliloquy as a frenzied lion's growl. For some twenty minutes they sat in the same attitudes, Strangways quiet, watchful, alert, ready for any turn the situation might take, the other man stretched on the arm of his chair, indifferent to comfort,

cursing spasmodically, perplexity on his forehead, rage in his eyes, and something that was folly, futility and helplessness all over him.

Almost no further conversation passed between them till they got out in Boston. In the crowd Strangways endeavored to go off by himself, but found Mr. Grainger constantly beside him. He was beside him when they reached the place where taxicabs were called, and ordered his porter to call one.

"Get in," he said then.

Larry Strangways protested.

"I'm going to ——"

I must be sufficiently unladylike to give Mr. Grainger's response just as it was spoken, because it strikes me as characteristic of men.

"Oh, hell! Get in. You're coming with me."

Characteristic of men was the rest of the evening. In spite of what had happened—and had not happened—Messrs. Grainger and Strangways partook of an excellent supper together, eating and drinking with appetite, and smoking their cigars with what looked like an air of tranquillity. Though the fury of the balked wild animal returned to Stacy Grainger by fits and starts, it didn't interfere with his relish of his food and only once did it break its bounds. That was when he struck the arm of his chair, saying beneath his breath, and yet audibly enough for his secretary to hear:

"She funked it—damn her!"

Larry Strangways then took it on himself to say:

"I don't know the lady, sir, to whom you refer, nor the reasons she may have had for funking it, but may I advise you for your own peace of mind to withdraw the two concluding syllables?"

A pair of fierce, melancholy eyes rested on him for a second uncomprehendingly.

"All right," the crestfallen lover groaned heavily at last. "I may as well take them back."

Characteristic of women were my experiences while this was happening.

Bundled out into the station at Providence no two poor females could ever have been more forlorn. Standing in the waiting room with our bags round us I felt like one of those immigrant women, ignorant of the customs and language of the country to which they have come, I had sometimes seen on docks at Halifax. As for Mrs. Brokenshire she was as little used to the unarranged as if she had been a royalty. Never before had she dropped in this way down upon the unexpected; never before had she been unmet, unwelcomed and unprepared. She was *bouleversée*—overturned. Were she falling from an aëroplane she could not have been more at a loss as to where she was going to alight. Small wonder was it that she should sit down on one of her own valises and begin to cry distressfully.

That, for the minute, I was obliged to disregard. If she had to cry she must cry. I could hear the train puffing out of the station, and as far as that went she was safe. My first preoccupation had to do with where we were to go.

For this I made inquiries of the porter, who named what he considered to be the two or three best hotels. I went to the ticket office and put the same question, getting approximately the same answer. Then, seeing a well-dressed man and lady enter the station from a private car which I could discern outside, I repeated my investigations, explaining that I had come from New York with an invalid lady who had not been well enough to continue the journey. They told me I could make no mistake in going to one of the houses already named by my previous informants; and so gathering up the hand luggage and Mrs. Brokenshire we set forth.

At the hotel we secured an apartment of sitting room and two bedrooms, registering our names as "Miss Adare and friend." I ordered the daintiest supper the house could provide to be served upstairs, with a small bottle of champagne to inspirit us; but unlike the two heroes of the episode neither of us could do more than taste food and drink. No kidnaped princess in a fairy tale was ever more lovely or pathetic than Mrs. Brokenshire; no giant ogre more monstrously cruel than myself. Now that it was done I figured, both in her eyes and in my own, not as a savior but as a capturer.

She had dried her tears, but she had dried them resentfully. As far as possible she didn't look at me, but when she couldn't help it the reproach in her glances almost broke my heart. Though I knew I had acted for the best, she made me feel a bad angel, a marplot, a spoil-sport. I had thwarted a dream that was as full of bliss as it was of terror, and reduced the dramatic to the commonplace. Here she was picking at a cold quail in aspic face to face with me when she might have been ——

It Was Not an Extraordinary View: It Was Only a Peaceful and a Noble One

I couldn't help seeing myself as she saw me, and when we had finished what was not a repast I put her to bed with more than the humility of a serving-maid. You will think me absurd, but when those tender eyes were turned on me with their silent rebuke, I would gladly have put her back on the train again and hurried her on to destruction. As the dear thing sobbed on her pillow I laid my head beside hers and sobbed with her.

But I couldn't sob very long as I still had duties to fulfill. It was of little use to have her under my care at Providence unless those who would in the end be most concerned as to her whereabouts were to know the facts—or the approximate facts—from the start.

It was a case in which doubt for a night might be doubt for a lifetime; and so when she was sufficiently calm for me to leave her I went downstairs.

Though I had not referred to it again, I had made a mental note of the fact that Mr. Brokenshire was at Newport. If at Newport I knew he could be nowhere but in one hotel. Within fifteen minutes I was talking to him on the telephone.

He was plainly annoyed at being called to the instrument so late as half-past ten. When I said I was Alexandra Adare he replied that he didn't recognize the name.

"I was formerly nursery governess to your daughter, Mrs. Rossiter," I explained. "I'm the woman who's refused as yet to marry your son, Hugh."

"Oh, that person," came the response, uttered wearily.

"Yes, sir; that person. I must apologize for ringing you up so late; but I wanted to tell you that Mrs. Brokenshire is here at Providence with me."

The symptoms of distress came to me in a series of choking sounds over the wire. It was a good half minute before I got the words:

"What does that mean?"

"It means that Mrs. Brokenshire is perfectly well in physical condition, but she's tired and nervous and overwrought."

I made out that the muffled and strangled voice said:

"I'll motor up to Providence at once. It's now half-past ten. I shall be there between one and two. What hotel shall I find you at?"

"Don't come, sir," I pleaded. "I had to tell you we were in Providence, because you could have found that out by asking where the long-distance call had come from; but it's most important to Mrs. Brokenshire that she should have a few days alone."

"I shall judge of that. To what hotel shall I come?"

"I beg and implore you, sir, not to come. Please believe me when I say that it will be better for you in the end. Try to trust me. Mrs. Brokenshire isn't far from a nervous breakdown; but if I can have her to myself for a week or two I believe I could tide her over it."

Reproof and argument followed on this, till at last he yielded with the words:

"Where are you going?"

Fortunately I had thought of that.

"To some quiet place in Massachusetts. When we're settled I shall let you know."

He suggested a hotel at Lenox as suitable for such a sojourn.

"She'd rather go where she wouldn't meet people whom she knows. The minute she has decided I shall communicate with you again."

"But I can see you in the morning before you leave?"

The accent was now that of request. The overtone in it was pitiful.

"Oh, don't try to, sir. She wants to get away from everyone. It will be so much better for her to do just as she likes. She had got to a point where she had to escape from everything she knew and cared about; and so all of a sudden—only—only to-day—she decided to come with me. She doesn't need a trained nurse, because she's perfectly well. All she wants is someone to be with her—whom she knows she can trust. She hasn't even taken Angélique. She simply begs to be alone."

In the end I made my point, but only after genuine beseeching on his part and much repetition on mine. Having said good night to him—he actually used the words—I called up Angélique, in order to bring peace to a household in which the mistress' desertion would create some consternation.

Angélique and I might have been called friends. The fact that I spoke French *comme une Française*, as she often flattered me by saying, was a bond between us, and we had the further point of sympathy that we were both devoted to Mrs. Brokenshire. Besides that, there is something in me, I suppose it must be a plebeian streak, which enables me to understand servants and get along with them.

I gave her much the same explanation as I gave to Mr. Brokenshire, though somewhat differently put. In addition I asked her to pack such selections from the simpler examples of Mrs. Brokenshire's wardrobe as the lady might need in a country place, and keep them in readiness to send. Angélique having expressed her relief that Mrs. Brokenshire was safe at a known address, in the company of a responsible attendant—a relief which, so she said, would be shared by the housekeeper, the chef and the butler, all of whom had spent the evening in painful speculation—we took leave of each other with our customary mutual compliments.

Though I was so tired by this time that fainting would have been a solace, I called for a Boston paper and began studying the advertisements of country hotels. Having made a selection of these I consulted the manager of our present place of refuge, who strongly commended one of them. Thither I sent a night-letter commandeering the best, after which, with no more than strength to undress, I lay down on a couch in Mrs. Brokenshire's room. When I knew she was sleeping I too slept fitfully. About once in an hour I went softly to her bedside, and finding her dozing, if not sound asleep, I went softly back again.

Between four and five we had a little scene. As I approached her bed she looked up and said:

"What are we going to do in the morning?"

Afraid to tell her all I had put in train I gave my ideas in the form of suggestion.

"No, I shan't do that," she said quietly.

She lay quite still, her cheek embossed on the pillow, and a great stray curl over her left shoulder.

"Then what would you like to do?"

"I should like to go straight back."

"To begin the same old life all over again?"

"To begin to see him all over again."

"Do you think that after last night you can begin to see him in the same old way?"

"I must see him in some way."

"But isn't the way what you've still to discover? Wouldn't part of your object in going away for a time be to think out some method of reconciling your feeling for Mr. Grainger with—with your self-respect?"

"My self-respect?" She looked as if she had never heard of such a thing. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Hasn't it got everything to do with it? You can't live without it forever."

"Do you mean that I've been living without it as it is?"

"Isn't that for you to say rather than for me?"

She was silent for a minute, after which she said fretfully:

"I don't think it's very nice of you to talk to me like that. You've got me here at your mercy, when I might have been ——" A long, bubbling sigh, like the aftermath of tears, laid stress on the joys she had forgone. "He'll never forgive me now—never."

"Wouldn't it be better, dear Mrs. Brokenshire," I asked, "to consider whether you can ever forgive him?"

She raised herself on her elbow and looked at me. Seated in a low armchair beside her bed, in an old rose-colored kimono, my dark hair hanging down my back, I was not a fascinating object of study, even in the light of one small, distant, shaded bedroom lamp.

"What should I forgive him for? For loving me?"

"Yes, for loving you—in that way."

"He loves me ——"

"So much that he could see you dishonored and disgraced—and shunned by decent people all the rest of your life—just to gratify his own desires. It seems to me you may have to forgive him for that."

"He asked me to do only what I would have done willingly—if it hadn't been for you."

"But he asked you. The responsibility is in that. You didn't make the suggestion. He did."

"He didn't make it till I'd let him see ——"

"Too much. Forgive me for saying it, dear Mrs. Brokenshire; but do you think a woman should ever go so far to meet a man as you did?"

"I let him see that I loved him. I did that before I married Mr. Brokenshire."

If She Renounced Him Now It Would be an Act of Heroism of Which I Could Hardly Believe Her Capable

"You let him see more than that you loved him. You showed him that you didn't know how to live without him."

"But since I didn't know how ——"

"Ah, but you should have known. No woman should be so dependent on a man as that."

She fell back again on her pillows.

"It's easy to see you've never been in love."

"I have been in love—and am still; but love is not the most important thing in the world ——"

"Then you differ from all the great teachers. They say it is."

"If they do they're not speaking of sexual love."

"What are they speaking of then?"

"They're speaking of another kind of love, with which the mere sexual has nothing to do. I'm not an ascetic; and I know the sexual has its place. But there's a love that's as much bigger than that as the sky is bigger than I am."

"Yes, but so long as one never sees it ——"

I suppose it was her tone of feeble rebellion that roused my spirit and made me speak as I did.

"You do see it, darling Mrs. Brokenshire," I declared, more sweetly than I felt; "I'm showing it to you." I rose and stood over her. "What do you suppose I'm prompted by but love? What urges me to stand by Mr. Brokenshire but love? What made me step in between you and Mr. Grainger and save him as well as you but love? Love isn't emotion that leaves you weak; it's action that makes you strong. It has to be action, and it has to be right action. There's no love separable from right; and until you grasp that fact you'll always be unhappy. I'm a mere rag in my own person. I've no more character than a hen. But because I've got a wee little hold on right ——"

She broke in peevishly as she turned away:

"I do wish you'd let me go to sleep."

I got down from my high horse and went back humbly to my couch. Scarcely, however, had I lain down, when the voice came again, in childish complaint: "I think you might have kissed me."

I had never kissed her in my life, nor had she ever shown any sign of permitting me this liberty. Timidly I went back to the bed; timidly I bent over it. But I was not prepared for the sudden intense clinging with which she threw her arms round my neck and drew my face down to hers.

XIX

IN THE morning Mrs. Brokenshire was difficult again, but I got her into a neat little country inn in Massachusetts by the middle of the afternoon.

I had to be like a jailer dragging along a prisoner, but that could not be helped.

On leaving Providence she insisted on spending a few days in Boston, where, so she said, she had friends whom she wished to see. Knowing that Stacy Grainger would be at one of the few hotels of which we had the choice I couldn't risk a meeting. Her predominating shame, a shame she had no hesitation in confessing, was for having failed him. He would never forgive her, she moaned; he wouldn't love her any more. Not to be loved by him, not to be forgiven, was like death. All she demanded during the early hours of that day was to find him wherever he had gone and fling herself at his feet.

Because I didn't allow her to remain in Boston we had what was almost a quarrel as we jolted over the cobblestones from the southern station to the northern. She was now an outraged queen and now a fiery little termagant. Sparing me neither tears nor reproaches, neither scoldings nor denunciations, she nevertheless followed me obediently. Sitting opposite me in the parlor car, ignoring the papers and fashion magazines I spread beneath her eyes, she lifted on me the piteous face of an angel whom I had beaten and trampled and enslaved. For this kind of sacrilege I had ceased, however, to be contrite. I was so tired, and had grown so grim, that I could have led her along in handcuffs.

But once out in the fresh green northern country the joy of a budding and blossoming world stole into us in spite of all our cares. We couldn't help getting out of our own little round of thought when we saw fields that were carpets of green velvet, or copses of hazelnut and alder coming into leaf, or a farmer sowing the plowed earth with the swing and the stride of the *Semeur*. We couldn't help seeing wider and farther and more hopefully when the sky was an arch of silvery blue overhead, and white clouds drifted across it, and the north into which we were traveling began to fling up masses of rolling hills.

She caught me by the arm.

"Oh, do look at the lambs! The darlings!"

There they were, three or four helpless creatures, shivering in the sharp May wind and apparently struck by the futility of a life which would end in nothing but making chops. The ewes watched them maternally, or stood patiently to be tugged by the full woolly breasts. After that we kept our eyes open for other living

(Continued on Page 74)

"She'll Never be Happy With You if She Kills the Man She Runs Away From ——"

An Army of Homesick Old Men

A Serbian Soldier Does a Bit of Barbering

A Comitadji Chieftain

By HERBERT COREY

YOU know how it is. A word will sometimes unloose a gate in your mind and a picture will pop through. The same word always releases the same picture. It may be that of the sea, or of a man in hair pants, or of a swirling street. Smoking-room scientists would call this sort of thing a reaction.

So it had been with me. If anyone said "Hero" in my hearing I immediately reacted along musical-comedy lines. The shutter of that mental lens clicked and somewhere inside I saw a hot stage and chorus girls in wooden groups; and just above the footlights a young man in white trousers and blue jacket and a brass hat, warbling an oversugared song. A shiny sword marked him as belonging to a branch of his country's service that had escaped isolation and treatment.

Nowadays a different picture is presented when the keyword is sounded. "Hero" now calls before me a view of a marching line of old men, clad in weather-washed uniforms that had once been the horizon blue of the French Army. Their shoulders are bent and their deep-lined faces are covered with a grizzle of beard; and packages are tied all over them in most unmilitary fashion. Their rifles slant every which way over their shoulders; and they look down at the deep Macedonian mud as they trudge on in precisely the gait used by old and very tired pick-and-shovel men after their day's work. A most unsoldierly looking lot, these Serbian cheechas. Just weary men for the most part, who do not snap to attention when one speaks to them, but smile in a childlike and pathetic way.

The War-Worn Remnants of an Army

TWO months ago I should have said that the story I am trying to tell would be that of the last campaign of the Serbian Army. Then it did not seem that they could ever fight again. Last year seventy thousand of them were taken to Macedonia, where the Allies had planned an operation of strategic value. To the Serbs that operation meant only one thing: They were to be given the chance to fight their way back to their homes. The seventy thousand were all that were left of the four hundred and fifty thousand Serbian soldiers who began the war, and all that were left of the two hundred and fifty thousand who fought their way in the great retreat through the mountain passes of Albania and Montenegro, and all that were left of the hundred and fifty thousand sick and starving men who finally reached asylum at Corfu.

When they ended last year's campaign—when they finally shuffled down the long Macedonian hills through the deep Macedonian mud for a rest—the seventy thousand had dwindled to eighteen thousand four hundred and sixty bayonets. In their turn, they were all that were left. But this story is not of the last campaign of the Serbian Army. The last campaign has not yet come. The Serbian Army is still fighting.

Now that our own people have entered upon a war for liberty, the story of the price a smaller nation has been willing to pay for the same prize is worth the telling. The Serbian soldiers are infinitely sick of war. Most of them are old men, for the younger were called first and died first; and many of those in the ranks today were in the fourth class before the war began. Some of them have been fighting for five years. Some of them have not seen their homes since the first Balkan War began, in 1912. One might say that few of them have heard from their families for the past two years, for the Austrian-Bulgarian censorship has been very effective in Serbia. I believe they have suffered greater hardships and have fought against greater odds than any other unit of the allied armies; but they have no thought of quitting the fight. Each has the profound conviction that when this war is over Serbia will be free and his children shall have peace.

Perhaps it is not heroism alone that animates them. Perhaps they are just homesick. No doubt they have a vague wide vision of the time to come when all Serbs shall be united in one country, and there shall be no more war. But when a Serbian peasant speaks of Serbia he is thinking of a little white cottage on a green hill, and the plum orchard and the yoke of gray oxen. In peacetime he is content to stay at home all his life. His one journey is on his wedding day, when he starts with his bride on a tour that may take in three or four villages and cover fifty miles. No wonder these men sicken for the sight of their homes! Last year the men of the Choumadia Division captured a convoy of Bulgarian ox-wagons, and then found they were Serbian wagons and Serbian oxen, and that Serbian children had been pressed into service to drive them. All along the line the captors dropped their rifles, and threw their arms round the soft necks of the oxen and wept unashamed.

"It did no harm," said the chief of staff. "We are simple people, we Serbians. We weep easily. But we fight the better when our eyes are wet."

These men are depressed and melancholy, but they are not bitter. Perhaps the Balkan tradition sustains them. Their fathers and their forefathers have gone through some measure of the same thing they are going through now. If they are dejected it is because of the thousands of comrades who have died, and because the end seems very far off, and because there seems to be no release except through death or serious wounds. Many of them have been wounded four or five times, and yet they have gone back to the Front from the little hospitals stationed right behind the lines. They fight on brilliantly. Last year their task was to cut through the hill lines held by the Bulgarians back to Monastir, so as to endanger the communications to that city and compel its evacuation. They did it in a way that deserves to be called a gallant feat of arms. One division—the Morava—was on the offensive for ninety-five days of that time without a rest.

An offensive with the Serbs in the Balkans does not mean what an offensive does anywhere else. These men had only one trench. They lived and fought in that trench. At night those who were not on picket duty slept there, or in the tiny holes in its walls. Because a front trench is at all times directly exposed, they could have no camp fires at which to warm themselves, though this was in the dead of winter in the Balkan hills. Their food came to them cold, for the Serbs have not the insulated contrivances for keeping food and drink warm that were the boast of the Italian Army in Macedonia last year. Their hot coffee was, at the best, insipidly warm. Often their wine froze in the canteens. There was no second trench, and no reserve line, and no rest.

"You are making a tremendous racket on Wetternich to-night," I said to a staff officer on one occasion.

I was interested, for we were camped just below Wetternich, and if the Bulgarians broke through there was nothing whatever to keep them from pouring downhill to our camp. It seemed as though they might break through. Rifle firing was continuous. It ran in spatters from one end of the line to the other, as the sparks travel along a bit of fuse. Then it would concentrate for a time and the machine guns would join in, and by and by a few thunderous trench bombs would be discharged to make the night completely hideous. The greenish star shells were soaring overhead all the time. Even at the foot of the mountain we could distinguish each other's features by their light.

"It is an attack?" I asked.

"Not at all," said he; "just sleep-firing."

Serbian Sleep-Firing

THEN he explained: The Eleventh Regiment had taken Wetternich shortly before with a loss of a thousand of its fourteen hundred men. It had taken Wetternich, but it had not taken the Rock of Blood, a castellated pinnacle that thrusts upward from the very peak of the mountain, the precipitous sides of which cannot be taken by assault. Now and then the Bulgarians would sortie from the Rock of Blood and there would be desperate hand-to-hand fighting at Wetternich until they were driven back. So that the four hundred Serbs who held the mountain had devised a plan by which they might get the rest they needed.

One man of five in a trench sector kept awake. His comrades' rifles were laid across the embankment of the trench. Until the hour came for relief the man on guard passed from end to end of the trench sector, loading and firing these rifles, while his friends slept at his feet in the soggy bottom of the ditch. The Bulgarians were made to believe that the force was much stronger than it was in reality. Only by some such subterfuge could the Serbs have maintained their hold upon thirty-five kilometers of line in this section of the hills. That line was so thinly manned that the enemy could have galloped through—if the enemy had known and dared.

Last winter's campaign was a genuine home-coming to the Serbs. They had been driven out of their own country in 1915 by way of Albania and had refitted their army on Italian soil; and had finally reëntered Serbia through Greek territory. Perhaps no other modern army ever had such a tragic wandering. One hundred miles north of the allied base at Saloniki is the boundary line which marks the present map limits of Serbia, which was established after the second Balkan War. This Macedonian country is not really Serbia; or so it seems to a stranger.

Serbian Cavalry Riding Into Monastir, the First Considerable Town of Old Serbia to be Retaken by the United Serbs

For hundreds of years it was dominated by aliens. But the Serbs cannot forget that Monastir was once the capital of their kingdom—"In those days Serbia was the most enlightened country of the East!" they boast—or that it was only a little time ago when they were rejoicing over getting back their own. They fought throughout this campaign with that tragic homesickness which marks the army.

Monastir had been evacuated two days before the allied scouts discovered the fact. A French scouting party riding in to find out whether the Bulgarians had left ran head-on into a Bulgarian scouting party riding in to find out whether the French had come, and there was a slight collision. Both sides ran away to report. The French and Russian and Italian troops made ready to enter. The Serbians were all in the high hills, where they had been cutting at the Bulgarian lines. Then the French did one of the graceful things they can always be counted on to do.

"This," said the officer in command, "is an old Serbian town. The Serbs shall be the first to enter."

Perhaps it was not good military policy; but word was sent into the mountains, and a regiment of Serbian cavalry rode all that night, through falling snow and over roads that were mere rabbit tracks of slippery clay. At the foothills they found scouts waiting for them. They were told to make haste, for the high command feared to wait any longer. The Bulgarians might attempt to reënter the city.

"Ride!" came the order. "Ride fast! Ford the river, for we cannot wait for you to go round by the bridge."

So that morning the Serbian regiment rode through the Cerna, while the French and Italian and Russian troops tramped into the town along the great highway that leads to Saloniki. The French bugles were playing, and the Italian bands were ringing high and clear in their national airs; and the heavy Russians swung along with a mighty creaking of leather and a jangle of brass and steel, while they sung their slow marching songs. But the Serbs rode in sobbing.

Tears ran openly down their faces, and their big hands were forever going up to clear their eyes; and the officers were so choked that they could hardly give their orders. For the Serbs felt that in entering Monastir they were at last beginning to come home.

"There will be a good time to-night," said a staff captain. "It is my *slava*—my name-day feast. We shall be very happy."

The Captain's Birthday Party

THAT night the division staff gathered in the tent where the colonel commanding heard reports by day. A T-shaped table had been set there. The ration meal of bread and meat and soup and pastry had been supplemented by some boxes of candies and nuts, and some figs strung on withes, as the Greeks do. The candies were of the sort one used to find in mosquito-net stocking feet on the Christmas trees back home. The sour red wine of the ration was supported by a few bottles of cognac, and there was a hard and bitter native cheese, and some sausage that had come in cans, and many cigarettes. All had been packed on muleback with infinite pains up to this high country of the Cerna for the captain's name-day feast. The staff tried to be jolly that night, as one should be at a *slava*. The officers sang their plaintive Serbian songs and laughed very hard at the stories that were told, and applauded loudly when an old colonel told how all Serbs love America—"because your country has always been free."

But by and by there came a silence. One could barely see the faces of the orderlies, erect at the rear of the tent, through the haze of smoke. The guests sat looking down at their plates, automatically fingering the stems of their glasses. If an officer spoke, those nearest paid him a strained attention. After a little the conversation would die down and quiet would come again. On the hills overhead one heard the dull thumping of the cannon and the ta-ta-ta of the mitrailleuse. Until finally the host of the evening, who had anticipated such a happy hour upon his name-day feast, made his way to my side.

"You must forgive us that we do not make more gay," said he in his imperfect English. "But at home in Serbia a *slava* is a very happy time—and this makes us sick for our homes."

That sadness which the officer rarely shows to the stranger is the habitual state of the peasant soldier. In peacetime he talked much and rather thoughtlessly. Peasants loved to gather in groups and listen to the story-tellers and chaff. Nowadays the soldiers seem to avoid each other. They rarely talk on the march, and in camp they are apt to sit silently apart. One comes upon them singly by the roadside. Their tents are scattered widely. If conditions permit, one sees their little camp fires sparkle at night on the wide prairies, where they are cooking the evening meal by ones and twos. They do not sing. They do not laugh. Yet they are never bitter.

They carried off the honors of last year's campaign in Macedonia, though they are the least military of the allied armies there. Like the Russians, they have a way of replying in mass to the shouted salutation of a general officer. One day this spring Prince Alexander reviewed one of the best of his regiments. He is genuinely liked by the soldiers. He reined in his horse before the regiment, saluted with his sword, and called to them in the phrase that has come down from Prince Marko's time:

"God be with you—oh, my heroes!"

At other times the regiment would have roared back in magnificent unison:

"And may God be with you, our gallant leader!"

But this time not a voice was raised. The men stood there silent, eying their commander in chief. Yet there was no disloyalty in their silence. The same men later on took a bare hill on the Cerna's heights, under the fire of artillery and machine guns, from a Bulgarian regiment that actually outnumbered them and which was strongly intrenched. It is only that the forms of war, as opposed to its realities, have ceased to appeal to them. Their discipline is excellent and their obedience to orders absolute; but by comparison with the superbly drilled British troops they seem slouching and careless. An officer asked one of the men in this regiment why it did not reply to Prince Alexander.

"We are not heroes," said the peasant, after thought. "We are just old men who are fighting to get home."

Three Generals—From Left to Right: Jerame, of the French Army, Voivode Mischitch, of the Serbian, and Sicard, French—in Good Humor After Watching the Day's Fight

One goes to the fronts held by the other allied armies in Macedonia in considerable state. First, one gets permission to go, and then an invitation is issued. At last a day comes when one reports at military headquarters in Saloniki, to find a large military car and an entertaining officer waiting for him. The car is driven very fast—through the mud if it has been raining and through the dust if it has not, for there is no intermediate stage in Macedonia—and eventually arrives at a destination. Thereupon one dines and lunches with generals and commanding officers and staffs, and is treated as a very honored guest. Select sectors of the Front are shown one. Distant hills clothed in fire and smoke may be looked at through glasses. It is very pleasant; but it is a denatured form of war that one is permitted to see.

The Poor Relations of the Allies

IT IS just the other way with the Serbs. "We are very poor," I was told at headquarters; "and so we can only give you what we have ourselves. You must forgive us and make yourself at home."

There is no upholstered car here for the use of a correspondent. Even King Peter had no car for a time. Prince Alexander had a car; but, at the moment, his staff had none, and so his car was used for staff errands. Voivode Mischitch, the genius of the Macedonian campaign, rode in a tin Lizzie. Serbian officers below the rank of general rode in box cars on the single-track railroad that leads to Monastir, unless they knew a military surgeon well enough to beg a ride to the Front in an ambulance. All this is not to be wondered at, for the Serbs are the poor relations of the Allies. In a land where it is so very hard to get the barest necessities for living and fighting, the distant kinsfolk can hardly expect luxuries. Correspondents travel just as colonels do when they visit the Serbs. Box cars became familiar to us.

"You must have a tent," I had been told at the Serbian headquarters.

So I got a tent which was so small that I was forced to back into it, like a prairie dog. My head made a dome in the roof when I sat at work on the typewriter. This tent and a blanket roll, and a compressed cooking outfit, and many cans of tinned goods for emergency lunches, were

(Continued on Page 62)

Artillery Observation Post on the Heights of Chuke

Good Types of the Older Serbian Officers

Serbian Staff Officers at Saubotsko

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1 75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 14, 1917

Food Control

ON THE principle that inspired a good deal of agricultural opposition to the price-fixing feature of the Food Control Bill, hardly a gun could be fired in war; and, so far as exerting military power is concerned, the United States would be reduced about to the Chinese expedient of putting on a hideous mask and emitting a loud yell.

It is said that the Executive must not be vested with power which may be used to limit the profits of farmers. This means simply that the power might be abused by the Executive.

There is no war power whatever that may not be abused.

The Constitution attempted to frame a government under which no power could be abused—with every power so jealously circumscribed, checked and balanced as to make it virtually abuse-proof. We know that the ideal was not actually achieved; but, even if it were achieved in peace, it would no more be possible to conduct a great war on that plan than to operate an army on the plan of a New England town meeting, with every maneuver subject to unlimited debate and no decision binding until approved by a majority vote.

If we are going to withhold authority that may be abused we had better throw up our hands decently and invite the Kaiser to dictate peace terms.

There is an abnormal food situation. At any moment and in any direction selfish contrivance or panicky bidding may send food prices to intolerable heights. The mere fact that power to fix prices exists will have the most wholesome effect upon speculators and a reassuring effect upon the public.

Farmers must not be set apart as a class exempt from the inconveniences and contingencies of war. They must come under the general rule.

The Prussian War Cult

IT IS difficult for Americans to comprehend the quality of mind that rejoices in killing women and children by dropping bombs on dwellings and schoolhouses, when no object of the slightest military value can possibly be gained. They do not understand bloodthirstiness.

The military caste that now rules Germany was brought up in the cult of war, and, after all the fine phrases are said, bloodthirst is the groundwork of the Prussian cult. In order to believe in war for its own sake as the Prussian nobility mainly does, one must believe in the righteousness of shedding enemy blood wherever it is found.

Tamburlaine and Jenghiz Khan understood it. So did Bismarck. He condemned any leniency toward French civilians who resisted Prussian soldiers as "a culpable laxness in killing," adding: "Our people are good marksmen but poor executioners." He bitterly regretted taking any more French prisoners, instead of shooting them down on the spot. Concerning a Prussian colonel who gave a French woman safe conduct to come and plead for her husband's life, the chancellor expressed the opinion that he was certainly off his head!

In the Prussian cult of war mercy is the grand heresy, the most intolerable fault. The business is to kill; anyone who does not go to that business joyfully is little better than an apostate and a renegade. The execution of the English nurse, Miss Cavell, was undoubtedly a deep satisfaction to the German military mind—an acceptable offering to its god.

It is against this bloody, brutish, Prussian cult of war that America is now in arms. There can be no peace until the German people renounce its domination.

Catching Up

FROM August, 1914, to June, 1917, prices in the United States advanced less than in England. In June what you could have bought with a dollar in 1914 cost a dollar and seventy-seven cents in the United States, and two dollars and ten cents in England.

But the most recent compilations showed that prices were advancing faster in the United States than in England. In other words, we were catching up.

From the date of our declaration of war to June there had not been a very great expansion of credit here, and the full effect of Government purchases had probably not been felt.

It is quite likely that a few months hence we shall catch up with England in the matter of increased prices.

The slower recent advance in prices in England is attributed to extensive Government control of food and to rigorous restrictions upon importation of luxuries.

It is difficult to make an individual see that extravagance on his part, and especially extravagance involving the use of credit, boosts prices on his fellow citizens.

You have a certain power to buy goods—a power consisting of your money and credit. You turn over part of that power to the Government by purchasing a bond. But you propose to buy just as much as you did before; so you take the bond to a bank and borrow the amount you subscribed. Your purchasing power is then as great as ever. But the Government has the purchasing power you turned over to it when you bought the bond. Total purchasing power is increased. There is that much greater competition for goods; prices rise. To keep the balance it is necessary to increase production—increase the quantity of goods—and cut down your purchases by striking out superfluities.

If the United States consisted of two persons, trading with each other, inflation would be immaterial. Each would call his one-dollar bill two dollars, and go on as before. But it is impossible to adjust a great and rapid rise in commodity prices fairly. It falls inequitably upon a great many people—usually upon those least able to bear it.

American Thrift

WHILE preaching economy it is always well to remember that far more money is saved here than in any other country, and by a greater number of people—in spite of all our admitted and deplorable extravagance.

In 1910 the Comptroller of the Currency reported that there were twenty-eight million bank depositors in the United States. The number at present must exceed forty millions.

Depositors in national banks have increased from seven and a half millions to more than fourteen millions. Depositors in savings banks have increased by more than two millions. These two classes number more than twenty-five millions.

The comptroller's latest report does not give the number of depositors in state and private banks and loan and trust companies. In 1910 they numbered more than ten millions; and in view of increased deposits it seems they can hardly fall short of fifteen millions at present.

Among forty million individual bank depositors there are a good many duplications—the same person or corporation having an account in more than one bank. But, making due allowance for that, the number of individual bank depositors must now nearly equal the number of men, women and children gainfully employed at the last census.

True, this does not mean savings; for only eleven millions of the deposits are technically savings accounts; but a great many others are actually savings, though in the form of certificates of deposit and checking accounts; and every bank deposit represents both purchasing power and a reserve. Savings deposits and time certificates of deposits amounted, on June 30, 1916, to nine and a half billion dollars.

Only ignorance repeats that Americans do not save.

The Bond-Buying Habit

THE French banking system works for the widest possible distribution of securities—that is, of paper evidencing a definite interest, as creditor or part owner, in specified wealth. The American banking system can hardly be said to work systematically and energetically in that direction.

One may say it comes round to the same thing; for an American deposits his money in a bank and the bank invests it. Thus, banks now hold over ten billion dollars of securities—stocks, bonds and real-estate mortgages.

But it does not come to quite the same thing.

The French bank will have great storage capacity for securities—both individual safe-deposit boxes, which we have, and then an equal capacity for patrons whose holdings are so small that they cannot afford to rent even the smallest individual box. The bank's deposits are constantly draining off into these strong boxes. If a depositor accumulates a few hundred francs above immediate probable needs, he buys a "baby bond" and puts it away.

Of course the bank then loses control and use of the depositor's money; but Frenchmen think the system has its ample compensations. It promotes thrift, for if the surplus is once definitely invested the temptation to spend it is removed. It effects a final disposition of the securities. They go into the hands of individuals who expect to hold them, and are thus out of the way definitely. Probably it promotes conservatism, for ownership of a definite stake in a specified item of national wealth and industry is a sobering influence. And the bank gets its commission for handling the securities. By and large, we believe, banking in France is quite as profitable as in the United States.

It is by no means simply a question of bank methods. It is really a question of national habit—which changes slowly, as everybody knows. Yet it can be changed.

Increasing Tonnage

NEXT year will, no doubt, see ocean tonnage decisively on the increase. As nearly as can be judged from reports at hand, about six million tons of merchant ships were destroyed from the beginning of the war to the first of May last; and this was considerably above new construction for the period.

But the submarine scare of last spring has already had a notable effect in increasing construction; while, for more than a year before that, scarcity of bottoms and abnormal freight rates had been stimulating shipbuilders.

On May first construction of steel merchant ships in hand in our shipyards reached two million tons—about ten times the amount of steam tonnage turned out in 1914—and since then General Goethals has declared that we shall build three million tons in the next eighteen months.

England, whose shipyards for two years had been given over mostly to naval construction, had already turned energetically to building merchant ships. The submarine gave a new spur, and by June nearly a million and a half tons was building. France, also, was driving in the same direction.

The submarine scare advertised in most effective fashion the need of merchant ships. A response is coming from every shipyard. Meantime the latest reports indicate that the destruction of merchant ships is rather likelier to decrease than to increase.

The net loss of shipping has been smaller than many people imagine. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce recently calculated that, if the present rate of construction and destruction continues unchanged until June 30, 1918, the world's merchant marine would then be slightly larger than it was at the beginning of the war. But construction is increasing and destruction seems likely to decrease.

Bail, Row or Go Ashore

AT THE last census the United States contained two and a quarter million white males, twenty-one years of age or over, who were not citizens and had not declared an intention of becoming citizens. Many of them are subjects of the Central Powers. But many others are subjects of the Allied Powers; and a recent act of Congress authorizes the enlistment and recruiting of them for military service under their own flags.

The enlistment and recruiting ought to proceed briskly. This is a poor time for a man without a country.

The man who chooses to live in the United States because he finds it offers him attractions and opportunities superior to those in his own country, and who yet rejects its offer of citizenship, is always in the rather dubious position of the passenger who insists upon keeping his seat in the boat, but declines either to bail or row. If he did not find superior opportunities here he would not be here; yet he refuses to acknowledge any obligation to the community that made the opportunities.

Sometimes—according to our unfortunate experience—the man who grabs American opportunities with one hand and waves off American citizenship with the other finds it necessary to justify himself by wholesale and chronic disparagement of the country he prefers to his own, so far as living in it is concerned. He does not like his own country well enough to live in it, and he does not like this country well enough to express any obligations toward it or approval of it.

Apparently nothing short of heaven will satisfy him to such a degree that he can really accept it.

This is a poor time for such playing heads-I-win-tails-you-lose with citizenship. Some pretty big issues are astir in the world to-day. Let a man choose a flag!

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Elizabeth Leighton Lee

THE snapshot of Miss Lee, shown above, was taken in the garden of the School of Horticulture for Women, of which she is the head. In a number of European countries schools for training women gardeners have long been in existence and have proved of great educational value; but the school, started in 1911 in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, is the only one of its kind in the country, and, though very successful for so young a school, has hardly passed the experimental stage.

Never did an institution have a better opportunity than the school has to-day to justify its existence and prove its value to the community. All over the country there is a demand for trained gardeners and better methods of horticulture to meet the food crisis, and the graduates of Miss Lee's school have a wonderful chance to serve their country, for they are the material that should make the officers in our volunteer agricultural army.

That the school itself stands ready to do its share as a training camp is shown by the special war courses in practical gardening offered there to the general public during the month of May.

Harvey T. Dunn—Himself

By Himself

ON THE eighth day of June I had lived one-third of a century, starting in South Dakota. My time, to a great extent, has been spent in idleness, play and work in Europe, Mexico, Canada and a large part of the United States.

I have farmed, been steam engineer, punched cows, camp-cooked on the range, been lumberman, railroad fireman, and have done all kinds of odd jobs, among others art teacher and automobile mechanic.

PHOTO BY WHITE STUDIO, NEW YORK CITY

Elisabeth Fraser—Herself

By Herself

I WENT to France last summer because I was very tired from writing, and also because I had heard so much talk, talk, talk—sympathetic hot air, that never got anywhere—that I had resolved not to say another word about the war, or the Allies, or the French, until I could *do* something! I stayed over there and nursed about four months.

About me, personally—— Well, I am a Californian by birth, breeding, instincts and inclination; a writer by vocation and a knocker by avocation—like all good Californians! I have been writing for nearly six years, and I hate it and love it alternately; but it's got me, just as the desert gets people. It exercises the same kind of baneful attraction on the soul. I especially hate to write in the early summer, for it ties me up in the house. It would be nice to write in the winter, and then be a horse trainer or a swimming teacher or a dog catcher—and keeper—in the summertime.

My father was the captain of a sailing vessel that cruised in the South Seas, and I was brought up on tales of the Friendly Islands, and of the cannibals on the Solomon Isles, whose pleasing characteristics I knew far more intimately than I did those of the inhabitants of Chicago or New York. He circumnavigated

(Concluded on Page 69)

Samuel McGowan

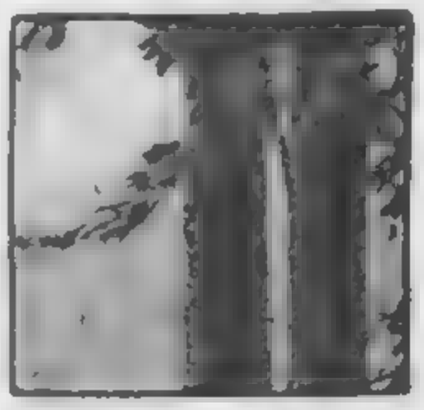
AT THE foot of this column is the photograph of the man who is indirectly responsible for the purchasing and furnishing of everything the Navy needs. While he was Pay Inspector, Samuel McGowan made the Supply Department of the Fleet into a smoothly running military machine; and he did the same for the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts after he became Paymaster-General. He is the youngest Paymaster-General the Navy has ever had, and he is particularly well known for his radical reform campaigns in his department. He believes in taking the shortest cut to a desired object, even though this necessitates breaking through red-tape entanglements; and he continually impresses on his associates in the Navy Department and the Navy Yards that the shore establishment exists only for the Fleet.

When by a recent act of Congress the rank of Senior Rear Admiral was added to the pay corps of the Navy and it was decided to fill the one existing vacancy by selection, Samuel McGowan was the man chosen. He has risen from the rank of ensign to that of Senior Rear Admiral in twenty-two years—and he is still comparatively young. There should be many opportunities ahead for such a man.

WAR ON THE WING

By L. W. B. REES, Lieutenant Colonel, R. F. C.

DECORATION BY H. DEVIT WELSH



THE work of the aviators at the Front is becoming more important every day. Engines nowadays are quite dependable, and can be relied upon to carry a man to his destination as faithfully as a motor car.

Weather is making less and less difference every day. Fog is really the only thing—sometimes rain or snow—which absolutely prevents any work from being done on the lines. The usual strong winds do not delay work, but make the reconnaissances shorter.

Because of this the tendency is, on first thought, to imagine that the pilot of a machine is nothing more than the driver; and judging from the casualty lists, which show few accidents due to ordinary flying, one imagines that flying is now perfectly easy and safe. This, of course, is true; but pilots must be of a class very different from that of the ordinary car driver.

Flying under fire is not like flying over an aërodrome with an audience below. Over the lines one is comparatively alone—just a few machines—and with no help for perhaps thirty miles. There the machine is shot about, with bracing wires cut and streaming back in the wind. Then is the time when the wrong type of pilot finds that his engine is vibrating. Nobody can deny his statement. He comes home; and even the moral support that another machine could give is lost.

The same remarks apply to observers: It is easy to say things have been seen when they have not; and by altering the wording in a report one may give, by a distortion of what may be the truth, quite a wrong impression.

The moral courage of the observer is of a different type from that required by a pilot. It is the pilot who has to judge the degree of danger he is warranted in incurring, while the observer has to seize every opportunity to minimize this danger. I refer to actual fighting, and also to the observer's powers of observation, which may or may not make it necessary to keep a machine in an uncomfortable spot for some time. The kind of courage required by the pilot is not necessarily that of the man who delights in flying any type of machine, looping, and doing all the usual tricks over the aërodrome; for many times this sort fails on the other side of the lines.

Artillery Control

ON THE other hand, I know a man—now a prisoner—who was the worst of pilots. He hardly ever made a really good landing; but he was absolutely invaluable in a squadron. If his machine came back without bullet holes all over it, I really believe he thought he had not done his work properly. On bad days, when there was nothing to be seen on account of the low clouds, he would go "Archie strafing"—that is, flying low over the anti-aircraft guns and attacking them with machine-gun fire. When flying low one's speed is very deceptive, and the guns have great difficulty in keeping their sights on the machine.

There have been many observers who have rectified a jammed gun, sometimes taking it to pieces in the air in the middle of a fight, while the pilot has had to maneuver to prevent the enemy from getting in the decisive shot.

There was one case—I know the pilot and observer very well—where a machine was on a long reconnaissance and had got as far as the enemy aërodrome near St. Quentin, at that time about twenty-five miles on the other side of the lines. There they saw four of the enemy's fighting machines well above them, which attacked by diving, one after the other, at the single machine, firing hard as soon as their guns could bear. The first machine was sent down, out of control. The second did not dare to press the attack and went straight on down.

Then the gun jammed, a cap blowing back and lodging inside the breech mechanism. This necessitated taking the breech mechanism to pieces. The third machine then attacked and went on down to the aërodrome without a round being fired, but the pilot simply headed straight for our machine. The fourth man realized that the gun was not working, but wanted to make sure before coming close; so he made a couple of feints—and of course failed to get a reply. Then he decided to come close and finish the machine; but he was too late. The gun was again in action, and the fourth machine was brought down. This, too, happened over the enemy aërodrome, where their own machines should have felt no danger.

When enemy machines come over our aërodromes we take it almost as a personal insult, and it is seldom that they try it with impunity.

Machines are very hard to see in the air. There is always a brown haze, which seems to rise, and aëroplanes that happen to be in this are quite invisible till they get comparatively close.

At the beginning of a battle the long-range artillery check their ranges; and as they cannot see their targets, their accuracy of fire absolutely depends on the information sent down from the aëroplane. One day we got the enemy's artillery code. The next day the enemy tried to get the range on one of our batteries. Apparently their machine, which was at a great height, could not distinguish the target, since, every time he struck a fence about four hundred yards away, he sent down "Hit." Needless to say, he ruined that fence.

The artillery-control machines are of a slow type. They are up all day nearly every day. The pilots and observers of these machines become extraordinarily keen and seem to be immune from anti-aircraft fire. Perhaps it is because they get so much that, as with poisons, it does not affect them. One always sees them calmly proceeding up and down, surrounded by shell bursts, and apparently taking no notice. The observers become so interested that they take no notice of enemy machines which are not actually shooting at them. They are protected by patrols of fighters, whose duty it is to keep all other machines away from the line, which prevents them from being interfered with and also keeps the enemy himself from doing any work.

If this is done effectively, the only way the enemy can annoy is by sending over small light machines which, climbing higher than our fighting patrol, necessarily at a fairly low altitude, come over the line and attack our machines on the way back. To prevent this it is necessary to have a patrol of machines that are light, and also good fighters. The higher they can get, the better it is; since, if one gets to a great height, it is possible to push the nose of the machine down and thus get up a tremendous speed, thus enabling one to attack the enemy as desired. If the attack fails, the speed makes it possible to climb up again and start afresh.

The counter move to this is to form a squadron of fighters and go across the line by sheer weight of numbers, in which case it is easy to think of a formation that will be able to bring at least two guns to bear in any direction. To prevent this we send out offensive patrols, whose duty it is to keep well over the lines and prevent these squadrons from forming. These patrols are so quick that, since it always takes some time for squadrons to get into formation, if one can get to a rendezvous before they do, they can be defeated separately.

The anti-aircraft guns tend to give away the position of these patrols. They surround them with shell bursts, which can be seen for miles. If by any chance there happens to be an enemy machine which does not see the patrol coming, the enemy's anti-aircraft guns send up shells near it, which immediately cause it to dive out of danger.

In the old days it was usual for the anti-aircraft guns to fire so as to hit the machine aimed at. It was thus comparatively easy to evade the shots. All one had to do was to spot the position of the battery, go at a constant speed, and turn off at the flash of the guns. If one could not spot the battery it became more exciting. Now it seems to be usual for the anti-aircraft guns to fire a group of shells near the machine without trying actually to hit it; thus, the machine is sure to fly into some part of the bursts.

The anti-aircraft guns seem to be able to reach to any height where the machines are visible. Machines fly now to any height up to twenty-five thousand feet, where it is always extremely cold and the air becomes appreciably rarefied. This affects pilots—especially the young ones who are often not used to long hours in the air; and there have been cases where the pilot has fainted and the machine has come down, out of control. To prevent this, pilots now nearly always wear a complete leather head covering. Little charcoal instras are articles kept in store, which glow for some hours and, if carried in the pocket under the leather jacket, keep one fairly warm. To prevent the pilot's heart from being affected by the want of oxygen, a special oxygen apparatus is carried, and he breathes it when necessary.

It is very easy to get frostbitten. If the machine is a tractor it is fairly warm as long as one's head is kept behind the wind screen; but one is always tempted to look out and see what is going on below, and then the cold air at once takes the skin off any exposed part.

To come back again to the machines that are working at a lower altitude, we find them doing chiefly reconnaissance and photographic work. Both of these duties are of the utmost importance to the Staff and to the artillery.

The Photographic Squadron

WITH every photographic squadron we have a special officer trained to read the photos. Ordinarily photography is thought of as an easy pastime. The modern camera has taken from us all the hard work. At the Front it is quite different. The photographs of exact localities are taken with the greatest care, and as soon as one complete set has been taken another is begun; so that we can see how the enemy's work on the other side is progressing.

The photographs themselves are extremely good and would make the ordinary professional photographer green with envy. The special photographic officer can see things that are absolutely invisible to the observer. The machine is always vibrating, so that high-power glasses cannot be used; but a good photograph can be examined at leisure.

The photographic organization is quick. On one aërodrome we were five miles from our wing headquarters, and were taking photos of the German third line for the Intelligence Branch of the Staff. Our machine would land and give the plates to an orderly, who was waiting to take them to the photographic expert. In two hours we should have the prints, and the Staff would already have received theirs. One is shot at all the time while photos are being taken, and it is extraordinarily annoying to find that the plate has only beautiful pictures of shell bursts instead of the ground.

Reconnaissance machines are used to spot any movement of the enemy, to locate depots of all sorts, and for a variety of other purposes. As a rule, one or two machines go out to do the reconnaissance work, and some few fighters, both light and heavy, go with them for protection. It is rather a nice sight to see them all going along together. I always think that the observers in the reconnaissance machines have rather a hard time of it, as they have to watch the ground the whole time and cannot spare the time to see what the hostile aëroplanes are doing. A good observer can see all kinds of things that are quite invisible or quite without meaning to the untrained man.

(Concluded on Page 29)

"To picture the joy of good health is my mission,
That's where I'm greater than Rembrandt or Titian!"

A picture of health

Only nature can paint the ruddy glow of health on the cheeks of your boys and girls.

Give them plenty of fresh air and sunshine and the simple food that nature provides. Then you will see bright eyes and rosy cheeks. Better yet, you will see the active strength and vitality which tells of perfect health.

Leave out the pies and pastry. Throw away the pill-box. Build up real and permanent vigor by a wholesome, well-considered diet. Now is the time when every mother and every housewife ought to realize the unusual food-value and energy-value which are conserved in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

This pure and natural product contains the most nourishing and necessary food-properties. And they are most effectively proportioned and combined.

We use selected Government-inspected beef to make a strong and nourishing stock.

With this we blend Maine-grown white potatoes, fine Jersey sweet potatoes, Canadian rutabagas, tender Chantenay carrots, Dutch cabbage, okra, celery, parsley, delicate leek and other choice vegetables, and an inkling of sweet red peppers. We include also rice, barley and alphabet macaroni.

This appetizing soup provides all the elements of a satisfying repast at very little cost.

Its use gives you the benefit of many economies impossible to the individual housewife. You have the advantage of our exceptional buying facilities; the experience and skill of the entire Campbell organization; the unrivalled equipment of the famous Campbell kitchens.

You have no waste of materials in using this tempting soup; no cooking expense; no extravagant fuel bills. You receive it already cooked and prepared. It is all pure nourishment; and in itself alone almost constitutes a meal. Consider what all this means to you.

The daily use of these wholesome *Campbell's Soups* is a practical measure of economy and a potent means of vigorous health.

Asparagus	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mock Turtle	Pepper Pot
Beef	Clam Bouillon	Mulligatawny	Printanier
Bouillon	Clam Chowder	Mutton	Tomato
Celery	Consommé	Ox Tail	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Julienne	Pea	Vegetable
			Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Death and Disaster lurk in falling plaster

Think how much weight a ceiling must carry. The furniture in any room hardly weighs more than the mass of plastering suspended above it. And if that plastering ever cracks and falls, it may kill some person caught beneath, or ruin fine furnishings and costly bric-a-brac.

You don't want falling ceilings in your new home. Neither do you want to move your family into a fire-trap; nor keep open house for mice, vermin, moisture and decay. You don't want to save a few dollars on the cost of construction at any such sacrifice of safety.

Yet you do want to know how you can erect a safe, handsome, permanent home at a reasonable price. Here is the way. Build a stucco house with the stucco and the interior plastering held together and strongly reinforced by

Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath

Such a home is as fireproof as a home can be. Exhausting fire tests and many great conflagrations have proved that metal lath imbedded in plaster acts as a most effective fire stop. It will withstand a hotter blaze than will ever start in your home. The Herringbone and plaster wall or ceiling also forms an impenetrable barrier to mice, rats, vermin, moisture and decay. The lath won't stain the plaster.

Can you imagine anything more alluring than a charming stucco home? It conforms readily to any surroundings. Women and children of fine sensibilities love to live in such a home.

The safest, most economical and enduring stucco home is made by plastering over Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath.

The heavy longitudinal ribs, united with the stucco, make the exterior walls as solid as masonry or brick. The interior walls and ceilings can't crack or fall because the plaster clinches the Herringbone and the Herringbone clinches the plaster in an unbreakable grip.

Wherever lath-and-plaster construction is called for, Herringbone can be used—for stores, hotels, dormitories, apartment-buildings, schools and churches, as well as residences.

Herringbone Armco Iron Lath

In climates where moisture is excessive, the type of Herringbone known as Herringbone "Armco" Rust-Resisting Iron Lath gives utmost satisfaction.

Our free booklet, "Herringbone Homes," tells the whole "Herringbone" story. Send for it.

NOTE TO ARCHITECTS: Specify Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath by weight per square yard as well as by gage, then you will make sure to get full weight metal lath.

GF YOUNGSTOWN OHIO.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING COMPANY, Youngstown, Ohio

Manufacturers of Metal Lath, Concrete Reinforcements and Waterproofings

Members of Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers

Branch Offices: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Kansas City, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Utica

The best dealer in your town has GF Products in stock

$5

Polar Cub is a mighty pleasant roommate for kitchen, sewing room, dining room, bed room and office. ... makes summer's hardest tasks cool ... comfortable.

He's very economical, and seldom spends more than one cent of your money in six hours. His first cost is so little, too—only $5 (in Canada, $7.50)—that everybody can afford to buy him for *individual* use.

Two speeds and stop; runs on direct or alternating current of 105 to 130 volts. Fully guaranteed. On sale at any elec... or hardware store. If not at yours, write us

THE A. C. GILBERT COMPANY
320 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.
Canadian Representatives
MENZIES & CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ontario

Polar Cub Electric Fan

THE GREAT SHIP "SEEANDBEE"

A Good Night's Rest Be it East or West

Let old Lake Erie lull you to sleep for one night of your ... East or West. You'll find comfort and quiet on a ... appointed steamer and will wake ... for breakfast ...

The great ship "SEEANDBEE" is 500 ft. long, 64 ft. ... with ... Daylight ...

Daily Between Cleveland and Buffalo
FARE $3.50 May 1st to Nov. 15th

Leave Cleveland ..... 8:00 p. m. (Cen. Time)
... 7:00 a. m. (East Time)
... 9:00 p. m. (East Time)
... 6:30 a. m. (Cen. Time)

... Meals and Berths ...

... $1.00 and Tax with ...

Send ... for attractive panel chart of the great Ship "SEEANDBEE" ... for picture booklet (free)

The Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company
Dept. T Cleveland, O.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON PATENTS
MUNN & CO.
620 Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK
625 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

(Concluded from Page 26)

After about two months' observing for one army, I believe any of the squadron, with their eyes shut, could have drawn a map of all the tracks in the area. In the early morning men walking through the dew make a very visible track, and it is possible to see, to a certain extent, where the enemy was during the night.

The enemy uses a large number of kite balloons for doing artillery work, where we use machines; and at times we go across and bomb the balloons. As soon as they see our men coming the observers jump out in parachutes and the balloon is hauled down. Even if the bombs do not hit, that stops the artillery work for the time being.

When troops are advancing, each unit has a machine; and this flies very low over the enemy and tells the unit concerned what is in front. It is also very hard to tell from behind the line how far the infantry have advanced; and these machines keep the Staff and the artillery informed, so that our own men will not be shot at. In one case the machine observer saw what, at first, he thought to be a flight of swallows; but, realizing that it was not the proper season for these birds, he found himself in the middle of the barrage fire. What he took to be swallows were really shells. Needless to say the enemy do not like these machines, and they are fired on heavily from the ground.

I have spoken about the observers attempting to spot depots. If the place discovered is of sufficient importance bombing raids are organized. These raiding squadrons are composed of machines carrying bombs, and machines to protect them. They go out under a leader and drop their bombs one after the other. Nowadays they usually fly low and make certain of hitting their objective. The last machine to go over—if the bombing is done in daylight takes photographs to ascertain how much damage has been done.

Let us picture, for a moment, what the air on the lines would look like if we could see all the machines that are up at the same time. Far away are a few long-distance reconnaissance machines going, in a little group, slowly over the important places, taking a good look. A little behind are the enemy's fighting machines, chasing. They will meet as soon as the reconnaissance starts to come home. About the same distance across are the offensive patrols, trying to take the enemy's attention away from the reconnaissance machines and to prevent the enemy from getting into any kind of formation at the different rendezvous. Closer to the line are the photographic machines and those doing the close reconnaissance of different areas. There are a few groups bombing the railroad junctions, or the kite balloons. Quite close to the line are the artillery-control machines, with fighters flying above to protect them.

If we look hard perhaps we see a single machine far away. It is on a special mission. Perhaps it will return; perhaps not.

Now look at the different aërodromes: Machines are constantly leaving and arriving. Some of the machines are so shot to pieces that it is hard to imagine how they can fly at all. Here is one with a strut broken in the middle. There is one with the corner of the wing turned up, due to a direct hit from the anti-aircraft guns. This one has been flying low and there are dozens of rifle-bullet holes in the planes. Here is another, which lands on one wing! We run up and find that the controls have been cut and the pilot wounded. These machines landing in formation have been out on patrol and have been unsuccessful, much to their own disgust and that of their mechanics.

Now look inside the hangars: In this one the machine is being inspected, and it is found that it cannot be repaired in the squadron. The mechanics immediately take it to pieces and load it on a lorry ready for returning to the Aircraft Depot. This is reported to headquarters, and shortly afterward a telephone message is received telling the squadron to send a pilot to X, where another machine is waiting for him. This flight has been under heavy gunfire, and the pilots are inspecting their machines to find out the damage. Sometimes it is even necessary to cut open a wing to find out what the damage is. This other flight is having a day off. Yesterday it was in two big battles. We find the mechanics cleaning the machines and overhauling the engines.

Evening has arrived, and we are just preparing to go down to our billet when we get a message telling us to light the landing flares. This means that some squadron is not so fortunate as ourselves and still has a machine out. At midnight the lights are put out, as its return is no longer expected.

Think how important it is to have machines, and plenty of them. A squadron can keep half its machines in the air every day for about a week; but if they do not get a wet day after that the mechanics become overworked and the machines are not ready in time to fly when they should. More machines ease the strain on the squadron personnel. The life of a machine is about fifty hours, and it will fly that time in about two months. Even in this time it must have at least two new wings if the weather has been at all fit for flying.

Then the machine has to be sent to the Aircraft Depot for repair. The engines nominally last one hundred hours, but usually they are shot or meet with some accident before their time is up.

Every bomb dropped on a railroad destroys the track for eight hours if it hits fair in the middle; hence the importance of having numberless machines bombing the other side of the lines.

If we had more photographic machines we could inspect the enemy's work more frequently; and if there were more fighters we could better protect our slower machines.

Machine for machine, the Allies are far ahead of the enemy; but at different times he neglects work on most of his Front and concentrates his fast machines against our slightly slower ones. This gives us a number of casualties, which can only be prevented by having a large reserve of fast machines, so as to meet his concentration without interfering with our other work.

The All-Compelling Bones

A DARKY in Louisville who had gone broke in a crap game turned to a friend and requested the temporary accommodation of a small loan.

"Gus," said the person thus importuned, "I'd lak mightily to let you have some money, but I'm out of luck my ownse'f. Dis yere dollar I's about to shoot is de last dollar I got in de world."

He shot and lost, while Gus looked forlornly on. He reached into his vest pocket and hauled out a crumpled bill.

"W'y, sho 'nuff, yere is another dollar!" he said in tones of astonishment.

Again he shot—and lost. Still holding fast to the dice, he unearthed a third bill from the sweatband of his hat.

"Now dis yere is absolutely de last dollar I owns on dis earth!" he stated for the benefit of the company at large and his chum Gus in particular. "W'en hit's gone I's through."

He risked it and lost it. As he slid his free hand toward an inner recess in the waistband of his trousers the bankrupt Gus spoke up.

"Keep on shootin', nigger!" bade Gus. "Jes' keep on shootin'. Dem bones'll mek you tell de truf yit."

It Lets You Drive With an Easy Mind

A GOODYEAR Tire-Saver Kit won't guarantee you immunity from tire trouble, any more than a fire insurance policy will guarantee you immunity from fire.

But a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit will give you that feeling of security and peace of mind when motoring, that an insurance policy gives you at home.

More—the Kit will help you out of trouble once you do get into it; it contains every essential for the repair of any tire accident short of complete ruin.

It makes you ready against the emergency; it lets you drive with an easy mind.

Tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, valve parts, pressure gauge and so on—handily packaged—make up the Kit.

Its price—$4.50, $4.75 and $5, according to size—is trifling compared to the satisfaction of having it along.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR

United States Tires

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — US — U.S. RUBBER SYSTEM

SALES & SERVICE DEPOT

Look For This Service Sign

Tire dealers displaying this sign carry a complete line of United States Tires,

—the *'Nobby'*, the *'Chain'*, the *'Royal Cord'*, the *'Usco'*, the *'Plain'*,

—a tire for every need of price and use.

This sign also means to you *tire service*

—that the dealer can supply you every sort of tire service from advising as to what tire is adapted to your particular needs and putting on your tires, to a complete line of the best tire accessories in the world.

Dealers who display this sign are the foremost dealers in their respective communities.

Deal with them—depend on their judgment—and you will have supreme tire service.

United States Tires Are Good Tires

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use
'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Royal Cord' 'Usco' 'Plain'

TOL'ABLE DAVID

(Continued from Page 7)

was clouded, his hands clenched. It was only a chance that he would be killed; there were four Hatburns though. His heart, he thought, would burst with misery; every instinct fought for the expression, the upholding of the family prestige, honor. A hatred for the Hatburns was like a strangling hand at his throat.

"I got to!" he said; but his voice was wavering; the dull conviction seized him that his mother was right.

All the mountains would think of him as a coward—that Kinemon who wouldn't stand up to the men who had destroyed Allen and his father!

A sob heaved in his chest; rebellious tears streamed over his thin cheeks. He was crying like a baby. He threw an arm up across his eyes and stumbled from the room.

V

HOWEVER, he had no intention of clerking back of a counter, of getting down rolls of muslin, papers of buttons, for women, if it could be avoided. Priest's store was a long wooden structure with a painted façade and a high platform before it where the mountain wagons unloaded their various merchandise teamed from the railroad, fifty miles distant. The owner had a small, glass-inclosed office on the left as you entered the store; and there David found him. He turned, gazing over his glasses, as the other entered.

"How's Allen?" he asked pleasantly. "I heard he was bad; but we certainly look to having him back driving stage."

"I came to see you about that," David replied. "Allen can't never drive again; but, Mr. Priest, sir, I can. Will you give me a try?"

The elder ignored the question in the concern he exhibited for Allen's injury.

"It is a cursed outrage!" he declared. "Those Hatburns will be got up, or my name's not Priest! We'd have them now, but the jail wouldn't keep them overnight, and court three months off."

David preserved a stony silence—the only attitude, he had decided, possible in the face of his patent dereliction.

"Will you try me on the Beaulings stage?" he repeated. "I've been round horses all my life; and I can hold a gun straighter than Allen."

Priest negatively shook his head.

"You are too light—too young," he explained; "you have to be above a certain age for the responsibility of the mail. There are some rough customers to handle. If you only had five years more now —— We are having a hard time finding a suitable man. A damned shame about Allen! Splendid man!"

"Can't you give it to me for a week," David persisted, "and see how I do?"

They would have awarded him the position immediately, he felt, if he had properly attended to the Hatburns. He wanted desperately to explain his failure to Priest, but a dogged pride prevented. The storekeeper was tapping on an open ledger with a pen, gazing doubtfully at David.

"You couldn't be worse than the drunken object we have now," he admitted. "You couldn't hold the job permanent yet, but I might let you drive extra—a day or so—till we find a man. I'd like to do what I could for Mrs. Kinemon. Your father was a good man, a good customer. . . . Come and see me again—say, day after to-morrow."

This half promise partly rehabilitated his fallen pride. There was no sign in the men he passed that they held him in contempt for neglecting to kill the Hatburns; and his mother wisely avoided the subject. She wondered a little at Priest's considering him, even temporarily, for the stage; but confined her wonder to a species of compliment. David sat beside Allen, while the latter, between silent spaces of suffering, advised him of the individual characters and attributes of the horses that might come under his guiding reins.

It seemed incredible that he should actually be seated in the driver's place on the stage, swinging the heavy whip out over a team trotting briskly into the early morning; but there he was. There were no passengers, and the stage rode roughly over a small bridge of loose boards beyond the village. He pulled the horses into a walk on the mountain beyond, and was soon skirting the Galt farm, with its broad fields, where he had lived as a mere boy.

David slipped his hand under the leather seat and felt the smooth handle of the revolver. Then, on an even reach, he wrapped the reins about the whipstock and publicly filled and lighted his clay pipe. The smoke drifted back in a fragrant cloud; the stage moved forward steadily and easily; folded in momentary forgetfulness, lifted by a feeling of mature responsibility, he was almost happy. But he swung down the mountain beyond his familiar valley, crossed a smaller ridge, and turned into a stony sweep rising on the left.

It was Elbow Barren. In an instant a tide of bitterness, of passionate regret, swept over him. He saw the Hatburns' house, a rectangular, bleak structure crowning a gray prominence, with the tender green of young pole beans on one hand and a disorderly barn on the other, and a blue plume of smoke rising from an unsteady stone chimney against an end of the dwelling. No one was visible.

Hot tears filled his eyes as the stage rolled along past the moldy ditch into which Allen had fallen. The mangy curs! His grip tightened on the reins and the team broke into a clattering trot, speedily leaving the Barren behind. But the day had been robbed of its sparkle, his position of its pleasurable pride. He saw again his father's body on the earthen floor of the stable, the bridle in his stiff fingers; Allen carried into the house. And he, David Kinemon, had had to step back, like a coward or a woman, and let the Hatburns triumph.

The stage drew up before the Beaulings post office in the middle of the afternoon. David delivered the mail bags, and then led the team back to a stable on the grassy verge of the houses clustered at the end of tracks laid precariously over a green plain to a boxlike station. Beaulings had a short row of unpainted, two-story structures, the single street cut into deep, muddy scars; stores with small dusty windows; eating houses elevated on piles; an insignificant mission chapel with a tar-papered roof; and a number of obviously masked depots for the illicit sale of liquor.

A hotel, neatly painted white and green, stood detached from the main activity. There, washing his face in a tin basin on a back porch, David had his fried supper, sat for a while outside, in the gathering dusk, gazing at the crude-oil flares, the passing dark figures beyond, the still, obscured immensity of mountain and forest. And then he went up to a pine sealed room, like the heated interior of a packing box, where he partly undressed for bed.

VI

THE next midmorning, descending the sharp grade toward Elbow Barren, there was no lessening of David's bitterness against the Hatburns. The flavor of tobacco died in his mouth, he grew unconscious of the lurching heavy stage, the responsibility of the mail, all committed to his care. A man was standing by the ditch on the reach of scrubby grass that fell to the road; and David pulled his team into the slowest walk possible. It was his first actual sight of a Hatburn. He saw a man middling tall, with narrow, high shoulders, and a clay-yellow countenance, extraordinarily pinched through the temples, with minute, restless black eyes. The latter were the only mobile feature of his slouching, indolent pose, his sullen regard. He might have been a scarecrow, David thought, but for that glittering gaze.

The latter leaned forward, the stage barely moving, and looked unwaveringly at the Hatburn beyond the ditch. He wondered whether the man knew him—David Kinemon? But of course he did; all the small details of mountain living circulated with the utmost rapidity from clearing to clearing. He was now directly opposite the other; he could take out the revolver and kill that Hatburn, where he stood, with one precise shot. His hand instinctively reached under the seat. Then he remembered Allen, forever dependent on the couch; his mother, who had lately seemed so old. The stage was passing the motionless figure. David drew a deep, painful breath, and swung out his whip with a vicious sweep.

His pride, however, returned when he drove into Crabapple, down the familiar street, past the familiar men and women turning to watch him, with a new, automatic measure of attention, in his elevated position. He walked back to his dwelling with a slight swagger of hips and shoulders, and, with something of a flourish, laid down the two dollars he had been paid for the trip to Beaulings.

"I'm to drive again to-morrow," he stated to his mother and Allen; "after that Priest has a regular man. I suppose, then, I'll have to go into the store."

The last seemed doubly difficult now, since he had driven stage. As he disposed of supper, eating half a pie with his cracklings and greens, his mother moved from the stove to the table, refilled his plate, waved the paper streamers of the fly brush above his head, exactly as she had for his father. Already, he assured himself, he had become a man.

The journey to Beaulings the following day was an unremarkable replica of the one before. He saw no Hatburns; the sun wheeled from east to west at apparently the same speed as the stage; and Beaulings held its inevitable surge of turbulent lumbermen, the oil flares made their lurid note on the vast unbroken starry canopy of night.

The morning of his return was heavy with a wet low vapor. The mail bags, as he strapped them to the rear rack, were slippery; the morning was a slow, monotonous widening of dull light. There were no passengers for Crabapple, and David, with his coat collar turned up about his throat, urged the horses to a faster gait through the watery cold.

The brake set up a shrill grinding, and then the stage passed Elbow Barren in a smart rattle and bumping. After that David slowed down to light his pipe. The horses willingly lingered, almost stopping; and, the memory of the slippery bags at the back of his head, David dismounted, walked to the rear of the stage.

A chilling dread swept through him as he saw, realized, that one of the Government sacks was missing. The straps were loose about the remaining two; in a minute or more they would have gone. Panic seized him, utter misery, at the thought of what Priest, Crabapple, would say. He would be disgraced, contemptuously dismissed—a failure in the trust laid on him.

He collected his faculties by a violent effort; the bags, he was sure, had been safe coming down the last mountain; he had walked part of the way, and he was certain that he would have noticed anything wrong. The road was powerful bad through the Barren. . . .

He got up into the stage, backed the team abruptly on its haunches, and slowly retraced his way to the foot of the descent. There was no mail lying on the empty road. David turned again, his heart pounding against his ribs, tears of mortification, of apprehension, blurring his vision. The bag must have fallen here in Elbow Barren. He unconsciously stopped the stage. On the right the dwelling of the Hatburns showed vaguely through the mist. No one else could have been on the road. A troubled expression settled on his glowing countenance, a pondering doubt; then his mouth drew into a determined line.

"I'll have to go right up and ask," he said aloud.

He jumped down to the road, led the horses to a convenient sapling, where he hitched them. Then he drew his belt tighter about his slender waist and took a step forward. A swift frown crossed his brow, and he turned and transferred the revolver to a pocket in his trousers.

The approach to the house was rough with stones and muddy clumps of grass. A track, he saw, circled the dwelling to the back; but he walked steadily and directly up to the shallow portico between windows with hanging, partly slatted shutters. The house had been painted dark brown a long while before; the paint had weathered and blistered into a depressing harmony with the broken and mossy shingles of the roof, the rust-eaten and sagging gutters festooning the ragged eaves.

David walked up the steps, hesitated, and then, his mouth firm and hand steady, knocked. He waited for an apparently interminable space, and then knocked again, more sharply. Now he heard voices within. He waited rigidly for steps to approach, the door to open; but in vain. They had heard, but chose to ignore his summons; and a swift, cold anger mounted in him.

(Concluded on Page 33)

Don't Let Your Feet Play Traitor

WHEN, after a long walk or a hard day's work standing up, your feet go back on you, they're traitors to the rest of your system.

And now, in a time of national crisis, you can't afford to harbor traitors.

What makes treacherous feet? Pointed, bone-bending, "fashionable" shoes. Such shoes cause flat feet, corns, bunions, callouses, ingrown nails, twisted toes.

Throw away your narrow shoes—quick. Get into Educators, designed by scientists to "let the feet grow as they should." They're made

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

In buying, look for EDUCATOR on the sole. It guarantees the correct, orthopaedic Educator shape and Educator long-wearing leather.

"*Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet*" is a booklet we'll mail you free. Full of surprising information. Send *today*.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High St., Boston, Mass.

Makers also of All-America and Signet Shoes for Men and Mayfairs for Women

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE ®

Del Monte
BRAND
EXTRA
QUALITY

DEL MONTE products have received awards and diplomas at scores of Expositions, including the following:

SAN FRANCISCO
Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, California, 1915.

SAN DIEGO
Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, California, 1915.

ST. LOUIS
Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904.

TURIN
Esposizione Internazionale Delle Industrie e del Lavoro, Torino, 1911.

LONDON
Golden West Exposition, Earl's Court, 1909.

PARIS
Exposition Internationale d'Hygiene, Paris, 1906.

"Number Six Wins"

The four long weeks of tests had been finished and the jury's report was ready. The members of the jury, each one a nationally recognized expert on canned fruits, had made every test that experts know—with all the care that experts alone are capable of. They had examined each variety of every line entered, assigning a rating for taste, for appearance, for uniformity of quality, for packing, for handling, for breadth of line—and their verdict was—

"Number Six Wins—it is the line which gives greatest value to the consumer." And 6 was the number by which DEL MONTE was known.

This was the test which won for DEL MONTE the Grand Prize at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, 1915. And the same year, in similar competition, DEL MONTE won the Grand Prize at the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego.

And these are but two of the many times that DEL MONTE has received highest recognition—at home and abroad—in competition with leading brands from all parts of the world.

Experts recognize DEL MONTE quality. Millions of housewives believe in it. And you will, too, once you taste the goodness that results from selecting the finest fruits, and from canning them as soon as they are picked—while all their mellow lusciousness still remains.

Look for the red DEL MONTE shield on every can. It is not a mere label—but a quality guarantee covering a complete line of canned fruits and vegetables, jellies, jams and preserves, catsup, raisins, prunes and many other varieties.

At leading grocers' everywhere.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA CANNED FRUITS & VEGETABLES

Don't tour without a Pull-U-Out

The little thing with the big pull

No motorist can tell when he will get stuck in the mud, skid into a ditch or overturn. Accidents come without warning—*suddenly*. Even though you do not tour you *should* have a Pull-U-Out, because it combines a rescuing device and tow line—two things *every* auto *should* carry.

With powerful and inexpensive little Pull-U-Out in your tool box you can go wherever your fancy or business leads you. You are independent of road conditions. If you get stuck in hub-deep mud, you can be out and on your way rejoicing inside of 10 minutes—no delay, expense, trouble or damage to car or clothes. Think of the hours of misery you and your family would spend if you had no Pull-U-Out and you were miles from help with rain pouring down and night at hand! *Then buy a Pull-U-Out now!*

Thousands in use. Read what some users say:—

"The four wheels of my 4,000 lb. car were down over the axle. Pull-U-Out pulled it out easily. None of our salesmen allowed on the road without one."—S. A. Norton, Little Rock, Ark.

"A lady friend ran her big 7 passenger car headlong over an embankment. Pull-U-Out brought it back on the road with all ease."—P. Beekman, Natchez, Miss.

Every factory, garage and repair shop should get it

For quick easy lifting on repair jobs removing engines etc., it has no equal. On the trouble car it saves time labor wear and tear on tires and does the job better. Will do the work of several chain blocks. Can be easily moved by one man and used wherever needed. Lighter than a chain block has longer reach costs less than half will work in *any* position pulls or lifts. Lifts 2,000 lbs. Larger sizes have greater capacity.

Does jobs no other machine can do

There are hundreds of jobs for which no simple mechanical help has heretofore been provided. Pull-U-Out is ideal for lifting machinery, setting boilers, placing radiators, spotting cars, pulling wires thru conduits, stretching wire fences, loading and unloading trucks, farm wagons and in mines for handling lengths of pipe in unwatering shafts. Pull-U-Out and one man will do jobs that now require from 3 to a dozen men.

Pull-U-Out Portable Crane

We also make a wonderful portable crane. It weighs only 300 lbs., and lifts a thousand pounds 9 ft. 6 in. It has longer reach and weighs about half as much as other cranes of same capacity costing 2 or 3 times as much. Sl p-jointed no screw joints—knocks down, packs in a box, can be easily put together in a few minutes with an S wrench. The Pull-U-Out easily detached for other pulling and hoisting jobs. *Ask about it*

Positive Guarantee

Your money returned if it fails to deliver.

Very interesting book—free

Write for your copy. Tells all about Pull-U-Out and the amazing things it can do.

Pull-U-Out Sales Company

2025 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Consists of a worm gear drum, lever crank 40 ft. of steel cable, two 7 ft. chains, 3 stakes. Weighs only 28 lbs. Goes in space 6 x 8 x 14 in.

(Concluded from Page 31)

He could follow the path round to the back; but, he told himself, he—David Kinemon—wouldn't walk to the Hatburns' kitchen door. They should meet him at the front. He beat again on the scarred wood, waited; and then, in an irrepressible flare of temper, kicked the door open.

He was conscious of a slight gasping surprise at the dark, moldy-smelling hall open before him. A narrow bare stairway mounted above, with a passage at one side, and on each hand entrances were shut on farther interiors. The scraping of a chair, talking came from the left; the door, he saw, was not latched. He pushed it open and entered. There was a movement in the room still beyond, and he walked evenly into what evidently was a kitchen.

The first thing he saw was the mail bag, lying intact on a table. Then he was meeting the concerted stare of four men. One of two, so similar that he could not have distinguished between them, he had seen before, at the edge of the road. Another was very much older, taller, more sallow. The fourth was strangely fat, with a great red hanging mouth. The latter laughed uproariously, a jangling, mirthless sound followed by a mumble of words without connective sense. David said, moving toward the mail bag:

"I'm driving stage and lost that bag. I'll take it right along."

The oldest Hatburn, with a pail in his hand, was standing by an opening, obviously at the point of departure on a small errand. He looked toward the two similar men, nearer David.

"Boy," he demanded, "did you kick in my front door?"

"I'm the Government's agent," David replied. "I've got to have the mail. I'm David Kinemon too; and I wouldn't step round to your back door, Hatburn—not if there was a boiling of you!"

"You'll learn you this," one of the others broke in: "it will be the sweetest breath you ever draw'd when you get out that back door!"

The elder moved on to the pounded earth beyond. Here, in their presence, David felt a loathing for the Hatburns such as snakes inspire—dusty brown rattlers and silent cottonmouths. His hatred obliterated every other feeling but a dim consciousness of the necessity to recover the mail bag. He was filled with an overpowering longing to revenge Allen; to mark them with the payment of his father, dead in the stable shed.

His objective senses were abnormally clear, cold: he saw every detail of the Hatburns' garb—the soiled shirts with buttoned pockets on their left breasts; the stained baggy breeches in heavy boots—such boots as had stamped Allen into nothingness; dull yellow faces and beady eyes; the long black hair about their dark ears.

The idiot thrust his fingers into his loose mouth, his shirt open on a hairy, pendulous chest. The Hatburn who had not yet spoken showed a row of tobacco-brown, broken teeth.

"He mightn't get a heave on that breath," he asserted.

The latter lounged over against a set of open shelves where, David saw, lay a heavy rusted revolver. Hatburn picked up the weapon and turned it slowly in his thin grasp.

"I'm carrying the mail," David said again, his hand on the bag. "You've got no call on this or on me."

He added the last with tremendous effort. It seemed unspeakable that he should be there, the Hatburns before him, and merely depart.

"What do you think of putting the stage under a soft little strawberry like that?" the other demanded.

For answer there was a stunning report, a stinging odor of saltpeter; and David felt a sharp burning on his shoulder, followed by a slow, warmish wet, spreading.

"I didn't go to do just that there!" the Hatburn who had fired explained. "I wanted to clip his ear, but he twitched like."

David picked up the mail bag and took a step backward in the direction he had come. The other moved between him and the door.

"If you get out," he said, "it'll be through the hogwash."

David placed the bag on the floor, stirred by a sudden realization—he had charge of the stage, official responsibility for the mail. He was no longer a private individual; what his mother had commanded, entreated, had no force here and now. The Hatburns were unlawfully detaining him.

As this swept over him, a smile lighted his fresh young cheeks, his frank mouth, his eyes like innocent flowers. Hatburn shot again; this time the bullet flicked at David's old felt hat. With his smile lingering he smoothly leveled the revolver from his pocket and shot the mocking figure in the exact center of the pocket patched on his left breast.

David wheeled instantly, before the other Hatburn running for him, and stopped him with a bullet as remorselessly placed as the first. The two men on the floor stiffened grotesquely and the idiot crouched in a corner, whimpering.

David passed his hand across his brow; then he bent and secured the mail bag. He was still pausing when the remaining Hatburn strode into the kitchen. The latter whispered a sharp oath. David shifted the bag; but the elder had him before he could bring the revolver up. A battering blow fell, knocked the pistol clattering over the floor, and David instinctively clutched the other's wrist.

The blows multiplied, beating David into a daze, through which a single realization persisted—he must not lose his grip upon the arm that was swinging him about the room, knocking over chairs, crashing against the table, even drawing him across the hot iron of the stove. He must hold on!

He saw the face above him dimly through the deepening mist; it seemed demoniacal, inhuman, reaching up to the ceiling—a yellow giant bent on his destruction. . . .

His mother, years ago, lives away, had read to them—to his father and Allen and himself—about a giant, a giant and David; and in the end ——

He lost all sense of the entity of the man striving to break him against the wooden angles of the room; he had been caught, was twisting, in a great storm; a storm with thunder and cruel flashes of lightning; a storm hammering and hammering at him. . . Must not lose his hold on—on life! He must hold fast against everything! It wasn't his hand gripping the destructive force towering above him, but a strange quality within him, at once within him and aside, burning in his heart and directing him from without.

The storm subsided; out of it emerged the livid face of Hatburn; and then, quite easily, he pitched David back across the floor. He lay there a moment and then stirred, partly rose, beside the mail bag. His pistol was lying before him; he picked it up.

The other was deliberately moving the dull barrel of a revolver up over his body. A sharp sense of victory possessed David, and he whispered his brother's name. Hatburn fired—uselessly. The other's battered lips smiled. Goliath, that was the giant's name. He shot easily, securely—once.

Outside, the mail bag seemed weighted with lead. He swayed and staggered over the rough declivity to the road. It required a superhuman effort to heave the pack into the stage. The strap with which he had hitched the horses had turned into iron. At last it was untied. He clambered up to the enormous height of the driver's seat, unwrapped the reins from the whipstock, and the team started forward.

He swung to the lurching of the stage like an inverted pendulum; darkness continually thickened before his vision; waves of sickness swept up to his head. He must keep the horses on the road, forward the government mail!

A grim struggle commenced between his beaten flesh, a terrible weariness, and that spirit which seemed to be at once a part of him and a voice. He wiped the blood from his young brow; from his eyes miraculously blue like an ineffable May sky.

"Just a tol'able David," he muttered weakly—"only just tol'able!"

OF course, *wing-footing* is happy walking. Thanks to the resiliency Goodyear builds into Wingfoot Heels.

Jolly rubber, quick and springy, and the patented air-cups ease each step. When you change from steel-studded leather to buoyant Wingfoot Heels, it's like a step from hard concrete to some velvet, woodland footpath.

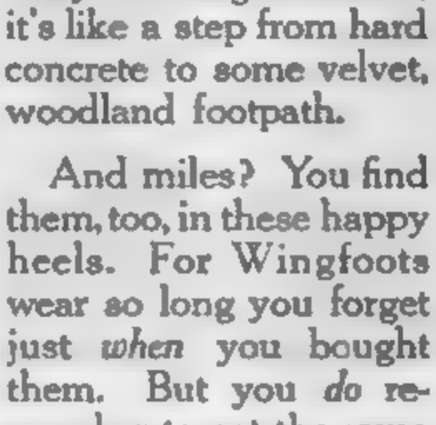
And miles? You find them, too, in these happy heels. For Wingfoots wear so long you forget just *when* you bought them. But you *do* remember to get the same kind again.

• •

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heels. A new pair free if yours do not.

Wingfoots in black, white and tan, for big folks and little folks—50 cents—put on by shoe dealers and repair men.

WING FOOT HEELS



GOODYEAR AKRON

LET THE GAS MAN LOAF

Make fuel stops few and far between. Stretch mileage and shorten gas costs with the

New Stromberg Carburetor FOR FORDS

It "does it." We show you in figures on your speedometer—with 10 Day Free Trial

The Economy Record That Made the Motoring World Marvel

37 4/10 miles on a gallon of gasoline—was made by a Stromberg-equipped Model T 1915 Ford—carrying three passengers and weighing 3170 lbs.—in an official test. A wonderful record—made more wonderful by the fact that the same Ford was accelerated from standing start to 25 miles an hour in 11.4 seconds—then speeded up to 43 miles an hour without touching the carburetor. Get the same remarkable results from your Ford—immense savings—gigantic power and speed increase—easier starting. No risk. The purchase price—$18—will be returned if not satisfied with 10 Day Trial. Order now. Or send for Free Literature.

Stromberg Motor Devices Co.
Dept. 737, 64 E. 25th St., Chicago, Ill.

New STROMBERG Does it! CARBURETOR

Between smokes cool your tongue and refresh your throat with

LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

PEP-O-MINT CL-O-VE 5c a Roll WINT-O-GREEN LIC-O-RICE

They sweeten the breath and add flavor to the next cigar.

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK
Canadian Sales Agents: MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Ltd., Montreal

ENGLANDER SCHWEIN

(Continued from Page 18)

The French had for the most part been there for some time, and their country lying so close by they were receiving parcels. We were not, and this made the food problem a very serious one for us. At first the French used to give us a certain amount of their own food but eventually ceased to do so. Most of them worked down in the town daily and could square the guard long enough to buy tobacco at twenty-five pfennigs—or two and a half pence—a package, which they sold to us later at eighty pfennigs—until we got on to their profiteering.

Except for the starving, as I look back now, Giessen was not such a bad camp as such places go. At least it was the best that we were to know. The discipline, of course, was fairly severe, but on the other hand the Commandant did not trouble us a great deal. The petty annoyances were harder to endure. Frequently we would get the "Raus" at half-hour intervals by day or night; "Raus out," "Raus in," and so on. We never knew what they wanted. The least punishment meted out for the most trifling offense was three days' cells. Some got ten for refusing to work in munition and steel factories, particularly British and Canadians.

Their so-called courts-martial were mockeries of trials. The culprit was simply marched up to the orderly room, received his sentence and marched away again. He was allowed no defense.

Some of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry were "warned" for work in a munitions factory. When the time came round they were taken away but refused to work. They were knocked about quite a bit. One was shot in the leg and another bayoneted through the hip, and all were sent back to camp, where they were awarded six weeks in the punishment camp, known as the strafe barracks. This was a long hut in which were two rows of stools a few paces apart. The Raus blew for the culprits at five-thirty. At six they were marched to the hut and made to sit down in two rows facing one another, at attention—that is, body rigid, head thrown well back, chest out, hands held stiffly at the sides and eyes straight to the front—for two hours! Meanwhile the sentries marched up and down the lane watching for any relaxation or levity. If so much as a face was pulled at a twinkling eye across the way another day's strafing was added to the penalty. At the end of the two hours one hour's rest was allowed, during which the prisoners could walk about in the hut but could not lie down. This continued all day until "Lights Out." For six weeks. No mail, parcels, writing or exercise was permitted the prisoners during that time, and the already scanty rations were cut.

The Appeal for Casement

During good behavior we were allowed two post cards and two letters a month, with nine lines to the former and thirteen to the page of the latter. No more, no less. Each letter had four pages of the small, private-letter size. The name and address counted as a line. Mine was Kriegsgefingenenlaager, Kompagnie No. 6, Barackue No. A. The writing had to be big and easily read and on four sides of the paper in the letters. No complaint or discussion of the war was permitted. Fully one-half of those written were returned for infringements,or fancied ones, of these rules. Sometimes when the censor was peeved they were merely chucked into the fire. And as they had also to pass the English censor it is no wonder that many families wondered why their men did not write.

We were there for three months before our parcels began to arrive. We considered ourselves lucky if we received six out of ten sent, and with half the contents of those six intact. In the larger camps the chances of receipt were better. The small camps were merely units attached to and governed by the larger ones, which thus handled the mail before giving it to the authorities at the smaller ones, thus doubling the chances of faultfinding and of theft.

The appeal for Casement and the Irish Brigade was made to us. A number of prisoners were taken apart and the matter broached privately to them. Pamphlets on the freeing of Ireland were also distributed. I did not see anyone go over, and an Irishman who was detailed with another Canadian and myself on a brickyard fatigue said that they had recruited only forty in the camp. The whole thing turned out to be a failure.

There were twelve of us all told on that brickyard job. Three or four shoveled clay into the mixing machine, two more filled the little car, which two others pushed along the track of the narrow-gauge railroad. We were guarded by four civilian Germans of some home defense corps, all of whom labored with us. The two trammers used to start the car, hop on the brake behind and let it run of its own momentum down the incline to the edge of the bank where it would be checked for dumping. Sometimes they forgot to brake the car so that it would ricochet on in a flying leap off the end of the track, and so on over the dump. The guards would rage and swear but could prove nothing as long as our fellows did not get too raw and do this too frequently.

Slow Starvation at Giessen

One day we shovelers decided to add to the gayety of nations. While one attracted the guards' attention elsewhere we slipped a chunk of steel into the mess. There was a grinding clash, and in a moment the air was full of cog wheels and German words. It was a proper wreck. The guards ran round like chickens with their heads off, tearing their hair and threatening us, while we endeavored to look surprised. It is reasonable to suppose that we were unsuccessful, for we were hustled back to camp and drew five days' cells each from the Commandant. There was no trial. He merely sentenced us.

United States Ambassador Gerard only came to Giessen once in my time there, and that was while I was off at one of the detached camps, so I had no opportunity of observing the result.

We knew very little of what was going on in the outside world. The guards were not allowed to converse with us, and if one was known to speak English he was removed. However, they were more or less curious about us so that a certain amount of clandestine conversation occurred. Some were certain that they were going to win the war. Others said: "England has too much money. Germany will never win." They used frequently to gather the Russians, Belgians and French together and lecture them on England's sins. They said that England was letting them do all the fighting, bleeding them white of their men and treasure so as to come out at the end of the war with the balance of power necessary for her plan of retaining Constantinople and the Cinque Ports of France. Many were convinced, and this did not add to the pleasantness of our lot.

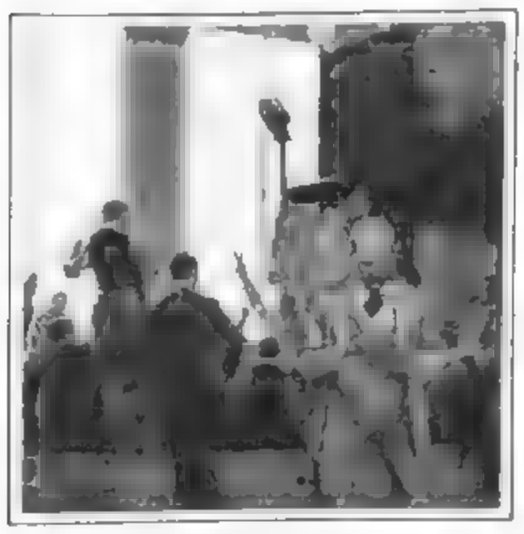
The notorious Continental Times was circulated among us freely in both French and English editions. It regularly gave us a most appalling list of German victories and it specialized in abuse of the English. We counted up in one month a total of two million prisoners captured by the Germans on all fronts.

The first three months of our stay at Giessen were probably the worst of all, including as they did the transition period to this life. It seemed then a hell on earth. The slow starvation was the worst. Once, in desperation, I gave a Frenchman my good boots for his old ones and two and a half marks, and then gave sixty pfennigs of this to the French cook for a bread ration. Again, in going down the hut one day I espied a flat French loaf cut into four pieces drying on the window sill. Seizing one piece I tucked it under my tunic and passed on before the loss was discovered. Some of the British could be seen at times picking over the sour refuse in the barrels. This amused the Germans very much. We endeavored to get cookhouse jobs for the pickings to be had, but could not do so. At a later date, when the Canadian Red Cross, Lady Farquhar, Mrs. Hamilton Gault and our families were sending us packages regularly, we made out all right

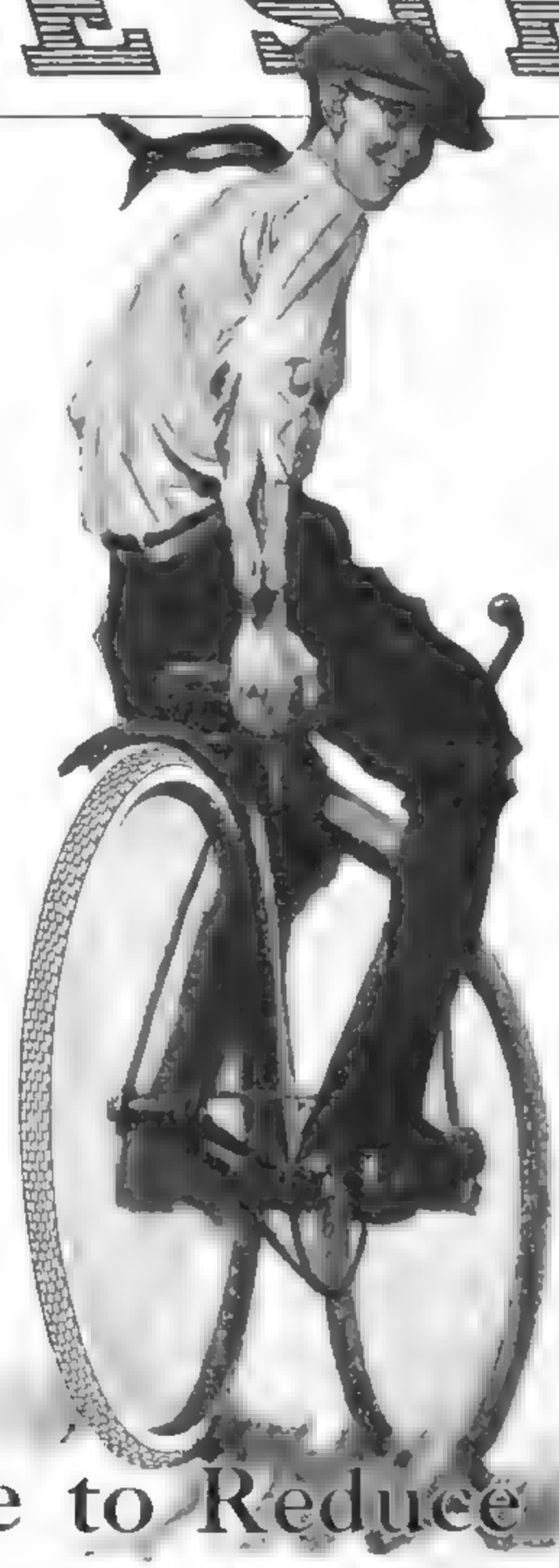
As I have said, Giessen was the best camp of all, barring the starvation. But the discipline there was merciless. The laager was inclosed by a high wire fence which we were forbidden to approach within four feet. A Russian sergeant overstepped that mark one day to shout something to a friend in

(Continued on Page 37)

BLUE STREAKS



WHEN the Government puts a stop to food speculation the public is pleased but the speculator is not.



WHEN Goodyear began giving better bicycle tires cheaper, not all dealers were pleased but the bicycle rider was.

It Took Nerve to Reduce the Dealer's Profit

IT does not cost as much to make a good bicycle tire as some dealers' prices would lead you to believe. It is the needless profits consumed between the factory and the rider which have been to blame for the high prices of bicycle tires in the past.

The Goodyear plan of making and selling Blue Streak Bicycle Tires has finally changed this condition for the rider. You may now buy really good quality tires for as little as $3.25 each.

You have a right to know how most bicycle tires are sold. The dealer does not buy directly from the factory. Several profits are made before the dealer receives his tires. Then, too, most manufacturers make a great many brands of bicycle tires. That means their cost is much higher than necessary. And in the past the dealer has fixed his own prices and determined his own profits. The rider has paid what the dealer asked.

Goodyear decided to save the rider these wastes and needless profits on bicycle tires. The Goodyear dealer makes a fair profit on Blue Streaks. He buys direct from Goodyear. Goodyear makes only one tire, standard quality. Goodyear advertises the price of that tire to you.

Some dealers do not handle Goodyear Blue Streaks. They prefer to sell a tire on which they make more profit. So it took nerve to reduce the dealer's profit.

But the dealer who believes in giving the rider a square deal prefers to sell Goodyear Blue Streaks. He sells more tires in the long run at a smaller profit. And each tire makes a friend.

Durable Tires Help You Save

You get more for your money in a Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tire than in any ordinary tire. Goodyear Blue Streaks have tough, long-wearing treads with two reinforcing strips of rugged fabric under the tread. The tire body is two-ply and extremely stout. This makes Goodyear Blue Streaks rugged and strong and economical.

Lively Tires Help You Pedal

Goodyear Blue Streaks are not only long wearing but they are full of life. The two-ply tire body is laid in active rubber, making the tire elastic and quick. A high grade of fabric is used, immensely strong but not heavy. Such construction means resilience. Resilience makes pedaling easy.

Blue Streaks Don't "Side-Slip"

Of course, you want a good non-skid tread. Goodyear Blue Streaks have this. Sharp-edged blocks of rugged rubber bite the road like teeth, under your weight. Press your thumb on a Blue Streak tread and you can feel the "bite" which prevents side-slipping.

Tires Must Look Good, Too

Goodyear made its Blue Streaks as good as could be. Then we added beauty. You can always tell a Goodyear Blue Streak by its handsome appearance. Your friends will admire these tires. Be sure your dealer gives you tires with the handsome Blue Streaks around the side.

See your Goodyear Dealer or write The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio, for his address.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

NEW YORK STATE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE

Final Report on

AUTOMOBILE HEADLIGHTS

Transmitted to the Legislature, April 10, 1917—Bill based on this report passed May 12, 1917—Signed by Governor Whitman June 9, 1917

TO THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

The Committee appointed in 1916, pursuant to the Joint resolution adopted by the Senate, April 11, 1916, and concurred in by the Assembly, April 20, 1916, to investigate generally the use of lights on automobiles, the various devices for eliminating the glare of headlights, and the use of the public highways by auto-trucks and omnibuses, and for the purpose of such investigation, in addition, to other methods of inquiry, to confer with the representatives of the New York State Automobile Association, the New York State Motor Federation and of other automobile associations, submits the following report:

CONSIDERATION PERTINENT TO HEADLIGHT LEGISLATION

(1) Definition of Glare

No exact scientific definition of glare has yet been formulated. However, it is universally accepted that any light source has glare if it appreciably reduces the distinctness of vision of any observer looking toward it. Practically speaking, the blinding or dazzling effect of a light is not due to the brilliancy of the light itself but to the lack of illumination of the immediate vicinity through which the rays are projected.

(2) Importance of Framing a Law in Terms Which Can Be Readily Understood, Definitely Interpreted and Readily Enforced

Any law, limiting the projected rays to a given level, which then goes on to state that light may be projected above that level, if it is "not capable of producing a dazzling light or glare," or "so shaded as not to blind or interfere with other users of the highway," or words of similar import, leaves the whole question wide open, as it provides no definite rule by which to determine what is permissible, and what is not.

(3) Practicability

Any law, which according to the experience of the average driver of a motor vehicle prescribes requirements that do not permit of adequate illumination, will eventually not be enforced, or will be violated and evaded. At the present time where headlight illumination is restricted to a given level, it is a general habit of the automobile driver to equip his car with one or more "spot lights," which technically, are not headlights, but the beam of which the driver can throw in any direction desired, and such lights are possibly on that account more dangerous even than regulation headlights. Any proper legislation should cover not merely headlights, but all other light projectors used on vehicles, and, at the same time, observance by the driver of the requirements of such legislation should permit him to obtain sufficient illumination, so that he will not be tempted to violate the law, and so that its violation will be without excuse and will be deserving of a penalty.

(4) Necessary Restriction of Illumination

Wherever the problem of headlight regulation has been considered it seems to have been assumed that most of the light projected at a level more than 3½ feet above the road is dangerous to other users of the highway.

This idea fails to take into consideration two very important points. Assuming that the entire field of illumination covered by the headlights is in cross section a plane, and that the axis of the car is perpendicular to such a plane, we may assume that the entire field of vision is divided into four quadrants. The upper quadrants, right and left, are located approximately above the 42-inch level, and the lower quadrant below that level, a line drawn through the axis of the car passing through the meeting points of the four quadrants.

Since according to the rules of traffic in the United States, all vehicles are required to travel on the right hand side of the road, no light projected to the right of the axis of the car, either above or below the 42-inch level, can produce glare in the eyes of a driver or pedestrian coming in the opposite direction. Secondly, it is desirable that the driver of the vehicle shall have ample illumination of the upper right hand side of the road to discover limbs and overhead obstructions and to enable the operator to read danger and direction highway signs.

(5) Primary Object of Headlight Illumination

The primary object of headlights is to provide the driver with sufficient illumination to reveal objects and road conditions ahead of him. A car traveling at the rate of 20 miles per hour covers 29 feet per second. A minimum range of vision of 250 feet allows the driver only 8 seconds' time to travel that distance. It is obvious that, in the effort to secure adequate range, the illumination must not interfere with the vision of other users of the highway.

In order to cover both points effectively, it is necessary for the law to stipulate that each vehicle must be provided with headlight illumination adequate to afford a certain minimum range of vision to the driver, and that in so doing no reflected light shall be projected to the *left of the axis of the car* more than 42 inches above the level surface on which the car stands, measured 75 feet or more ahead of lamps.

(6) Importance of Avoiding High Illumination of the Foreground

A small amount of illumination of the foreground immediately in front of the car and towards both sides is, of course, essential. On the other hand, if any considerable amount of illumination of the foreground is produced, the vision of the driver of the car for distant objects is seriously impaired. The immediate vicinity of the observer must be kept in relative darkness in order to permit distant vision.

In case of a motor vehicle, the driver must necessarily be located in close proximity to the light projectors and this makes it all the more important that illumination of the foreground be kept down to a minimum in order to avoid unnecessary interference with his vision of distant objects. This principle makes it obvious, that the devices which diffuse or otherwise deflect any considerable portion of the beam in the immediate foreground are radically wrong. They are liable to give a false sense of security to the driver, they produce relatively high illumination of the foreground, but make adequate range of vision impossible unless intensely powerful illuminants are used.

(7) Advantage of Light of Yellowish Tint in Headlight Service

Light of the shorter wave lengths, i.e., blue and violet, is more readily diffused by particles of dust or moisture in the atmosphere than light of longer wave lengths.

When driving in fog, dust or smoke with an ordinary headlight, the diffusion of light, which is often spoken of as "back glare," acts to cut down the range of vision to the point where, in extreme cases, it is impossible to see even a few feet beyond the car.

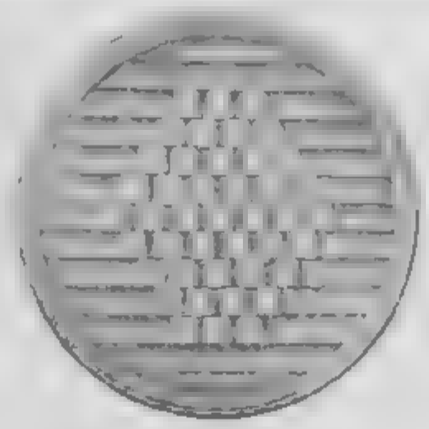
By using some device which eliminates the blue and violet rays, and thus projects a beam predominant in yellow tint, back glare is reduced to a minimum, and the range of vision of the driver is greatly increased. It is, therefore, obvious that in order to secure the best possible illumination in headlight service the blue and violet rays should be absorbed, and the beam, accordingly, would be of a predominant yellowish tint.

From the standpoint of public safety, it would be highly desirable to have a special, distinctive tint adopted for use in the headlights of motor vehicles, so that the tint of the beam would convey instant information to the observer as to the character of the vehicle approaching, and would render impossible any confusion with railroad lights, "neighborhood lights," etc. It would seem accordingly, on this account, desirable that a light of yellowish tint be adopted as standard for all motor vehicles.

Whether this suggestion is feasible or not at the present time it is of the utmost importance that headlight illumination of yellowish tint be encouraged, and that in any legislation bearing on the subject, if the term "white light" is used, it should be specifically explained that this term does not exclude the use of lights of yellowish tints.

RECOMMENDATION

The Committee recommends the introduction and passage of an act regulating the headlight equipment of automobiles along the lines above suggested.



Note—The only automobile headlight glass which complies with *all* the requirements of an ideal automobile headlight law, as stated in this report, is the Conaphore.

This is a new scientific headlight glass made of either clear or yellowish-tint Novlet Glass. It gives the driver 500 feet or more of road illumination, with strong sidelight. The yellowish-tint of the Novlet Conaphore enables the rays to pierce fog and dust. It absolutely prevents glare.

Conaphores are easily installed on any car. Prices range from $1.50 to $6.00 per pair, depending on size of headlight. For full information, write,

Conaphore Sales Division, Edward A. Cassidy Co.
280 Madison Ave., New York; or Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 34)

an adjoining laager. The sentry shouted at him. He either failed to hear or did not understand. The sentry killed him without hesitation.

A Belgian started over one day with some left-over soup which he purposed giving to the Russians. The sentry would not let him pass. He went back and told his mate. The latter, a kindly little fellow, thinking that the sentry had not understood the nature of the mission, decided to try himself. The sentry stopped him. He attempted to argue. The sentry pushed him roughly back. He struck the German. The latter dropped him with a blow on the head, and while he lay unconscious shoved the bayonet into him. It was done quite coolly and methodically, without heat. He was promoted for it. We were told that he had done a good thing and that we would get the same if we did not behave.

A Canadian who was forced to work in a munitions plant and whose task included the replacing of waste in the wheel boxes of cars enjoyed himself for a while lifting the greasy waste out and replacing it with sand. He got ten years for that.

The German in charge of our laager hated the *verdammt Engländer* and lost no opportunity of bulldozing and threatening us. One of the Canadians who had been in the American Navy was unusually truculent. The German purposely bunted him one day. "Don't do that again!" The German repeated the act. The sailor jolted him in the jaw so that he went to dreamland for fifteen minutes. The sailor was taken to the guardroom.

We never heard his ultimate fate, but at the ruling rate he was lucky if he got off with ten years.

Some four hundred Russians came to us after the fall of Warsaw. They were mostly wounded and all rotten. On the three months' march to Giessen the wounded had received absolutely no attention other than their own. Here we had a crazy German doctor, a mediocre French one and Canadian orderlies. If an Englishman went to the hospital for treatment it was "*Vick!*"—Get out. These Russians were treated similarly. The French fared better. One big, fine-looking Russian, with a filthy mass of rags wound round his arm, reported for attention. They unwound the rag and his arm dropped off. He died, with five others, that afternoon, and God only knows how many more on the trip they had just finished. They were all thoroughly cowed, as dogs that have been illtreated are. And they jumped to it when a German spoke—excepting two of their officers, who refused to take down their epaulets when ordered to do so. We did not learn how they fared. These were the only captive officers of any nationality that we saw.

Lessons in Saluting

The authorities were not satisfied with our recognition—or lack of it—of their officers and took us out to practice saluting drill—a thing always detested by soldiers, especially veterans. The idea was to have us salute visiting German officers properly, in the German fashion and not in our own. Theirs consisted of saluting with the right hand only, with the left held stiffly straight at the side, while our way was to salute with the hand farthest from the officer, giving eyes left or eyes right as the case might be, and with the free hand swinging loosely with the stride.

So a school of us were led out to this. The very atmosphere was tense with sullen rebellion, and the guards eyed us askance. The officer stood at the left awaiting us; beyond him and on the other side of the road, a post.

An *unteroffizier* ordered us to march by, one by one, to give the Herr Offizier *Augen Links* in the German fashion, and the post, which represented another officer, an *Augen Rechts* when we should come to it.

"I'll see him in hell first," I muttered to the man next me. I was in the lead of the party. I shook with excitement and fear of I knew not what.

As the command rang out I stepped out with a swing, and decision came to me with action. As I approached the officer he drew up slightly and looked at me expectantly.

I gave him a stony stare, and passed on.

A few more steps and I reached the post. I pulled back my shoulders with a smart jerk, got my arms to swinging freely, snapped my head round so that my eyes caught the post squarely and swung my left hand up in a clean-cut parabola to *Augen Rechts*, in good old regimental order.

A half dozen shocked sentries came up on the double. It was they who were excited now. I was master of myself and the situation. The *unteroffizier* ordered me to repeat and salute. I did so—literally. The officer to all outward appearances was the only other person there who remained unmoved. My ardor had cooled by this time, and his very silence seemed worse than the threats of the guard. Nor was I exactly in love with my self-appointed task. Nevertheless, I saw my mates watching me and inwardly applauding. I was ashamed to quit. I did it again. That won me another five days' cells.

The night of January twenty-second our guards were reënforced by thirty more. Simonds, Brumley and another Britisher and I had determined to make a break for it. And although not quite ready for it at this time the addition to the guards forced our decision. We had a scanty supply of biscuits saved up and I had wheedled a file from a friendly Russian; Simonds got a bit of a map from a Frenchman; and we secured a watch from a Belgian. With this international outfit we were ready, except that we lacked a sufficient store of food. However, there was no help for that.

A Bold Stroke

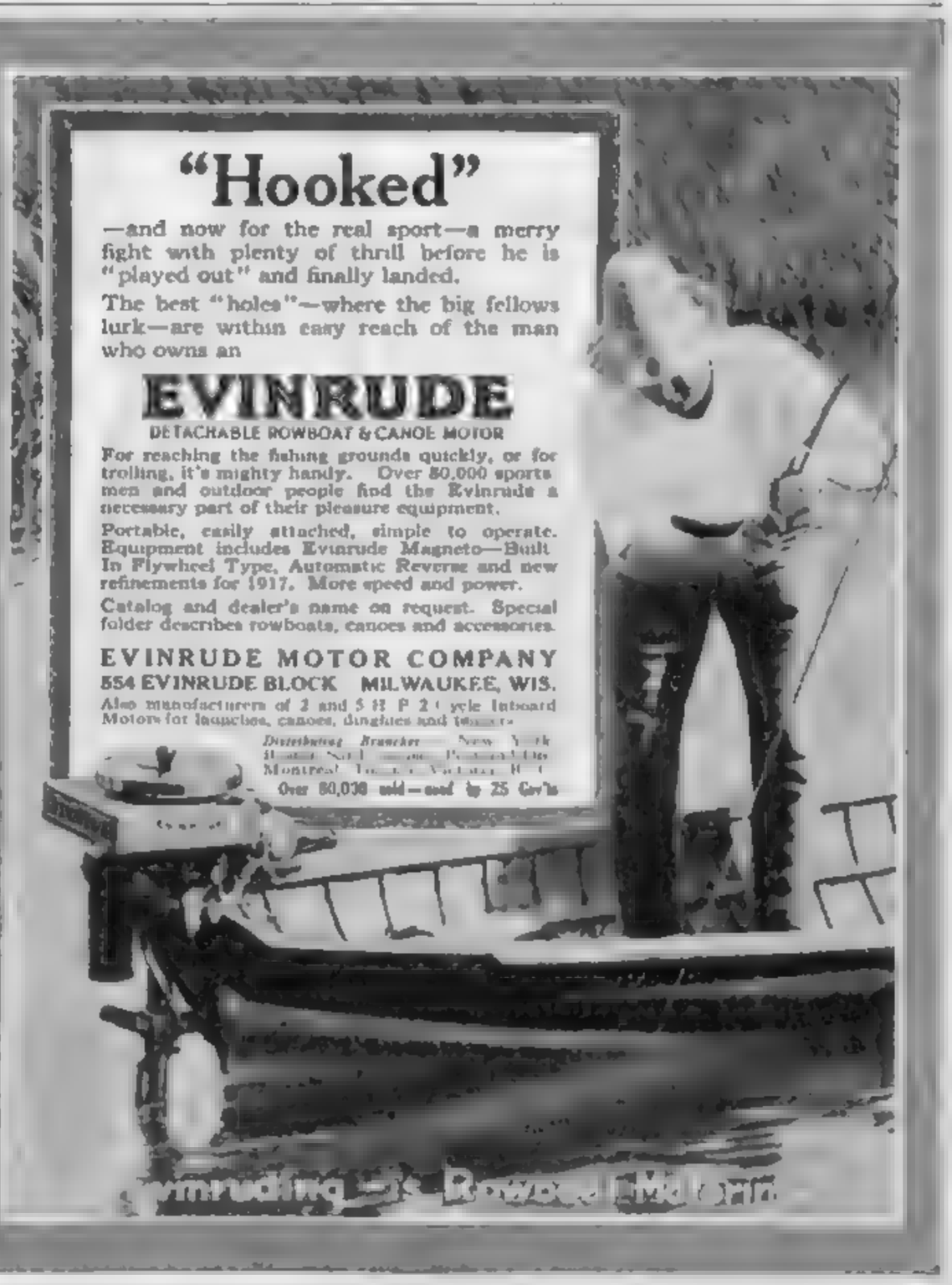
The laager was a twelve-foot-high barbed wire inclosure, eighty feet wide by three hundred long, with the hut occupying the greater part of the central space. There was sufficient room below the bottom wire to permit the camp dogs to get in and out. At each corner of the laager there hung an arc light. The sphere of light from those at the end did not quite meet and so left a small shadow in the center.

As soon as night came we arranged with six other men to walk rapidly to and fro from the end of the hut to the shadow at the wire as though for exercise. Others clustered round the end of the hut, ourselves included. I watched my chance, and when the moment seemed favorable I fell into step beside them. As we reached the shadow I fell prone and went to filing wire. By the time they were back again I had cut through three strands and was crawling cautiously toward my objective, a pile of peat two hundred yards distant, which seemed to offer cover as a breathing spot and starting point. Simonds followed on the signal from the promenaders that I was through the wire, and after him Brumley. The other man got cold feet and refused at the last moment.

With twenty-five guards all about and some only thirty feet away the very impudence of the plan offered our only hope of success. I still lacked fifty yards of the peat heap when I heard three shots, next the dogs and then the general cry which followed the detection of Brumley.

I rose to my feet and ran. We had already mapped out our course in advance by daylight for just such a contingency, so I struck boldly out. I was still in the swamp to my knees, and under those conditions even the short start we had might prove sufficient, since our pursuers would also bog down. The swamp was intersected by a series of small ditches and scattered bushes, which added to the difficulty of the passage. Once I heard Brumley floundering and swearing behind and went back to pull him out of a bottomless ditch. Simonds joined us while I was still struggling with him. In another hour Brumley's legs played out. We could still make out the lights of the laager. It was vitally necessary to push on, so we encouraged him as best we could and managed somehow to reach the edge of the swamp by daylight. We put ourselves on the meager rations our store allowed, one biscuit for breakfast and another for supper with a bit of chocolate on the side. We had apparently outdistanced the pursuit. We prayed that our friends might not be too severely punished for their part in our escape.

We lay in the heather all day. We were soaked to the skin with the brackish water of the swamp, the odor of which still hung to our clothes. It was January and very cold. Sleep was impossible under such conditions. We nibbled our tiny rations and struck out as soon as darkness came. Our plan was to go straight across country. Unfortunately Brumley could not navigate the rough going of the fields, although on the level roads he made out fairly well. So we chanced it on the latter. Later on in the


"Hooked"
—and now for the real sport—a merry fight with plenty of thrill before he is "played out" and finally landed.
The best "holes"—where the big fellows lurk—are within easy reach of the man who owns an
EVINRUDE
DETACHABLE ROWBOAT & CANOE MOTOR
For reaching the fishing grounds quickly, or for trolling, it's mighty handy. Over 50,000 sports men and outdoor people find the Evinrude a necessary part of their pleasure equipment.
Portable, easily attached, simple to operate. Equipment includes Evinrude Magneto—Built In Flywheel Type, Automatic Reverse and new refinements for 1917. More speed and power.
Catalog and dealer's name on request. Special folder describes rowboats, canoes and accessories.
EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY
554 EVINRUDE BLOCK MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Over 50,000 sold—used by 25 Gov'ts

"Days of Real Sport" By Clare Briggs

SUMMER TIME, and out of doors, with a King "thousand shootin'" air rifle—isn't that the high point of happiness for any boy? There's no end of fun he can have at target practice, and if his imagination is good, every fence post will be a hostile Indian, and every old circus poster will furnish the material for an African jungle hunt that even T. R. himself would envy.

A boy with a King not only has a barrel of fun, but he gets a real training in marksmanship at the same time—and that's what every boy wants and should have. Boys and King Air Rifles were just made for each other.

The "New Chicago" is the latest addition to the famous line of King Quality Air Rifles. Bolt action locking device makes sighting quick, easy and sure. Steel blue finish. Walnut stock. Strong and accurate. Single shot—shoots both shot and darts. At your dealer's, or direct from factory, prepaid for $3.00

Send for the Brigg Book—full of entertaining boys having fun with Kings—containing shots of the parts for which Kings are made, and telling how to use King's—be with prices.

Send 2c stamp to Dept. O.

THE MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO.
Plymouth, Mich.

KING AIR RIFLES

On Guard!

THE modern sentries against surprise attacks by skidding, safeguarding a vast army of bicycle riders on wet, slippery pavements, are

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP TIRES

The Vacuum Cups prevent dangerous skids, slides, slips, spills. The wetter the pavement the stronger the *suction grip*.

And *quality!*—The special 15½ oz. fabric they're made of never fails to perform mileage miracles. Punctures and stonebruises and other tire troubles are practically unknown to Vacuum Cup Bicycle Tires.

Pennsylvania Rubber Co.
Jeannette, Pa.
Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada

night our road led us directly into a village. We hesitated as to what we should do. Brumley was for pushing through. The alternative was to go round and through the fields, lose valuable time and play Brumley's precious legs out. It was past midnight, so we decided on the village route and started on.

We passed through without being molested, but just as we were leaving the other side some civilians saw us and shouted "Halt!" and other words meaning "to shoot." We paid no attention. Espying a wood in the distance, we struck out for it. Brumley was in misery and threw up the sponge. We stopped to argue with him, at the same time dragging him along, and while doing so saw two more civilians rushing up and shouting as they came. Lights began to spring up all over the village. Brumley stopped dead and refused to go farther. We had previously agreed that if anything happened to one of us the others were to push on, every man for himself. No good could be gained by fighting when we were so hopelessly outnumbered. Simonds and I rushed into the wood, swung round and out again and lay down on the edge of it in time to see them take Brumley and come sweeping by us in hot pursuit. Ten yards away a knot of them gathered and assisted another up into a tree to watch for us. One handed him a rifle and the pursuit went on into the wood. Occasionally we heard him stirring.

We waited for three-quarters of an hour before we dared to worm our way cautiously in the other direction. The snap of a twig was like that of a rifle on the stillness of the night. We met another sentry farther up, but worked round him in safety. Arriving at the end of the small wood, we walked boldly across the intervening fields to another one, large enough to afford cover for an army corps, and there felt comparatively safe.

We were, however, very wet, cold and altogether miserable, buoyed up only by the liberty ahead. As it was only two o'clock we pushed on for several hours before stopping to lie by for the day.

For days we carried on thus without discovery. Each night was a repetition of the preceding one, an interminable fighting of our way through dark forests, into and out of sloppy ditches, over fields and through thorny hedges, dodging the lights of villages. We were never dry and grew steadily weaker on our allowance of two biscuits a day. On the eighth day we reached the River Ems. We had no difficulty in recognizing it, as it was the only large one on our map that lay on the route we had chosen, and we had passed nothing even faintly resembling it, with the exception of some large canals, which were easily recognizable as such and which we had swum. We made out trees which we judged to be on the other shore.

Within Four Miles of Freedom

We regretfully decided that it was too late to attempt the crossing that night. The daylight proved the line of trees to be merely the tops of a flooded woodland. The shore was a good quarter of a mile away. It was January; the water was cold and full of floating ice, and very swift. Fording was out of the question. For two days and nights we wandered up and down the bank vainly seeking a boat or raft with which to make the crossing. We finally discovered a large bridge, which was submerged except for its flood-time arches. There was no sign of life and it looked safe, so we proceeded to cross. We discovered, however, that we had not reached the bridge proper, but were merely on the approach to it. We dropped off onto the main steel portion. The wind beat the cold rain against us so that we could neither see nor hear. However, we went on and were nearly across when suddenly a light flashed on us and we heard a startled "Halt!"

I said under my breath to Simonds, "We'll push right on," and loudly, "Hollander," thinking we could perhaps get far enough away to make a run for it. But there was no show. It was too far to the shore. The elderly Landsturmers guarding the bridge gathered us in and took us over to their guardroom at the hotel. The incident we judged to be an epoch in the monotony of their soldierly duties. They were very good to us. Two of them moved away from the fire to make room for our wet misery. They gave us a pot of boiling water, two bivouac cocoa tablets and a loaf of black bread. The news spread and civilians dropped in to stare at and question us. In the morning the entire population came to see the Engländer prisoners. We learned that we were only four miles from Holland, and cursed aloud. The town was Lathen and when we discovered the next morning that it was gayly bedecked with flags and bunting we decided that we were indeed personages of note if we could cause such a celebration. However, it was only the Kaiser's birthday.

In the afternoon they took us by rail to Meppen and shoved us in the civilian jail, where we were allowed a daily ration of two ounces of black bread, one pint of gruel and three-quarters of a pint of coffee for two days, until on January thirtieth an escort came from Vehnmoor. They roped us together and marched us through the principal streets by a roundabout route to the station so that all might see. The populace lined the streets, jeering at us. And we were too tired and hungry to care. Arrived at camp, we were put in cells for eleven days while awaiting our court-martial.

Thirty Days in Dark Cells

During that period we suffered terribly from sheer starvation. The daily rations consisted of a poor soup and a small quantity of black bread. The cells were quite dark—eight-by-four-foot wooden boxes. The confinement and short rations on top of our arduous journeys, during which we had had nothing but the two biscuits a day, caused us to grow weaker daily.

Our friends, however, contrived occasionally to get portions of their food to us. They maintained a sentry of their own, whose duty it was to watch for and report our trips to the latrine. It was unsafe for us to ask for this permission more than once a day with the same guard. As the latter was frequently changed, however, we were enabled to work the scheme to the limit.

At the worst this let us out of our cells for a few minutes, and if we were lucky enabled us to get a handful of broken food. Seeing us come out, the prisoner on watch would stroll into the hut and pass the word. Shortly another would come out to us and in passing frequently manage to slip us something. On one long-to-be-remembered occasion Clarke, of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, managed to square the guard, a pleasant-faced young German, in some manner we could never fathom, so that the latter actually brought to us two spoons and a wash basin full of boiled barley, which we ate in the latrine. That was the most humane act experienced from German hands in my fifteen months' sojourn in Germany.

On the eleventh day we were marched out to what would be the Germans' orderly room and sentenced to thirty days' dark cells. That was our court-martial. A Canadian who had picked up a smattering of German acted as interpreter. He did what he could for us, which was little enough.

Asked why we had tried to escape, we feared to tell the truth, that we had been forced to it by illtreatment, so merely stated that we were tired of Germany and wanted to go home. The presiding officer said: "Well, you fellows have been a lot of trouble to us. I've been told to tell you that if you give us any more we'll have a little shooting bee."

One lucky thing happened to us here: When they took our map away it fell in two as a result of having been folded in our pockets. The officer crumpled one piece up, made a handful of it and tossed it away, at the same time shoving the other half at me, which I eagerly clutched. And that piece showed that portion of Germany adjoining the Holland border.

Our thirty days' dark cells were spent in the military prison at Oldenburg. As before, they were eight by four feet in size, but with a high ceiling, which gave me room to stand on my hands for exercise. The walls and floor of the cells were of stone, the shutters of steel. These were always closed. Each of us was confined alone. There was no furniture other than the three boards which served as the mockery of a bed and which were chained up to the wall every morning. A small shelf which held the water pitcher was the only other furnishing. No ray of light was permitted to enter the place. The month was February. There were no blankets, and the place was unheated. The rations consisted of half a pound of black bread and a pitcher of water, which were thrust in to us every morning. Except for the guard who unchained the boards at night we

(Continued on Page 42)

What Other Lens Does This?

Be Careful When You Change

Since Warner-Lenz brought the glareless light, some 60 lens makers offer substitutes for it. This conflict of theories leaves some men uncertain. So this is to set them right.

MOST motorists realize that the old-type lens is doomed. It is illegal in too many places, unless dimmed. It is discourteous everywhere. As a road light it has many serious faults.

Car makers are changing, car owners are changing. In one year, 18 makers have adopted Warner-Lenz, and 450,000 owners. Every week, 10,000 more cars add them. So the only question now is—Which new-type lens?

Things to Consider

The Warner-Lenz is 176 lenses in one—scientifically staggered to diffuse your light into millions of cross-rays—without glare.

They light the center road, 300 to 500 feet ahead. The nearby roadsides, the distant roadsides and the turns.

The light reaches out in every direction, like a half-circle fan. It illumines everything about like day. What other lens does that?

The light is the same in any position. Turning of the lens in the door of your headlamp does not affect it, nor does rise and fall of the car. This is vitally important.

Note the famous car makers who, after every comparison, have adopted the Warner-Lenz. Their verdict is conclusive. The Warner-Lenz is also legal under any traffic law. What other lens so meets all these requirements?

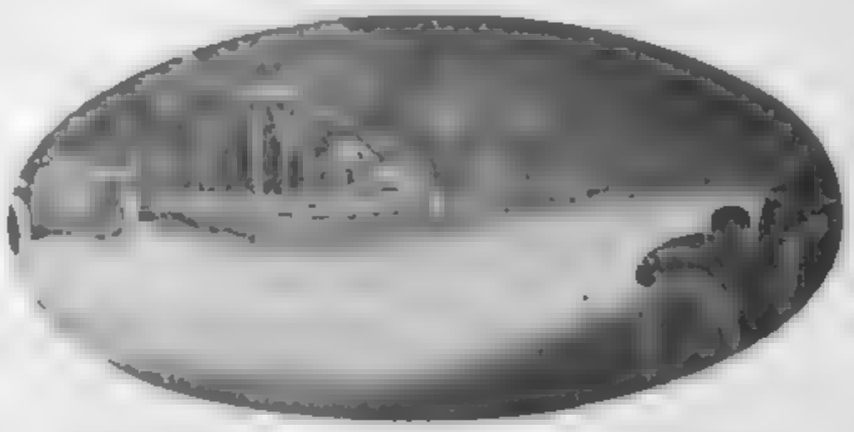
Change Now

One night-hour with the Warner-Lenz is worth more than they cost. No more dim lights, no more glare. No darkened roadsides, no hidden turns. No more blinded drivers, no more tense watchfulness at night.

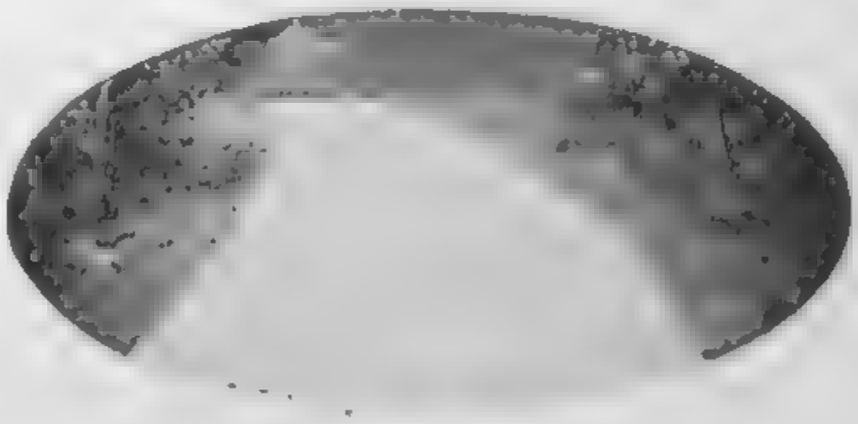
The Warner-Lenz is resistless. Never before has a motor car innovation received anywhere near such a welcome.

You are missing much while you wait. See your dealer or write to us. To avoid mistake, note the name Warner-Lenz in the edge of the glass. Accept no substitute—insist upon the advertised Warner-Lenz.

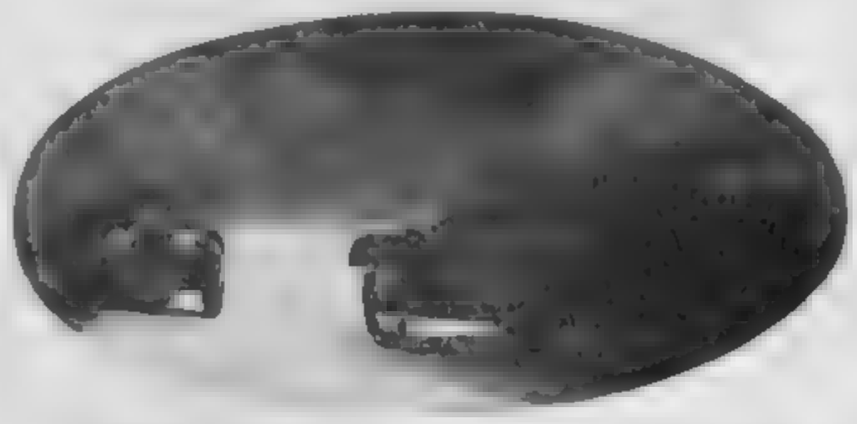
WHAT OTHER LENS makes streets and streetsides light as day, and without the illegal glare?



WHAT OTHER LENS floods the roadsides and the road-turns, far and near, with all-revealing light?



WHAT OTHER LENS, when the car points upward, lights the whole downgrade?



WHAT OTHER LENS makes night-roads so like day-roads? And, with a soft light, makes the whole foreground clear?

Standard Equipment On All These Cars

PACKARD	OHIO ELECTRIC
MARMON	HAL TWELVE
LENOX	McFARLAN
BIDDLE	SINGER
STUTZ	DANIELS 8
PEERLESS	PATHFINDER
WHITE	DOBLE STEAM
FIAT	CUNNINGHAM
FAGEOL	MOON

WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer.

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY

918 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Prices of Warner-Lenz

Diameter in Inches	Per Pair
8 to 9	$3 50
9¼ to 10⅛	4 00
10¼ to 12	5 00

West of Rockies, 10c per pair extra

PLEASE NOTE. If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.

She has'nt an Overland —or anything

Probably no one thing makes such a difference in one's whole outlook upon life as the change from lack of an automobile to ownership of an automobile.

That efficiency which the times demand cannot spring from the home where dullness is bred of inactivity. Nothing energizes life like the automobile—get an Overland.

Willys-Overland

Willys-Knight and Overland Mo

The Willys-Over
the most compreh
mobiles ever built
all have brand new

She has an Overland —an' everything

Fours

Fours

Sixes

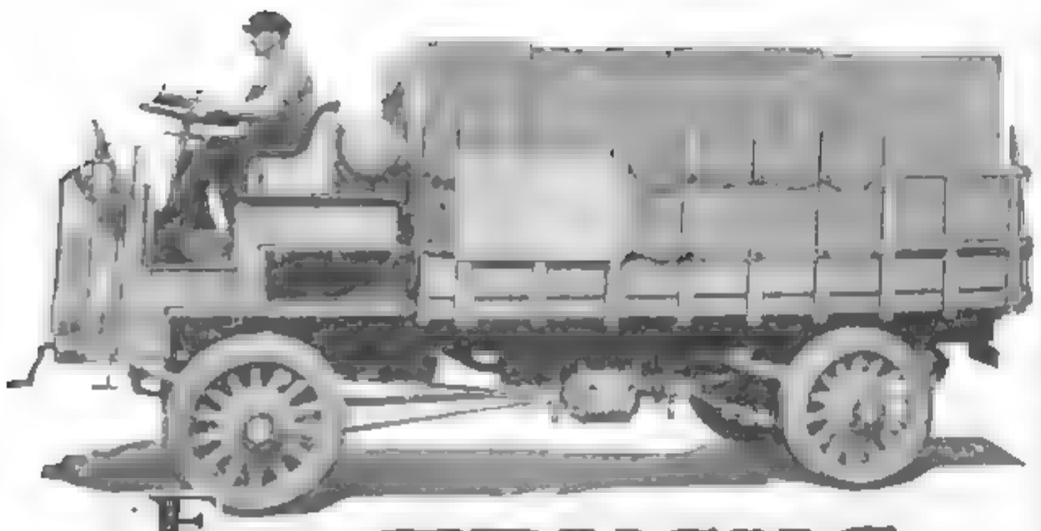
Knights

Inc., Toledo, Ohio

and Company offers nsive line of auto- y any one producer; ody designs.

Every car in the line shares proportionately in the economies of our huge production—every model is, we believe, priced lower than any other similar car.

See the Willys-Overland Dealer now, let him help you to select the car best suited to your needs, and begin now to lead a better, bigger, more efficient life.



F-W-D TRUCKS

Are Used in Eighteen Countries

United States
England
Russia
France
Italy
Spain
Portugal
Japan
Panama
Cuba
Argentina
Brazil
Chile
Mexico
So. Africa
E. Africa
Australia
New Zealand

THIS means a great deal more than an efficient sales organization—it means that buyers of F-W-D Trucks in foreign countries have been convinced by proofs that these trucks were Dependable and could be relied upon for continuous service thousands of miles from factory or service stations.

The exclusive F-W-D application of the four wheel drive principle has produced a truck that is dependable—economical and capable of performing unusual tasks.

Write for the new catalog

Four Wheel Drive Auto Company
Dept. R, Clintonville, Wis.

Saves money, time, labor, disappointment for every individual and every industry that solders.

NOKORODE

"The Best SOLDERING PASTE in the world"

makes a perfect, non-corrosive joint every time.

Compounded so carefully that the little Nokorode that can be picked up on the point of a pin has all the elements of the flux.

Was the only soldering flux used on telephone circuits of the Panama Canal and used for years by 90% of the electricians in New York and New England. The New England Telephone and Telegraph Co. have used it exclusively for twelve years. The largest automobile, aëroplane and electrical manufacturers are among our regular customers.

Send 25c in stamps for book—a compilation of new methods and short cuts in soldering never before published, and Free Sample of Nokorode. *Nokorode is sold by hardware and electrical supply houses.* If your dealer cannot supply you, send your order direct.

SPECIAL PRICE IN BULK TO LARGE USERS

The M. W. Dunton Co., Providence, R. I., U. S. A.
Largest manufacturers of Soldering Paste in the World

(Continued from Page 38)

had no visitation in the twenty-four long, long hours.

The cell door opened promptly at five o'clock every morning. We were allowed ten minutes in which to clean our cell, go to the lavatory and wash up, all under guard. These were the only occasions during which we had an opportunity of seeing one another or the other prisoners. These rites were all performed in silence, and communication of any description was forbidden and so keenly watched for as to be impossible. However, Simonds and I got what small comfort we could out of seeing one another frequently, and by this time there had grown up between us such a mutual respect as to make us value this highly. The other prisoners included Germans as well as our allies. There were also some civilian German prisoners. The German soldier prisoners were mostly in for committing the various crimes of soldiering which in the British Army would have put them under the general head of defaulters. That classification, however, had been done away with in the German Army. The slightest infringement of discipline was punished with cells. Noncommissioned officers received the same punishment as the men, without, however, losing their rank, as would have been the case in our army.

Upon finishing the ten minutes allotted to us we were forced to reënter our cells and stand against the wall at the back so that we could neither see nor communicate with one another until the guard got round a few minutes later and looked in to see that all was as it should be before slamming the door.

There was no use in trying to stretch the ration out for two meals. I tried to and gave it up. And after that I ate the bread, filled up on water and sat down on the cold stone floor for another twenty-four hours.

My thoughts dwelt greatly on food. We were supposed to receive soup every fourth day, but we did not. The prisoners of other nationalities did, and in addition were exercised regularly. At least we could hear the rattle of their spoons against their bowls and the tramp of their feet. The slow starving was the worst, to my mind. And after that the loss of sleep. If one did drop off the cold soon caused a miserable awakening. I tried not to think and did all the gymnastic drill I knew, even to standing on my hands in the darkness of the cell. I knew that if I gave up it was all off. I could daily feel myself getting wabbly as the confinement and starvation, added to my already enfeebled and starved condition when I entered, began to tell on me. It must be borne in mind that I had already served eleven days' solitary confinement on insufficient food, after several days of jail on ditto and eight days while escaping, during which I was continually wet and without food other than the two biscuits daily, before beginning to serve this sentence. Simonds, of course, was in the same plight.

Into the Daylight

The last day rolled finally round. At nine we were taken from our cells and marched out for an unknown destination. Ahead of us we saw poor Brumley, but were unable to communicate with him, and I do not know whether he saw us or not. That was all we ever learned directly of his fate. His wife, in Toronto, has since informed me that he is still in Germany.

At eleven that night we arrived at the strong punishment camp in Hannover, on the road over which Napoleon had marched to his doom at Moscow. We had had no food that day, nor did we get any that night. We were shoved into a hut full of Russians, who did not know what to make of us.

We were so long of hair and beard, so ragged, so emaciated and so altogether filthy that they thought us anything but British soldiers.

Later we found that there were, in all, between four and five hundred Russian, eighty French and Belgian, and, including ourselves, eleven British prisoners, all shoved into two huts in the middle of the usual barbed-wire laager.

As Giessen was the best camp, so this one was the worst of all those we were to know. It was drier than the swamp at Vehnmoor, but the drinking water was even worse than the brackish, peat-laden water there. The general sanitary arrangements were terrible. And the food was worse than at Giessen, the camp in which that lack had been the worst feature among many bad ones. And on top of it all the treatment was bad here. Much worse than any we had known.

A soup made from a handful of pickled fish roe and a few potatoes was a stock dish, and terrible to taste. On one night a week we received a raw herring fresh from the brine barrel, which we were supposed to eat raw and uncleaned, but could not. One day in seven there was a weak cabbage soup and of course a small daily ration of potato-and-rye bread. Fortunately our parcels were beginning to arrive by this time, so that in fact we fared better than at any of the better camps in the matter of food. With the Russians it was different, and we used to give our soup to them in exchange for their share of boiling water, which we used in conjunction with the contents of our parcels and which they had no use for anyway. However, as we had refused to work we did not require very much food. We used also to give our black bread to the Russians, for which they insisted on doing our washing, though it was little enough of that they did for themselves.

Like Father, Like Son

Ours was a good bunch of fellows and gave freely to one another and to the unfortunate Russians, who rarely received parcels. There was no selling or trading on misfortune here, as in some of the other camps we had been in. The Germans themselves were short of necessities here. They hated to come to the Engländers to buy, so used to send the Russians to beg for soap which they would not use in any event and in this case simply sold to the guards. Discovering this, we shut down on indiscriminate giving. Soap or any other fatty substance was by that time very scarce in Germany, among the lower classes at least. I was the only noncom in our lot, and so put up the stripes I had taken down to avoid giving "*Augen Rechts*" at Giessen, and I used that authority to persuade my fellow Britishers to give to the unfortunate Russians rather than to the French, who, like ourselves, were receiving parcels.

A boy of five years or thereabouts used to come regularly to the wire, upon which he would climb and hang like a spider on its web. Grasping it in both small hands and kicking vainly at it and us, he would scream "*Engländer Schwein*," and I know not what other names, spitting venom like a little wildcat. This was not the riffraff of the camp. The boy was the son of the camp Commandant, and the apple of his father's eye.

The Commandant was a young chap, a lieutenant. What he lacked in years he made up in hate. He was known as an England hater. We were poison to him. The latrine, a mere shallow pit, was just outside the door of our hut, so the Commandant saw to it that the latrine fatigue was always wished off on to the English. We were made to bail it out daily with buckets, which we then carried to the surrounding fields, on which we spread the contents while the Commandant and guards laughed. The *unteroffizier* in immediate charge of us, if left alone would not make us do this. He was the last kind German I remember, and I have mentioned all that I can recall as having performed the slightest act of kindness to us, even of the most negative quality. He used to say that it was a pity to treat us so; that such a job was good enough for the Russians, who were no soldiers, anyhow, and who smelled bad and would not wash; but for us who were soldiers it was a great shame.

The vermin were so bad here that we chanced further trouble by writing on post cards as though to friends in England and complained. We knew that they would be intercepted and go to the Commandant. They did. We were marched to Celle Laager to go through the fumigating machine. We went into a large hut, stripped, tied our clothes in a bundle and shoved them into the large oven to bake for five hours while we sat round with nothing on but a smile. In the interval we were made to run the clippers closely over our heads and bodies. There were sores on some of the Russians as big as a hand, eaten deep into by the vermin. Uncleanly at best and denied soap here, the lower class of them neglected all the rules of cleanliness. Their noncoms were the reverse, being almost without exception men of some education and general attainments.

Upon our return to this camp we were told by a friendly Russian in the orderly

room that the post cards were being held there as evidence against us. We begged him to give them to us. He did so, and we had barely finished destroying them when a German officer accompanied by a file of men entered and demanded them. We explained that they had been destroyed. He would not believe us. We pointed to the charred ashes. He searched our bodies, our beds and the scanty furnishing of the hut, naturally without avail. The Russian orderly was severely admonished and our fire was cut off as punishment.

The treatment at this camp was uniformly bad. The next morning the Raus blew at four-thirty instead of five as was customary. While we were still engaged in dressing the guards rushed in, some with fixed bayonets, others with them gripped short, as with daggers. The leader wore a button, the insignia of noncommissioned rank. He gave a berserker roar of rage and charged furiously at an inoffensive Russian and stabbed the poor fellow in the neck while his victim lay back in pleading terror with outstretched arms. And then, still roaring, he slashed a Frenchman who was walking past, on the back of the head. Going down the hut, he espied Harckum, of the East Lancashire Regiment, tying his shoes. Without warning he plunged at him and, striking, laid open the entire side of the man's face, splitting the ear so that it hung in two pieces. This was all quite in order.

The Torture of the Russians

The Russians, with the exception of a lucky few who received some from a Russian society in England, got no parcels, and suffered accordingly. They were more amenable to discipline than we were, and perhaps because of their hunger used to go out daily to work on the moors from daylight until dark. They were a cheerful lot, considering everything, little given to thinking of their situation and not blessed by any great love of country nor perhaps the pleasantest recollections of it, and to that extent at least appeared to be comparatively satisfied, even under ill treatment. Ill fed as they were, they used frequently to fall out at their work from sheer exhaustion, for which they would be returned to a point near the laager, where we were, for their punishment. By the Commandant's orders this consisted of forcing them to run the gantlet of two lines of soldiers who jabbed them with bayonets if they fell into a walk—until the victims could run no more and dropped in their tracks. The Germans would then roll their eyelids back for signs of shamming, and if any such indications were shown they were jabbed again—and usually were, anyhow—until their failure to respond proved that they were unconscious.

This happened with alarming frequency on a regular schedule, forenoon and afternoon, to all Russians who refused to work. On one occasion we saw six or eight of them laid out unconscious at one time in this manner. We wished to do something for them, but were refused permission. We had previously agreed that if we were awarded this punishment we would refuse to run the gantlet and would let them do their worst. There was no more heard of all this, but after that the Russians were punished on the other side of a belt of trees just outside the laager, where we could not see them, though their piteous cries could plainly be distinguished.

Three of the Russians broke away from this camp, and finding themselves near the stores crawled in the window and stole a half of a pig. They were recaptured and after doing thirty days' cells were forced to work out the price of the pig at the rate of thirty pfennigs—or six cents—a day, which ordinarily would have been credited to them for the buying of necessities. And pork came high in Germany.

On another occasion a party of Russians arrived from another camp twelve miles away.

They said that some Englishmen there who had refused to work had been shot at until all were wounded in the legs.

We continued to receive our old friend, the Continental Times, here, and through it first learned of the Skager-Rack or Jutland fight, in which, the paper claimed, over thirty major British ships had been sunk, in addition to a larger number of smaller ones. The Times said it was a great victory for the Germans. The last we doubted and the first we knew to be untrue, since some of the ships they claimed to have sunk had been destroyed previous to our capture, nine months before. It was in the Times, too, that we first heard of Kitchener's end. We could not believe it, and for a month laughed at the guard's insistence on the story until one day a post card arrived from England saying "K of K is gone." That was a terrible blow to us.

Some of our party of eleven British had been prisoners since Mons. And they were in a very bad way. The poor food, the lack of the fundamental necessities of the human frame, the terrible monotony of the continual barbed wire, the same faces round them, mostly unfriendly, all combined to have a most depressing effect not only upon their bodies but upon their minds. Many of them will never be of any use again.

Compared to Ladysmith, when that place was besieged in the South African War, the latter, terrible though it was, was far and away better than this, even if we did live on horse meat at the last in Ladysmith. There was a certain amount of vice here, induced by the life. A kilted Highlander was accused of having fathered a child in a German family where he had been employed. We did not learn the facts of the case; but such, at least, was camp gossip.

Simonds and I had been planning on another escape ever since our recapture. So we kept on our good behavior, while we saved up food for the day. We had hitherto refused to work, as had the remaining Britishers. But in order to keep ourselves fit we finally volunteered to carry the noon ration of soup out to the Russians who worked on the moor. Our job consisted of carrying an immense can of soup, swung high on a pole from our shoulders, out to the workers, under guard of course. Starting at eleven each day and occasionally resting, by permission of the guard, we were usually back by one o'clock. Each day we saved a portion of our food. We wanted twenty days' rations each, estimating that it would take us that long to walk to Holland. We specialized on concentrated foods from our parcels—biscuits, tinned meats, and so on. We had our cache in a hole, dug under cover of night, under the flooring of the hut. It was unsafe to keep it on our bodies or near our beds, as the guard were in the habit of calling the Raus at all hours and sometimes several times during the night. It might be at twelve, two and four, though it was never alike on any two nights in succession, except that they always searched us. We could see no reason for this other than to break our rest and perhaps our spirits. Certainly no one would carry any forbidden thing on his person under such surveillance. And they well knew we could hide anything we wished in other places, as we did.

A Special Brand

Each Saturday morning Simonds and I paraded for paint. We stood while a big Russian with a brush and bucket painted large red and green circles on our breasts, backs and knees. Thin stripes were also painted down the seams of our trousers and sleeves and round the stiff crowns of our caps. This was to mark us as dangerous characters. As such we received more of the unwelcome Raus attentions than the others and were the more wary in consequence.

We were busy opening our mail on one of those rare occasions, when Simonds gave a startled exclamation. I looked up and saw him gazing curiously at a small cheese which he turned slowly round in his hand. As I stepped to his side a guard came in. He hastily shoved the cause of his strange behavior into his pocket. When the guard had gone he passed me a letter to read. It was from his brother in Canada. "I received your letter all right and am sending you a special brand of cheese," I read—and understood.

We waited on tiptoe until night to open the cheese. It was one of the cream cheeses, so popular in Canada, no bigger than my closed hand. We gingerly unwrapped the tin foil and broke it open. To our great joy, in the hollow heart of it there was tucked away the tiny compass Simonds had written for from Vehnmoor just before our second escape. With it were four American quarters.

Not anticipating this good luck, we had exercised our ingenuity to construct a rude compass of our own out of a safety-razor blade and an eyelet from my boot. It was within fifteen to twenty degrees of the true north. In addition we had a safety lamp, which one of the guards had long been looking for under the impression that he had lost it.

(Continued on Page 46)

Put New Life In Your Engine

Johnson's Carbon Remover will increase the power of your car—improve acceleration—stop that knock—quiet your motor—save your batteries—and reduce your gasoline consumption 12% to 25%.

JOHNSON'S CARBON REMOVER

is a harmless liquid to be poured into the cylinders. For 35c—five minutes time—and with no labor—you, yourself, can remove all carbon deposits. You will save from $3 to $5 over any other method without laying up your car and with much better results.

Use It Every 1,000 Miles

If you will use Johnson's Guaranteed Carbon Remover at regular intervals giving carbon no chance to accumulate you will automatically eliminate most valve trouble and your engine will always be clean and at its highest efficiency.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Johnson's Carbon Remover use attached coupon

Write for our folder on Keeping Your Car Young—it's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. SP, Racine, Wis.

SPECIAL OFFER

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. SP, Racine, Wis.

I enclose $1 for which please send me by prepaid express enough Johnson's Guaranteed Carbon Remover to keep my motor clean for 6000 miles. Also a free half-pint can of Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil—your penetrating spring lubricant.

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

My Dealer is _____

Your Clerks are answering our Country's Call. Labor-Saving

MACHINE-BOOKKEEPING

Answers YOUR Call to Cope with a Possible Help Shortage

BAKER-VAWTER

BINDERS, LEAVES,

INDEXES, RACKS, TABS

Champion Spark Plug ledgers and statements are now handled with *half the help* which pen-and-ink bookkeeping required.

Your clerk shortages, present or future, may be similarly relieved. Consult Baker-Vawter Company who have cut the Gordian accounting knots for THE BIG MAJORITY of all firms now employing machine-written, machine-accurate books and statements.

Investigate machine bookkeeping. Write for estimates of cost and full particulars. No obligation.

Address Dept. M, nearest factory: Benton Harbor, Mich., Holyoke, Mass.

We deal direct with all. Sales offices in 42 cities. Salesmen everywhere.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators and Manufacturers

LOOSE LEAF and STEEL FILING EQUIPMENT

7147

For The Great Out Doors

Ivory Garter

The Ivory Garter is fine for out-of-door sports. It is so light and loose it does not bind the muscles of the leg. For playing tennis, riding, walking, golfing (there is a special garter for the golfing) or any out-door activity, the Ivory Garter is ideal. It is very cool—has no pads. Is guaranteed. At all haberdashers

Silk 50c Silk finish 25

DEALERS. Order from your jobber or direct. Write for catalog which includes garters for women

IVORY GARTER CO., [illegible]

New Orleans, U. S. A.

New York Sales Office

200 Fifth Ave

Men's Side Garter

Price 50c and 25c

How Neōlin Soles Cut Shoe Costs

(A Scotchman's experience)

We take pleasure in here printing the amusing and instructive letter of a Scotchman, who, intending the highest praise of Neōlin Soles, complains that they outlast his uppers. Here is his letter:

6th April, 1917

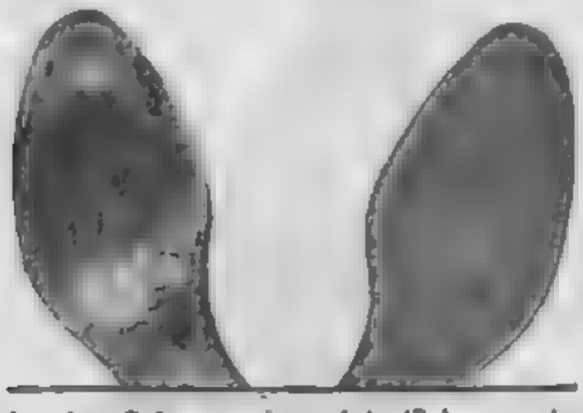
"Gentlemen:

"I am a Scotchman and therefore presumably economical. In the early summer last year I noticed with interest four advertisements of Neōlin. In June last I got a pair of shoes soled with Neōlin and am sorry I did so, for now after continuous daily wear I have a perfectly good pair of soles, but the shoes are worn until I can no longer use them. As I said at the beginning, I am Scotch, and it vexes my economical soul not to be able to use your Neōlin Soles any longer—on this pair of shoes."

Yours truly,
(Signed) (Mr.) N. Ireland,
90 Wadsworth Ave., New York City

Mr. Ireland, we thank you! You illustrate in the most picturesque possible way the solid and tremendous wear-value yielded by Neōlin Soles. You may be glad to know that you are not alone. Other Neōlin wearers have made the same encouraging discovery. For it is no extraordinary thing for Neōlin Soles to outwear their uppers.

Just to show you that you have companions: Miss



Leather Sole wore through in 47 days on the right foot.
Neōlin Sole wore one-third through in 47 days on left foot of experimenter.

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg U S. Pat Off

Better than Leather

Continued from preceding page

Marion Connolly of Elmhurst, L. I., says under date of June 2nd, 1917:

"On the last pair of shoes which I bought, the Neōlin Soles outlasted the uppers."

Mr. Thomas Moore, of Moore & Krom, 135 West 35th St., Los Angeles, says:

"I am using my second pair of Neōlin Soles. Not on the same shoes, however. Judging by the wear they are giving, I think no shoe will live long enough to be graced with a second Neōlin Sole."

Such letters certainly emphasize strongly one very significant fact. Think a moment: Where is the sole today quite like a Neōlin Sole? Or where is the sole but Neōlin which shows instances where, like Mr. Ireland, the user has been unable to wear it out?

So, Mr. Ireland, do not repine. Rather, congratulate yourself that your uppers go out of commission before your Neōlin Soles do. For without them your shoes would have been thrown away long since. Ordinary shoes don't stand more than two re-solings. Whereas your Neōlin Soles probably stood you in the wear of three leather re-solings. And therefore saved you the cost of a new pair of shoes.

* * *

Neōlin Soles are synthetic soles. They are not substitutes for, but are superior to, sole-leather. Because they wear more dependably. Because they are foot-easier and far more flexible. And because they are waterproof and sure-treaded on slippery sidewalks.

And Neōlin Soles are not rubber or yet near-rubber. They are lighter than rubber. They won't crack or warp like rubber. Or draw the feet like rubber. They are all-season, all-weather shoe soles for every-day use and are for men—and women—and children.

Look for the name Neōlin to protect yourself from quickly deteriorating substitutes. *Mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Better than Leather

Neōlin Sole, to the left, wore one-sixth through on the right foot.

Leather Sole, to the right, wore clean through on the left foot of same experimenter.

Insurance will not do everything—

Insurance cannot finish out your motor trip when the car burns

—or lighten hardships when your home is destroyed

—or indemnify you against a bad gap in shipments when your factory is gutted.

Insurance you need, of course, to protect you from financial loss. But don't stop there. Equip your home, your car, your factory, with Johns-Manville Fire Extinguishers, and be ready to master that first small blaze before it grows dangerous.

And insist on J-M, for it has one exclusive vital feature. You can discharge it either by pumping *or* by temporarily stored-up air pressure—and the latter method may save the day when you're up against a hard-to-get-at fire where there's no room to pump.

Examined, approved, and labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories—which means *15% reduction in automobile fire insurance premiums*, when your car is equipped with J-M.

To Distributors:

Ask for details of our liberal sales plan for jobbers and dealers.

Price, in *United States*, east of Colorado,

$10

Brass or nickel finish, bracket included, $10.50, Colorado and west.

Dominion of Canada:
$12.00 east of Calgary
$12.50 Calgary and west.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
NEW YORK CITY
10 Factories—Branches in 55 Large Cities

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

Johns-Manville Fire Extinguisher

(Continued from Page 43)

We now had our twenty days' rations saved up and took turns sitting up at night awaiting our chance. We spent two months in this manner, watching the wire and the sentries. But no opportunity offered. There were too many sentries, too many dogs and the laager was always too well lighted. So we determined to volunteer for work, figuring that they were so short of men that they would not lightly refuse us. It so happened that ten men were asked for that Saturday to hoe turnips on a near-by farm. The pay was thirty pfennigs—or six cents—a day. We volunteered and were accepted without cavil. They thought our spirit gone and that we had accepted the inevitable. We reasoned that if we worked hard while we studied the lay of the land we might be asked for again, could go prepared and make a break for it.

And so it fell out. We worked hard all that day, at the same time impressing the topography of the country upon our minds. At the close of the day we were taken to the farm for our supper of potatoes and buttermilk and then marched off to the laager, four miles distant. On the following Monday we were ordered to go out to the same place. Unfortunately we could not take our store of food. Its bulk would have meant our detection. In addition to the equipment already mentioned I carried two packages of tobacco, a shaving brush and a box of matches. Simonds had a terrible razor that would not shave, four boxes of matches and a small piece of soap. These were all our worldly possessions. It will be seen that, true to our British tradition, the shaving outfit constituted the most formidable part of our impedimenta.

We worked all day. And so did the rain. We knocked off for supper at eight o'clock. The three guards escorted us to the farmhouse, but after locking the front door went into an adjoining room with the farmer for their own meal. The back door was forgotten. We were famished, so fell to on the supper of buttermilk and potatoes. I finished first and strolled lazily over to the door. Besides Simonds, there were seven Frenchmen and an Englishman, all of them still at table and none of whom were aware of our plans. I carelessly opened the door and stood on the sill a moment. Still pouring. "Come here, Simonds, and see this. We're going to get wet before we get back." Simonds shoved his chair back and joined me. We both stepped outside and gently shut the door.

The Pursuit

Once more we were on our way. We found ourselves at the edge of the village in which the farmers hereabouts had their homes. We worked our way carefully round the outskirts and made for a bit of a wood a mile and a half away. We were only half way to our objective when the village bells began to ring. When the deep baying of the dogs joined in we said "Ataboy!" cast aside all concealment and began to run for it. We reached the wood safely enough, but it turned out to be only a thin fringe of trees offering no concealment whatever. We dashed through them. On the other side a village opened up. Back to the wedge of wood we went. A good-sized ditch with a foot or so of water in it ran along the edge of the wood. Its sides were covered with heather, which drooped far down into the water. Pitch darkness would not come until ten o'clock. We flung ourselves into it after first shoving the tin box containing our precious matches into the heather above. During the intervening two hours we lay on our backs in the water with only the smallest possible portion of our faces projecting. Once the guard jumped over the ditch less than four yards away. We suffered intensely. Though it was late August, the water was very cold.

When things had become quiet and daylight had passed we withdrew ourselves from the muck, and after rubbing our numbed bodies to restore the circulation struck out across the country, intent on shoving as much distance as possible between ourselves and the camp before another day rolled round. We knew that the alarm would be out and the whole country roused, with every man's hand against us. We were getting used to that. I for one had determined not to be taken alive this time. But I certainly did not want to be put to the test. So we plowed our way through oat and rye fields and over and through ditches—many of them. Once we stripped our soggy clothes off to swim a river that faced us. In no place did the water come above our knees, but what it lacked in depth it made up for in coldness. We saw none of the humor in that, so we cursed it and stumbled on, two very tired men. We pulled handfuls of oats and chewed dryly on these as we plunged up to our waists through the crops. We reckoned that we had made thirty miles by morning and apparently had outdistanced our pursuers.

Parniewinkel lay forty to fifty miles northeast of Bremen, which in turn was one hundred and fifty miles from the Holland border. We reckoned on having to walk double that in covering the stretch, and figured on twenty-one days for the trip.

My diary for that day, August 22, 1916, reads: "Still raining. Soaked and cold. Breakfast, dinner and supper: turnips and oats." The night was a repetition of the preceding one, and made worse by the number of small swamps we had to struggle through. The next day's diary reads: "Rain stopped and not so cold. Fair cover; still soaked but confident."

A Narrow Escape

We had our first narrow escape that day. We were lying in the corner of a hedge. It was so misty as to give almost the effect of night, but so long past day as to make traveling unduly dangerous. When the mist lifted we found ourselves within fifty yards of a thickly populated village with just a narrow strip of field between. This was about three o'clock. An old man followed by a dog made straight for us. I had just come off the watch, which we took turn about. Simonds whistled cautiously to me, the very sound a warning to be quiet. The old man wandered along the hedge and stood over him for several minutes. He lay motionless for fear of the dog. A blow would have sufficed for the old man. The meals for that day were peas and oats.

For August twenty-fourth the diary reads: "Very hard night. Crossed about five kilometers of swamps and numerous canals. Bad accident. Clothes went to the bottom, but recovered. We are soaked, as usual, and only made about eleven kilometers. Are outside town of Bremen. Cover very poor. Meals for the day: Nix. Still confident." The cover ranked before the food as an item of interest to us. Knowing the general direction of Bremen from the camp, and that it was much the largest town in the vicinity, we experienced no difficulty in locating it by the reflection of its lights against the sky.

"August twenty-fifth: More rain and cold. Hiding on the bank of the Weser. Better ground last night. Going to look for boat to-night. River two hundred yards broad. Socks played out. Made pair out of a shirt. Met a cow. Meals for day: turnips, carrots and milk."

"August twenty-seventh: Rain left off. Trying to dry ourselves in sun. Had a hard night keeping clear of town. Good cover in a wood. Meals: turnips and another obliging cow. Feet pretty sore. No socks. Still in the best otherwise."

The town in question was the second one we passed after leaving Bremen. We saw the reflection of its lights in the sky and thought that we should easily miss it. But suddenly from some high ground we found ourselves working directly down on the streets so close below us that we could discern people going to and fro. We turned and fled.

Swinging well round to the south we thought at last to clear the town easily, instead of which we again came up against it, in the outskirts this time. And we repeated that disheartening performance a couple of times before we cleared the obstacle and once more swung on our way.

On the following morning we met with our second narrow escape, under much the same circumstances as the first. We had crawled into a hedge toward the heel of the night, and rather earlier than usual on account of a thick mist which prevented us from holding to our course. When it lifted we made out the slope of a house roof shoving itself out of the gray fog directly in front of us. The hedge divided two fields, in both of which laborers were already cutting the crops. In the hedge on each side of us were gateways so close together that when, as occasionally happened, people passed through one we were forced to crawl up to the other to avoid detection. We had done so again when without warning a drover came plodding up behind his sheep. We had no time in which to go back up the hedge. The sheep crowded from the rear and overflowed at the narrow gateway into the hedge

where we lay and so ran over our bodies. We remained quiet, thinking he would pass on; but what with the frightened actions of his sheep and the yelping of the dog his attention was inevitably attracted to the spot where we lay. He came over, looked down at us, but said nothing and stalked on. We were uncertain as to whether he had seen us or not. Numerous incidents of a similar nature had made us overconfident. We had previously escaped detection in some very tight corners by simply lying quiet. Casual travelers had all but walked on us upon several occasions, and at night we ourselves passed many people and thought nothing of it.

A moment later the shepherd walked off directly toward the laborers, glancing back over his shoulder at us. As he did so we struck out at once, before the crowd could gather. We had, at the beginning of this, our third escape, agreed not to be taken alive to go through a repetition of the torture of mind and body which we had already undergone, and perhaps for this time worse. And it was understood that if one played out the other would carry on. Each of us had a stout club and could have made a tidy fight.

Concealment was useless and, furthermore, impossible. We passed close by a group of the harvesters and headed for a wood that lay on the other side of them. They could not mistake either the vermilion circles on our khaki tunics, faded though they were, nor our wild and dilapidated appearance, which was not made more reassuring by the clubs we carried. Glancing back, we saw them gathering hurriedly in little knots.

We reached the wood, flung ourselves down and watched them until dark, during which time they made no attempt to follow us. Nor did we see any sign of other pursuers, though we kept on the *qui vive* all night as we trudged through the interminable fields, forcing our way through tight hedges and plunging waist deep into the water of the small canals.

Weather Bad, but Hopes High

The only roads we habitually used were side ones, and especially did we avoid any with telegraph wires which might be used against us. It was a flat and swampy country, full of mist, and the nights were few in which it did not rain. And we were always very wet and very cold. The latter was worse than the lack of food. Sometimes we struggled for hours at a time knee-deep in desolate stretches of mist-covered morasses which gave no promise of firm footing and which often dropped us in to the waist instead. In addition, the country was cut up by numerous small ditches, six to eight feet wide, which along toward morning presented so much of an effort in the jumping that we usually plunged into the water by preference. Our feet were adding to our misery by this time. On one occasion, as we dragged ourselves out of the water, two dogs came rushing at us and then followed, yelping. It was nearly daylight and a woman came down to see what was going on. We remained motionless near a hedge. She failed to see us, which was good luck.

"August thirtieth: Rain, thunder and lightning most of last night. Got a bit of shelter in a cowshed in a field. We are wet and cold as usual, with no sun to dry. Fair cover in a small wood. Going good last night. Haven't struck the Hustre yet. Meals: green apples and brambles. Feet pretty sore. Made a needle out of wood and did a bit of sewing. Best of health."

We had been plowing through the mist, confused by it and the numerous hedges, when at the side of a small field we had run into this cowshed, a tumbledown affair of sods, caved in at the sides and partly covered by a thatched roof. We built up the side from which the wind came the worst, hung a rotting canvas we found at the other end and then snuggled up together to swap warmth.

The mist had scarcely lifted when we heard a slight noise. We looked up. A woman was at the entrance to our hovel looking down full at us. She turned and walked away. We rose, still dazed with sleep, and found that we were quite close to a farmhouse which we had failed to observe before, owing to the mist, and from which our visitor had evidently observed the result of our building operations. "She saw us," I said, and we regretted not having seized her. She appeared to be signaling.

A good-sized wood lay well up ahead. "Come on," I said. "Let's beat it. We can handle a few of 'em better than the whole mob." We could see the farm laborers gathering in a knot. The rain came on just then and perhaps assisted in dampening their ardor. At any rate they did not follow us into the wood. We spent rather an uneasy time though when, late that day, some hunters approached our hiding place in a clump of bushes and for half an hour shot their fowling pieces off all round where we lay.

"August thirty-first: Not much rain but very cold. Too dark to travel last night. No stars out to go by. Crossed the river this morning at last. Good cover in bushes. Feet are badly peeled. Hope for better luck to-night. Meals: apples and turnips. Cold and rain is putting us in bad state. But still confident." We were daily growing weaker and prayed only that our strength would last to put us over the border.

"September second: No rain, but cold out of the sun. Pretty fair going last night. Feet still sore. Cover on straw stack in middle of field. Warmer than the woods. Zeppelin just passed overhead going north. Meals: turnips, carrots, apples and peas."

"September third: Fine weather. Good going last night. Feet still pretty bad. Had to cut my boots. Fine cover in the wood. Meals: baked potatoes. Feel fuller." This was our first cooked meal.

On the Home Stretch

On the evening of this day we walked out to the edge of the wood we were in and stood there sizing up the near-by village. It was about seven o'clock and wanted about an hour to darkness and our usual time for hitting the trail. Without any warning a burly farmer confronted us. He was as badly startled as we were. Our remnants of painted uniforms, our ragged, soaked and generally filthy condition no doubt added to our terrible appearance. We had long since lost our caps and our hair was matted like a dog's. The German was armed, however, with a double-barreled shotgun, and at his heels a powerful-looking dog showed his teeth to us, so that I marked the red of his tongue. If he raised the alarm we were done for. We still had our cudgels.

I do not know whose was the offensive. But I do know that the three of us came together with one accord in a wild and terrible medley of oaths in two languages and of murderous blows that beat like flails at the threshing. Simonds and I struggled for the gun which he tried so hard to turn on us, the dog meanwhile sinking its teeth deep in our unprotected legs and leaping vainly at our throats while we felt with clutching fingers for his master's, intent only that he should not shout.

In those mad moments there sped through our brains the reel of that whole horrid film of fifteen months' torture of mind and body; the pale, blood-covered faces of our murdered comrades of the regiment, the cries of those patient Russians behind the trees, and our own slow and deadly starvation and planned mistreatment. All these, and God only knows what else, would be ours again if we should be recaptured.

We were near to Holland. In fancy and by contrast we saw the fair English fields and the rolling beauty that is Ontario's, and we heard the good English tongue and saw the dear faces of our own folk. We bore the farmer no ill will. And his dog was to the last a very faithful animal, as our clothes and limbs bore true witness. We had no ropes. And we were two very desperate men, badly put upon.

We dropped his gun in the bushes and passed on. It had not been fired and we had no desire to have the charge of carrying firearms added to the others against us if, in spite of all, we should be so unfortunate as to be recaptured.

"September eighth: Lovely weather today. Good going last night in small swamp. Good cover in a forest on the banks of the Ems. We will try to cross to-night. Meals: potatoes and mangels. Our final try for liberty. Feel good for it."

We had arrived at the river at two o'clock that morning, too played out to attempt the crossing then. We retraced our steps to a potato field, dug some of the tubers and, when daylight came, lit a fire and roasted them. We were in a dense forest of young trees. By lighting the fire before the mist lifted the latter hid our smoke. We remained unperceived, though we could hear voices and footsteps on every side.

We went down to the river shortly before dusk to survey it and found it both broad

(Continued on Page 50)

Outguessing the flying disc—

There's always an uncertainty about trapshooting. That's what makes it such good sport.

Today you can hit anything, while tomorrow the conditions may be a bit changed and you will shoot like a novice.

The great fascination of trapshooting is that you are never actually shooting at the target; you shoot where you think the target *will* be.

It is this *judging* where the clay pigeon will be and the *timing* of your shot that makes the sport exciting. There's something about it that gets right into you when you shoot.

Easy to "get onto"

At the traps you always find an "old hand" glad to stand by and coach you while you shoot your first string. You will soon "get onto" the flying targets. In trapshooting you don't aim as you do in shooting at a fixed target. You just keep your eye on that little flying "bird" and your gun instinctively follows into line.

Once you fit a Winchester to your shoulder and "get onto" the flying target you are a confirmed trapshooter. You will be surprised, too, at the amount of fun you can get for the money.

People are daily coming to realize the genuine recreation that trapshooting offers. Every day new trapshooting clubs are springing up all over the country.

There is undoubtedly a club in your own neighborhood where you can start right in. But if the trapshooters in your neighborhood haven't organized yet, write to us and we will help get the club started. While you are making arrangements for a permanent club you can use a hand-trap to practice up with—inexpensive but good sport.

Starting the sport right—the gun to use

To start trapshooting right it is most important to get the right sort of gun.

To handle well, and permit quick and accurate pointing, a gun must be properly balanced. It must not be muzzle-heavy or have too much of its weight in the breech or in the stock.

The choice of those who know

On account of its safety, strength, lightness and balance, the beauty of its lines, the mechanical correctness of its design, the Winchester shotgun has been classed by critical experts "The Perfect Gun." It is the choice of trapshooters the country over. Its action is smooth and sure and its ejection positive.

The Winchester shotgun is made in both the hammer and hammerless models. The Model 12, hammerless, is made in the standard 12 and 16 gauges and also in the lighter 20 gauge—more popular with women and new shooters because of its lightness and very slight recoil. The ammunition for the 20 gauge gun costs less.

Model 97, 12 and 16 gauge, is made for those who prefer a slide forearm repeating gun with a hammer. It is practically the same as the Model 12 but with hammer action.

What the name "Winchester" means

The Winchester Company makes a gun that cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer.

No Winchester barrel varies one one thousandth of an inch from a straight line, or one one thousandth of an inch in thickness or diameter. Winchester craftsmanship is based on fine watch makers' standards.

Every gun or rifle that bears the name "Winchester" is fired over fifty times with excess loads for strength, smooth action, and accuracy.

All Winchester barrels are finished by the Bennett process which gives the barrel a finish that lasts a lifetime; hard to scratch and resists rust. All the color and gloss is in the metal itself—there is no artificial coating used.

The same care that is taken with Winchester guns is taken in making Winchester ammunition. The two are made for each other.

This care in manufacturing explains why Winchesters are used by expert shooters everywhere.

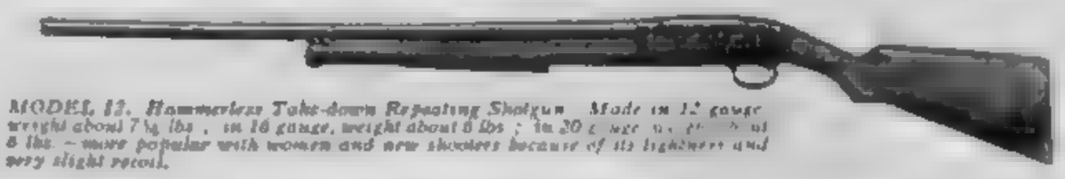
Write for the Winchester catalog

For more detailed description of these guns ask your dealer for the new 1917 Winchester catalog, or send direct to us for it.

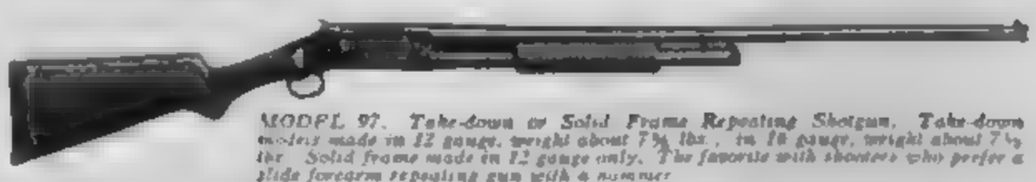
We have prepared an interesting illustrated booklet on the Sport of Trapshooting. Your dealer can supply you with one, or we will send you a copy free upon request.

Find out about trapshooting at once. Go out to the club next Saturday and get started.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO
Dept. 50 New Haven, Conn.



MODEL 12. Hammerless Take-down Repeating Shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 8 lbs.; in 20 gauge, weight about 6 lbs.—more popular with women and new shooters because of its lightness and very slight recoil.



MODEL 97. Take-down or Solid Frame Repeating Shotgun. Take-down models made in 12 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs. Solid frame made in 12 gauge only. The favorite with shooters who prefer a slide forearm repeating gun with a hammer.

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

Firestone

"Riding on Firestone Tires is the next best thing to flying"—say many motorists.

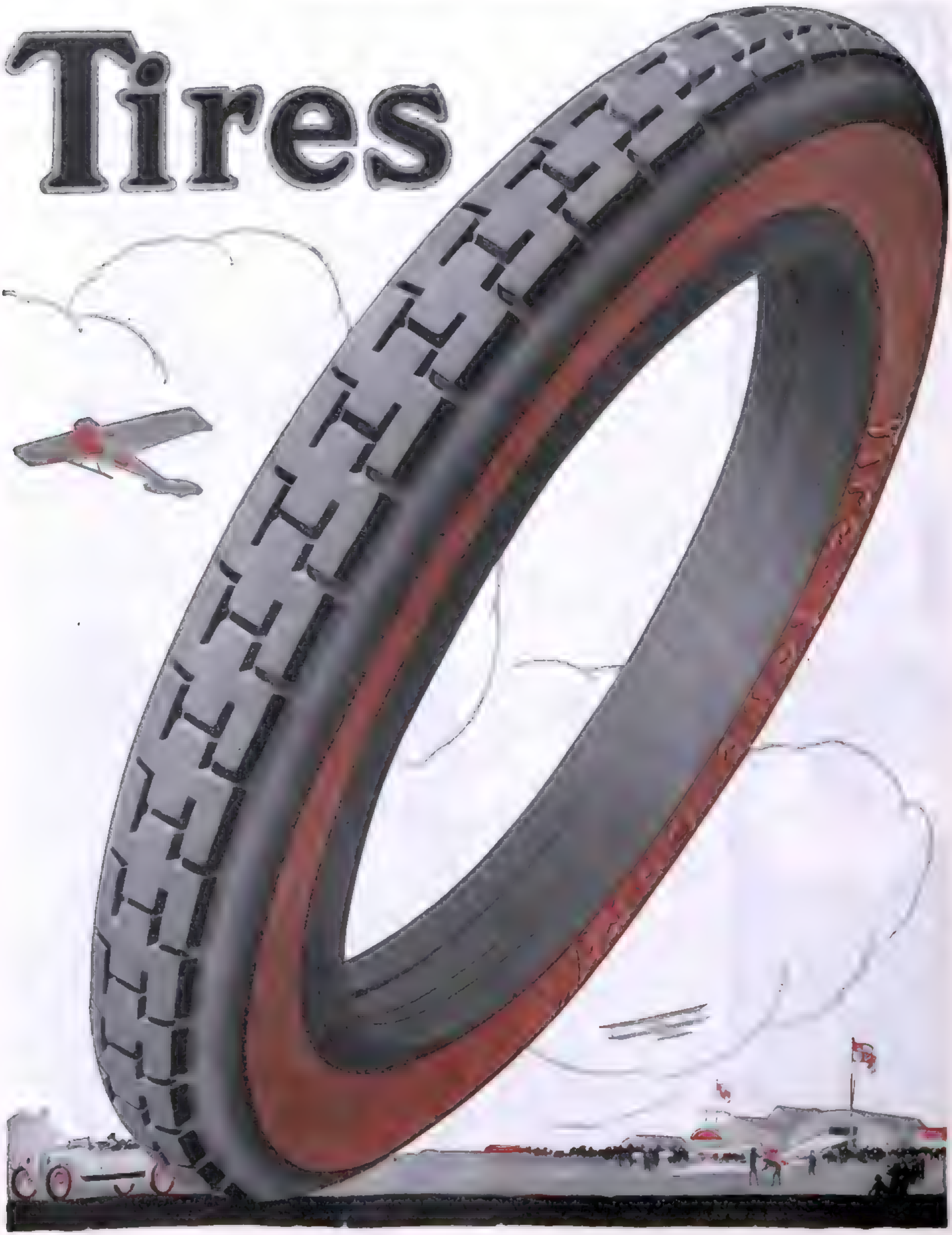
The road may be unfamiliar, the distances uncharted, yet on Firestone Tires you skim along with buoyant ease, care-free, confident.

Firestone Cord Tires run with the least possible road friction. Flexible, yielding and of extra size, they seem almost to spurn the ground, affording cushioned luxury of riding.

This give under sudden impact is an important factor in the long life of Firestone Cord Tires. Shocks and jars are not only reduced to the minimum, but the danger of blow-out is averted and delays materially avoided.

Your dealer and the nearest Firestone branch unite to give you the maximum of prompt, economical service.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere


Tires

ICY-HOT

Bottles
Carafes
Pitchers
Jars, Etc.
Keep Contents Cold
72 hours, Hot 24 Hours

"Icy-Hots" are the peer of all vacuum bottles. Temperature of contents can not be affected by outside air. Bottle protected against breakage. Absolutely sanitary. Easily taken apart. Easy to clean.

Pitcher 870

Bottle 23

For the Soldier

Give him an "Icy-Hot." It will give him comfort. It may save his life. 600,000 in use in British Army. Soldiers' Icy-Hot Bottle No. 23. Price $2 prepaid.

Special ICY-HOT Lunch Kit

Improved Model No. 381. Light weight, black enamel metal case, leather handle. Complete with No. 43D Bottle having nickel shoulder and drinking cup. $3.00 prepaid.

Lunch Kit 381

Ask Your Dealer

Look for the name "Icy-Hot" on Bottom—Accept No Substitute. Sold by Jewelers, Druggists, Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers and Department Stores.

Send Now for our new Catalog No. 25 showing "Icy-Hots" from $1.50 and up.

Icy-Hot Bottle Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dept. B

Bottle 22

Jar 241

Swinging Carafe 585

Carafe 513

FREEDOM the new

FREEDOM

SLIDEWELL
ARLEE
COLLAR

Designed with modified Curves to prevent Cutting of the Shirt over the Shoulders

Hall Hartwell & Co. Makers, Troy, N.Y.

RAT CORN

Kills Rats and Mice — Harmless to Humans

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
Actual search free. Send sketch or model. 90-page 1917 Edition Patent Book free.
GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 311 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for list of inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 47)

and swift. We went back again and tore a gate from its hinges, carried it the five hundred yards down to the river and then stripped for the crossing. The gate was not big enough to carry us but answered for our clothes. Simonds swam ahead, guiding it while I shoved from behind. We made the crossing without mishap and straightway fell into one of the worst experiences of the trip. We plunged into a swamp which took us five hours to get through. There were moments when we all but gave up. We thought we should never get out. At times we sank in it up to our waists, particularly after leaping at the numerous tufts of grass that seemed to promise a footing which they never realized and which sometimes sent us in it to the armpits so that we were sure we were doomed to be sucked down for good in the filthy mess. And the fearful odor that our plunging round stirred up naturally aided our nervous imaginings.

A dull anger took possession of us at the thought of so inglorious an end after all that we had suffered to attain our freedom.

We soon discovered an apple orchard in which the fruit was ripe. All the apples we had had up to date had been of the small green variety. And even they, with the occasional milk, represented our all of luxury, so that these seemed the food of the gods. So we proceeded to fill up. After eating all that we thought we could, we filled our pockets until they bulged, and started off, each carrying an armful of the fruit. At every step we dropped some. We stopped again and ate our surplus to make room. We refused to lose any of them. We came to a river, stripped, tied our clothes up in a bundle and proceeded to swim across, shoving the clothes ahead. I lost control of mine and they sank. I dived repeatedly in the darkness before I found them. The cargo of apples in the pockets made a bad matter worse. I should rather have drowned than lose my apples. The possible loss of the clothes worried us very little. We had already decided in that event to waylay some German Michael rather than to go naked into Holland. However, by alternately dragging the bundle behind and swimming on our backs with it held high on the chest with one hand, we made the crossing, apples and all.

We were sitting in the shadow deciding what next to do and wondering whether we were really over the border and if we could safely walk abroad, when we heard men walking toward us. We knew them to be Germans by the clank of the hobnailed boots which all our guards had worn. We had not a stitch on. The patrol of six men stopped within five yards of us. Our hearts were in our mouths. They passed on within five feet and did not see us. We dressed quickly and went on, only to find a canal, for which we had to strip again.

Safe Across the Border

Arriving at the other side we dressed in the shadow of the bank. We crawled to the top and plunged through the heather on to a road which we had almost crossed when there came a cry of "Halt!" The patrol must have been standing in the trees where we had broken out from the heather, and very quietly, too, for we had lain for five minutes to make certain that all was safe. Evidently we were on or near the border if the number of patrols was any indication. We were not certain whether these were Hollanders or Germans. We made one big buck jump. "Fire, Gridley, when ready!" I left the entire knee of one trousers leg on a clutching thorn. But the patrol did not fire.

And then another canal. "I'm fed up with swimming to-night."

"So am I," agreed Simonds. "There are houses over there. There must be a bridge."

We slunk along the bank and to our joy found a small bridge. We dashed across it and debouched safely into a tiny village. Here we saw a difference, especially in the houses and the roadway. It was in the very atmosphere, a result no doubt of instincts made keen by the hunted lives we had led. On either side the fields stretched out, criss-crossed by a perfect network of small canals and ditches, which also served as fences.

We knew we were in Holland.

We deemed it unwise to show ourselves as yet, distrusting the sympathies of the Hollanders and fearful that they might give us up. However, we took a chance and stuck to the road, a treat, indeed, after our weeks of traveling across country. This enabled us to shove thirty miles between us and Germany by morning.

It was not quite daylight when we espied a cow in a field at the roadside and gave chase. There was no other food in sight, so when our quarry threw up its tail and bounced off we set out grimly to run our breakfast down. It was half an hour later that we corralled it in a corner between two broad ditches and were already licking our chops in anticipation when we discovered that our cow was only a big heifer. Twenty-four hours earlier it would have been tragedy. As it was, we only laughed. Such is liberty.

At this distance from the border we felt that we were safe from the Germans but were very much afraid that we might be interned. So we holed up in a farmhouse that had been partly burned down and built a roaring fire out of the remains of the charred furniture, placed some of the potatoes that were lying about in the fire, made a rough bed and went to sleep. Awakening later in the day we raked the blackened potatoes out of the ashes and filled up on them. We were a fearful team; absolutely filthy, uncombed, unwashed, unshaven, and with the Russian's paint still thick upon us. Afterward we went down to the canal and endeavored to knock the worst of it off. I made out to shave Simonds. All danger was past now. We seemed to walk on air. We were once again British soldiers. And so fell to abuse of one another, finding fault and grousing as all good British soldiers do when they are well off. The terrible razor had never been sharp and lately had rusted from its travels. Simonds swore lustily and threatened me, ordering me at the same time in no uncertain terms to desist from the torture.

Barbarous Barbering

"Well, we want to go into Holland lookin' respectable. What'll they think of British soldiers if they see us? Have a heart!" I expostulated.

"Don't give a damn! I've had enough for being a Canadian, but I won't stand for this." I left him with his beard still on in patches and the bare spots bleeding angrily. He turned to me then. As I had already committed myself I had to bear in silence his purposely clumsy handling of that hacksaw. It was terrible, and Simonds, the scoundrel, laughed like a demon.

The diary summarizes the later events of that day:

"September tenth: Fine weather and in Holland. All our troubles are over. We struck a small town called Alboom where the people did everything they could for us. Plenty of food. Slept in a house!"

A man smoking a big pipe and wearing baggy breeches and wooden shoes came up and surveyed us with kindly amusement as Simonds scraped at me with infinite gusto. He was a Hollander; not a "Dutchman." We soon learned that the latter was a term of contempt applied by the farmer to the Germans.

I asked him for some tobacco, which he readily gave to us from a capacious pouch. He waved his pipe at us in friendly fashion and said something which we took to be a question as to our identity.

"English," we said, and in desperation turned to our scanty stock of French: "*Soldats; prisonniers.*"

"Engelsch!" he boomed. We nodded. He simply threw his arms round first one and then the other, upsetting as he did so the ashes from his pipe into my eyes. He lumbered off and shortly returned with a counterpart of himself. He talked rapidly to his companion and waved his pipe. We made out the words "Duitsch," "Engelsch," and enough of others to know that he was telling our tale as he imagined it.

Our fears coming uppermost, we gave voice to them: "Intern?"

"No intern. Engelsch." The other took up the cry: "Engelsch goot. Frient." However our suspicions would not down.

The first man pointed out to the canal where a barge lay and made us understand that it was his. He wanted us to work our passage on it down the canal with him. They invited us by signs to go on board the barge for breakfast, an invitation which we joyfully accepted. We rowed out to the barge and sat down in the tiny cabin. The meal was plain. On the center of the table was a loaf of brown bread, quite good enough it was true, but so reminiscent of the perennial black ration of the Germans that my gorge rose at the sight. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a white loaf on the shelf, the first in fifteen months. I caught Simonds eying it, and we exchanged guilty looks. I was ashamed to ask for it. They offered us the brown loaf and delicious coffee. I thought perhaps that if we exhausted the brown loaf the other might be forthcoming. I kicked Simonds in the shins and fell to on it and as opportunity offered thrust pieces in the pockets of my tunic until, to our relief, they brought out the white bread, which we devoured to the last crumb.

We filled our pipes in high contentment and went ashore where a procession of enthusiastic villagers waited to escort us to the village. Men, women and children, wooden shoes and all, there were four hundred of them. The men all shook hands with us. Some of the women cried. One white-haired old lady kissed us both. Some pressed money on us. The quaint little roly-poly children ran at our sides, a half dozen of them struggling to hold our fingers in their chubby fists.

The procession started off, the burgomaster leading, the two sailors and ourselves coming next. Someone behind dragged out a mouth organ and struck up Tipperary, and men, women and children all joined in. It was glorious. We sang, too, in English, and they in their tongue. It made no difference. We were happy.

Arriving at the village the burgomaster took us to his house and sat us down to a steaming breakfast, while a few of the chosen were invited in to watch us polish it off. The crowd remained outside, choking the road. Some of the bolder of the children crept slyly in the door, others peered shyly at us from the crack of it. And one little chap, braver than his comrades, clumped sturdily up to my knee, where he stood clutching it in round-eyed wonder and saying never a word for the rest of the meal, the envy of his mates.

Not until we had leaned back, not contented but ashamed to ask for more, did our hosts give vent to the curiosity that was eating into their vitals. An interpreter was found and they led us out to the road so that all might hear. The crowd flocked round while the officials questioned us. Many were the smothered interjections that went up from the men and exclamations of pity from the women as our tale unfolded. And the warm sympathy of their honest faces warmed our hearts like a good fire.

We started off on our triumphal course again. We were repeatedly invited into houses for something to eat. We accepted seven such breakfast invitations during the next two and a half hours and stopped only out of shame. We were still hungry. Everyone gave us cigars, immense things, which stuck out of every pocket and which we carried in bundles under our arms. There was no refusing them. They were the insignia of the entente. And the coffee! The good honest Holland coffee, with no acorns in it! I doubt if our starving bodies would have carried us many days more on the uncooked roots we had been living on. The motherly housewives, in their Grecian-like helmets of metal and glass that fit closely over their smoothed hair like skull-caps, bustled merrily about, intent only on replenishing our plates and cups, full of a tearful sympathy that was as welcome as their food.

Warm-Hearted Dutch Hospitality

Later in the day the officials took us to the police station at ——. We became very much alarmed again. They read our thoughts and a subdued murmur of "No intern, no intern," swelled up. The local burgomaster came to us. His first words, and in good English, too, were: "Have something to eat." We did. And then more cigars. The police were a splendid lot of men. They loaded us down with gifts and asked perfunctory questions for their records. One of them, H. Letema, of ——, took us to his home, where his comely wife and daughter loaded the table with good things while he brought out more cigars. He showed us to the bedroom before we understood where he was taking us. We refused, for reasons of a purely personal nature. "Nix," we said, and when he would not accept our refusal we tried it in Niederländer. "No, no." Still he persisted, and his good wife too. So we led him firmly aside and showed him the condition we were in. That convinced him. They appreciated that little touch and gave us a deep pile of blankets, flung down on three feet of sweet-smelling straw in an outhouse, where we slept as we had not slept for many months.

(Concluded on Page 53)

Why the woman likes it—
because it is easy to operate

The Electric

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

Largest In The World

The Auto-Lite Company makes more starting, lighting and ignition systems than any other concern in the world.

The complete service and satisfaction of our product has increased the demand for it until our production is now eighteen hundred systems a day. Quality started this demand and quality maintains it.

Auto-Lite experts originated and perfected the six volt principle now the world's standard.

Auto-Lite experts concentrate on one product only, thus quality is possible only through our highly specialized methods.

The uniform performance of every Auto-Lite system on every type of car leaves no doubt of its superiority.

Auto-Lite service stations dot the entire country, making possible a twenty-four hour mail order service everywhere.

See that the Auto-Lite system is on the next car you buy.

The Electric Auto-Lite Company

Head Office and Factory, Toledo, Ohio — Detroit Sales Office, 1507 Kresge Bldg.

Twenty Four Hour Mail Order Repair Service All over U.S.A.

Father made me Advertising Manager when he put me to work for the firm

THERE are a few men in the world who can run their finger over a sample of paper and say what it is worth.

They can tell you what half-tone screen will print to best advantage on it. They will tell you how many times it will fold without breaking, how much handling it will stand, whether a cord binding will hold, whether it will pull loose from wire staples, whether the coating will adhere or "pick off" and stick to the cuts.

I can't do these things.

So I looked around for a line of papers where the *name* of the paper would mean something.

I found what I wanted in the Warren Standards. I know that the Warren Standards are tested for the things I want to know about paper.

If I have halftones of fine screen to print, I know they will print perfectly on *Warren's Lustro*. I do not have to be lucky enough to get a good run of *Warren's Lustro*. The paper is standardized. If it's *Warren's Lustro* it's quality in everything—surface, finish, folding, printing, weight, thickness, and color are as standard as the gauge of American Railways.

On Warren Standard Paper, my booklets are not divided into good copies, fair copies, and poor copies. They are all good copies. My printer who recommends their use has his presses tuned up for them.

When you buy a Warren Standard Paper you know what you are getting.

When you become familiar with the Warren Standards, the right paper for the job you are contemplating automatically suggests itself to you.

You know *Warren's Cameo* already, I suppose. You know its dull, ivory-like surface. It is unglossed, yet it glorifies a halftone, and makes people who had never before known that type was beautiful, see beauty in a printed page.

Warren's Lustro I spoke of. It is a highly refined coated paper that reproduces engravings of the finest and most exacting detail with marvelous clearness and faithfulness. In color work it gives perfect reproductions of the engraver's proof, without taxing the ingenuity of the pressman.

Speaking of the pressman, I have yet to see a printer whose face did not light up when I mentioned *Warren's Cumberland Coated* for a large-edition run. Smooth, strong, pleasant to the hand, it treats your cuts handsomely, and is durable and substantial in the book that is to get much handling.

There is a distinction to a semi-dull coated paper like *Warren's Silkote* obtainable at a price no higher than a good glossy coated stock.

Warren's Printone, "better than Super, cheaper than Coated," has the smoothest surface obtainable in uncoated printing paper.

There are other Warren Standards for every printing use.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

Write for the 1917 Warren Suggestion Book

For one thing, it is not the kind of book you want to throw away, which is a factor to be considered in any kind of printed matter—your own, for example. You will want to keep it because it is a ready reference work on paper—on the kind of paper best suited to your engravings or the kind of engravings best suited to the paper you must buy. Write for the impressive 68-page book on your business letterhead, please. Being a limited edition, it can only be sent to printers, advertising and sales managers.

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY, 162 Devonshire Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Constant Excellence of Product—The Highest Type of Competition

(Concluded from Page 50)

In the morning Letema escorted us down to Aaschen, which was the nearest large town. Our day at Aaschen was a repetition of the previous one at Alboom and Borger, but on a grander scale. The ladies took us down to Rotterdam and did not leave us until they had turned us over to the British consul there, whose name I have forgotten but who, with the vice consul, Mr. Mueller, was very kind indeed; in fact, all whom we met, irrespective of their nationality, age or sex, placed us under eternal obligations to them. In particular Mr. Neilson, the rector of the English church and in charge of the Sailors' Institute there, seemed to live only for us.

We got away on the S. S. Grenadier on the sixteenth, and after hugging the length of the English Coast arrived safely at Newcastle-upon-Tyne on the eighteenth.

Here our troubles began.

Simonds and I were not permitted to leave the boat until the military came for us. So far so good. We were taken to the headquarters of the general officer commanding that district. He briefly examined us and good-naturedly gave us some money out of his own pocket and tickets to London, where we were ordered to report at the War Office.

Arriving in "The Smoke," as the army has named that city, we proceeded the next morning to 14 Downing Street and sent our names in to the official we had been directed to by the general. He was in mufti, whoever he was, and received us kindly enough. We were closely questioned about our experiences, particularly in relation to our guards, food, treatment, and so on. He also asked us as to the amount of sickness among the prisoners, the condition of the country, and so on.

Dismissed, we made a dash down past Big Ben and the Parliament Buildings for the Canadian Pay and Record Office, where at Millbank it overlooked the Thames. A sergeant took our names and after a time took us, too, in to the paymaster. Simonds drew his money without difficulty. I was told that I was dead and could get none until my identity was reëstablished. I protested. So much so in fact that I fully expected to land in the clink. No use. I was sent out on the street talking to myself.

A Touch for Twenty Quid

We next called on Lady Rivers-Bulkeley and Lady Drummond to thank them for the very great kindness of themselves and the Canadian Red Cross in sending us our parcels regularly, and without which we would assuredly have been too weak to have made our escape. Lady Farquhar, the wife of our late commanding officer, was out of town, so we did not see her, much as we desired to thank her for similar kindnesses.

Simonds was single. He was sent to Canada at once and was promptly discharged. I had a wife and family awaiting me there and I wanted badly to go to them by the next boat. My wife had been receiving letters from me during my fifteen months' imprisonment; she had regularly received her separation allowance; the Canadian Red Cross and many kind friends in London had been sending me prisoner-of-war parcels for a year; the authorities admitted my identity and my former comrades recognized me; I had fifteen months' pay at $1.10 a day, besides a subsistence allowance of sixty-five cents a day, coming to me and could not draw a cent of it. I was dead. And continued so for three months.

I went to the depot at Seaforth. I borrowed from my old friends. I hung round the pay office. The paymaster said I was not on the strength of the regiment. I was old soldier enough to profit by that calamity at least. I refused to attend roll call or do drills, fatigues, or any other part of my regimental duties other than certain interesting and thrice-daily rites not unconnected with the kitchen.

The paymaster fell sick. A young subaltern was acting for him. My sergeant pal tipped me off. As I have said, I was an old soldier with all that that implies. He marched me up to the officer, already more or less at sea about his new duties. I asked for money. He was aware of my history but not of the tangle I was in:

"How much?"

I wondered how much the traffic would bear.

"Twenty quid, sir," I ventured. He went up in the air.

"Impossible! I'll give you ten."

I O. K'd that before the words were out of his mouth. Fifty dollars is a whole lot of money to a soldier. He gave it to me with a pass for Scotland—where I had relatives—to which I had long been entitled but which had been useless to me as long as I had no money.

I quickly gathered my cronies together and we packed into the canteen to celebrate the occasion fittingly in the only fashion a good soldier knows, in army beer so thick and strong that the hops floated on the tops of the mess tins. While searching for the bottom of one of these I heard the orderly shouting: "Corporal Edwards, Corporal Edwards." The other men gathered round the corner while I scrunched down so that the orderly passed on and out still shouting my name.

I fled to the tent and was hastily getting my things together when a corporal came hot-foot saying that the officer wanted me at once. I went in, gave him my very best regimental salute and stood at attention.

"I find that you are not on the strength, corporal, and are not entitled to any money, so I'll trouble you to return that money I gave you."

"I'm sorry, sir," I said sadly, "but it's gone."

"Gone? How?"

"Debts, sir," I said firmly. "My mates have been keeping me going."

"Well, you must get it back from them at once and return it to me. It's most irregular. Push on now and see that you're back here in an hour's time with that money before those fellows spend it all in the canteen."

"Very good, sir." I gave him a smashing good *Augen Rechts* to cheer him up against the time he should discover I was well on my way to Scotland.

I did not return until I received notice that my regimental bones had been officially exhumed, after which I had no difficulty in getting my back pay and three months' furlough for Canada.

PUTTING THE RED CROSS ON A NEW WAR BASIS

(Continued from Page 4)

human element. Sheer raw numbers don't count at all—unless they are properly handled. A small team, well mobilized, gets better results than a big team, awkward and clumsy, that is always falling over its red tape. For it's results that count. And then there is the hurry element which must be considered. Goods must be supplied on schedule time. Excuses don't go. And the organization that has not speed, that cannot meet its contracts on time, is the organization that is going to the wall. These are general principles applicable to the conduct of all business enterprises, whether they be big charitable institutions or canning factories.

With these rules in mind, let us glance at the organization of the American Red Cross in the pre-war period of its activities. The first thing that strikes the attention is the presence of amateurs in control of the business of the organization, women who had no previous executive training. And they, in turn, often got their friends and their friends' friends into power. That was, of course, only natural and human, but its practical results were disastrous, and the consequences were confusion, bewilderment, overlapping of work, a big slackening down of speed, and a general sense of helplessness when confronted by an actual emergency.

Some of these untrained women, to be sure, displayed surprisingly shrewd business acumen once they were in the saddle, and the territories under their charge were excellently administered. But there was not enough team play when it came to working with other units or getting swift action from the overhead authorities. The big organization was bound hand and foot, like a prisoner, with red tape, and in order to get permission, even on unimportant details, one had to go round Robin Hood's barn, write a letter to Washington and wait for Washington to reply demanding further particulars; furnish the particulars and then again wait, and wait, and continue waiting—while Europe was sending anguished calls for help, not next week or next year but immediately; and the supplies were here in abundance and all ready, but stored in warehouses or piled upon piers awaiting transportation and orders from Washington to move.

At this point it must in justice be said that the problem of transportation in those days was an extremely knotty one; and if the independent organizations beat the Red Cross on speed, as they undoubtedly did, it was partly because the bulk of their supplies was so much less than the huge accumulated bulk of the Red Cross shipments that the steamship companies could handle the smaller orders but were obliged to postpone consideration of the larger ones. In other words, it was easier to find deck space for a single case than for an entire carload.

That explains the delays of the Red Cross in part, but not altogether. There was another factor involved. And that factor was the strongly centralized policy of the organization—the control of power by a few officers in Washington. Details that never should have come up to the main directing body had to be decided at the fountainhead. There was a certain holding on to authority, a rooted dislike to delegate powers, that is a salient characteristic of the old-fashioned, four-cylinder business organization of yesterday as contrasted with the powerful, high-geared organization of to-day that says, in effect, to its respective departments: "Now don't bring your little troubles up here to us. We've got worries of our own. That detail is your job. Handle it!"

And that delegated responsibility is based on excellent psychology, for it develops teamwork; it arouses the game spirit; it stimulates action all along the line. Whereas in the older form of organization the heads got brain fever working day and night over details, and there were constant tie-ups and blocks. A good mechanical analogy is the attempt to force a big volume of water through the narrow neck of a bottle. There is plenty of glug-glug-glugging, but not a vast deal of speed. Thus, when the American public criticized the Red Cross for its slowness, the public, in a great measure, was right.

Added to this, the Red Cross organization had achieved the reputation among women at large of being rather overbearing in spirit—which was decidedly an error of tact. It exuded, somehow or other, the impression that the Red Cross organization was It, and that merely to be allowed to work for It was a great and ineatimable privilege. And this spiritual arrogance, this tremendous certitude concerning its own peculiar sanctity and importance and place at the head of the procession—without regard to its actual achievement—was one of its chief stumblingblocks when it came to winning the great democratic heart of the American people. In short, the fine big ideal of human pity and love was by way of becoming hardened, professionalized.

Some of the defects of its teaching courses have already been mentioned in a previous article as being only remotely related to the present crisis; and the writer stated that the home-nursing course, in particular, did not adequately prepare a young woman for service as a volunteer nurse's aid in a surgical ward.

And now the cloud that rested upon the Red Cross organization during its pre-war activities is about accounted for, and we may sum up briefly its assets and liabilities. Its assets were as follows: A noble ideal and tradition of service; a constituency composed of every warm-hearted American citizen; a financial credit practically bottomless if handled with tact; and finally, an organization of faithful workers in every state in the Union. On the debit side of the balance sheet, its liabilities stood about as follows: A rather narrow, negative policy; a hard, tight, highly centralized and antiquated form of government, laborious in operation and overrun with red tape; a faculty for alienating popular good will; and a deficit of funds arising from all of these combined causes. A glance at the above statement reveals the fact that the assets are natural and intrinsic merits, like gold in a mine; and that the liabilities are artificial and removable, being chiefly defects of management.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

BLUE STREAKS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HERE are construction advantages that reach a new, high mark in motorcycle tire manufacture. You may point to them proudly in Goodyear's new Black Tread Blue Streaks—and *only* in these tires.

Wider breaker strip than ever before. This prevents tread separation and absorbs shocks. Treads that are tougher, thicker, and longer wearing. These mean extra mileage and an easier riding tire.

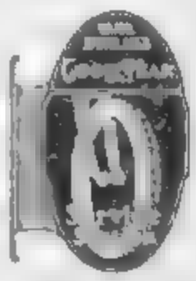
Thicker side walls. Carcass of extra high grade fabric—four-ply and *skim-coated* on one side. Skim-coated fabric combats fabric separation, which weakens the carcass and causes blow-outs.

Altogether a record-value tire with greater inbuilt mileage than you will find in any other tire.

No wonder Goodyear Blue Streaks are standard, original equipment for 1917 on all motorcycles made. And no wonder that Goodyear and the Goodyear Dealer are proud of them.

You, too, will be proud of them.

Buy Goodyear Black Tread Blue Streaks from the Goodyear Dealer in your town. And get Goodyear Tubes, too.



Service Station Sign of the Goodyear Dealer in Blue Streak Black Tread Motorcycle Tires and Goodyear Tubes. It will pay you to know him.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

A New Tube of Startling Quality

Guaranteed Tensile Strength 1½ Tons per Square Inch!

Pennsylvania
AUTO TUBES
"TON TESTED"

NOT "just another tube," but a tube revolutionary in quality improvements.

In announcing this new Tube, we emphasize that its super-qualities are based on actually new processes.

All the common forms of deterioration to which tubes are subject are eliminated.

The strength and resiliency of the Pennsylvania Tube defy the effects of friction and wear and tear of long service in the casing.

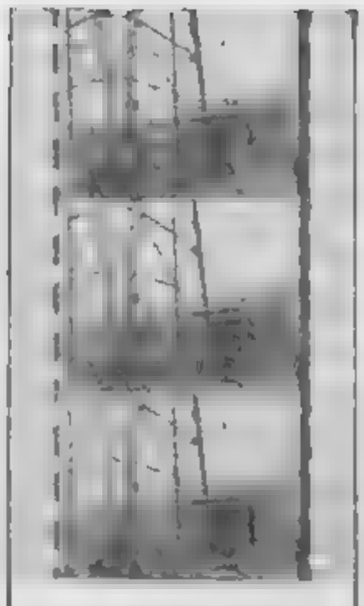
Alternating extremes of heating up and cooling down, however long continued, leave Pennsylvania Tubes entirely unaffected in service quality.

The "Ton Tested" Tube can be carried as a "spare" indefinitely without deteriorating, crazing, checking, or cracking.

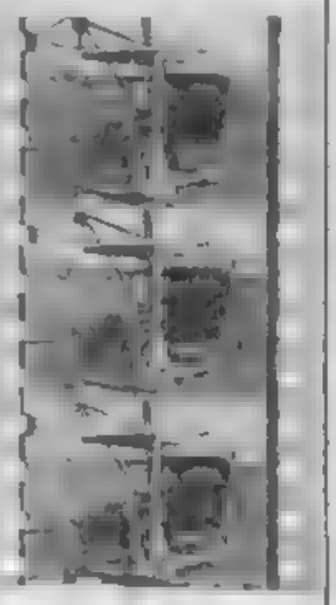
In addition to its other qualities, it is tear-resisting, full floating. Uniform quality throughout.

Enlargement of actual "movie" picture showing car and platform — total weight 2990 pounds — suspended in air by tube.

Enlargement showing tube adjusted ready for test.



Showing tube attached to tackle and car platform ready for test



Car and platform — total weight 2990 pounds — lifted clear from ground by tube

The tube at full stretch lifting car and platform

Jeannette Chamber of Commerce Committee examining tube after test and pronouncing it absolutely unharmed

Another Remarkable Pennsylvania Achievement

Of the many important contributions of the Pennsylvania Laboratories to automobile tire equipment, Pennsylvania Auto-Tube "Ton Tested" takes its place with the foremost.

It ranks with the famous Vacuum Cup Tires, giving the buyer and user a service combination that represents a far-reaching advance in rubber construction.

Now being distributed to the trade. User prices no higher than prevailing Pennsylvania Tube schedules.

DEALERS—Write for sample section and price list.

FREE Sample

[redacted]

Send for the above free sample of Pennsylvania Auto-Tube "Ton Tested" and test for yourself its great elasticity and tear-resisting qualities.

Moving Picture of Tube Lifting 2990 Pounds

Like all other Pennsylvania products, the Pennsylvania Auto-Tube "Ton Tested" was put to the most rigorous tests imaginable before being publicly announced.

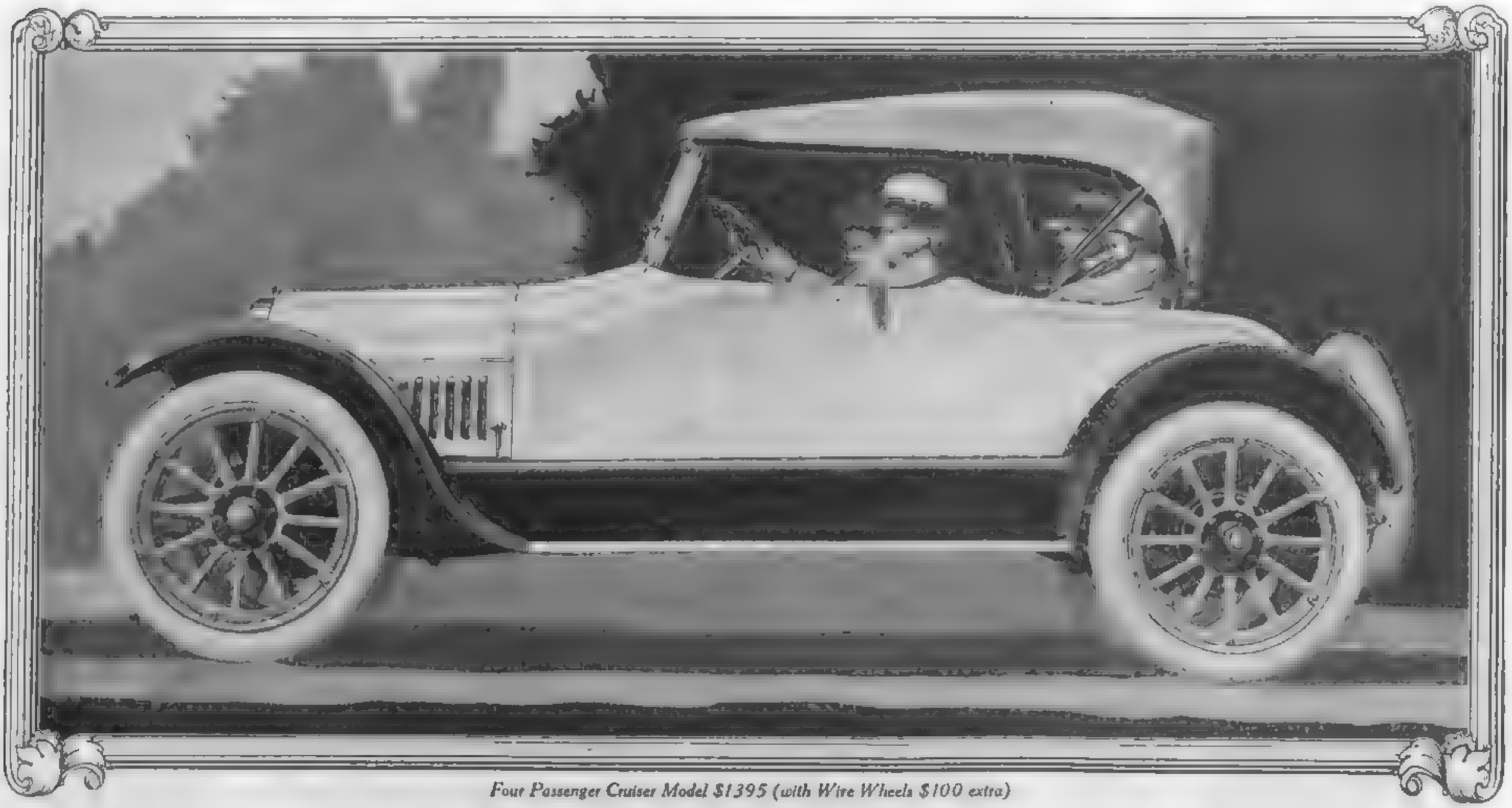
On April 26, before a Committee of the Jeannette Chamber of Commerce, a moving picture was taken of a *stock* 37 x 5 "Ton Tested" Tube lifting a five-passenger Dodge touring car on a specially constructed scaffold, by means of a windlass and tackle.

This test proved conclusively the remarkable elasticity and strength of this tube. Sections of the actual "movie" showing the tube at full stretch and *lifting a total weight of 2990 pounds*—car, 2460 pounds, scaffolding, 530 pounds—are reproduced on the right hand margin of this page.

The tube, at the conclusion of the test, resumed its normal shape and was critically examined by the Committee. It was found to be in absolutely perfect condition and ready for service.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, JEANNETTE, PA.

Direct factory branches and Service Agencies throughout the United States and Canada



Four Passenger Cruiser Model $1395 (with Wire Wheels $100 extra)

WHAT THE VALVE-IN-HEAD MEANS TO THE EIGHT

A NEW TRIUMPH has been written into automobile engineering history by the combination of the two great features of engine design—Valve-in-Head and the Eight. Heretofore the advantages of the silken-powered, flexible Eight were somewhat offset by additional gas consumption over fours and sixes. The Eight was not so accessible. Oiling the motor while running was more difficult than in the four or the six. It took almost an engineering miracle to give you in the Eight the fuel consumption of the four—its accessibility and oiling at high speed. But ingeniously combining the great Valve-in-Head principle with the Eight, the miracle has come in the Jackson Valve-in-Head Eight.

Its gas consumption of 17.7 miles to the gallon in owners' hands is better than most fours and sixes. Your foot throttle automatically regulates the oiling as you feed the gas. The higher the speed, the greater the oil flow to all moving motor parts. When idling the oil supply is automatically reduced. The accessibility of the Jackson Valve-in-Head Eight is as simple as the four. Everything is within easy reach. You can adjust all the valves in 12 minutes. Now—every reasonable excuse for not enjoying the advantages of the Eight is wiped out by the wonders of the Jackson Valve-in-Head Eight. A fifty million miles test—5000 Jackson cars averaging 10,000 miles—proved by astounding performances the success in combining the Valve-in-Head and the Eight. Jackson power was increased 20%. Do you know of any other motor of the same displacement or weight that gives—or claims to give—equal horse power? Its silk-like smoothness is almost uncanny for a piece of machinery. You can creep along at 1½ miles an hour in traffic in high. From a standing start you can speed up to 30 miles an hour in 7 seconds. Climbing a winding eight per cent grade over four city blocks, the Jackson Valve-in-Head Eight went over the top at 30 miles an hour in high.

Summed up—the Jackson Valve-in-Head Eight means emergency power; absence of gear shifting; ability to surmount anything; comfort in traffic and quiet, smooth going that leaves you without fatigue at the end of a 300-mile one-day trip.

The 5 Pass. Touring Model $1395

We also build 2 Pass. Roadster $1395
5 Pass. Springfield-Jackson Sedan $2095

Write for Book on Jackson Valve-in-Head Eight

See how the Jackson engineers have mastered this great engineering feat of combining the Eight with the Valve-in-Head principle. Read how the wonderful Eight construction, with its maximum flexibility, now has supreme power, and surprising economy.

***DEALERS:** We are now making territorial allotments for the 1918 season. Wire or write for reservations.*

Jackson Automobile Company **Dept. B.** **Jackson, Michigan**

Jackson VALVE-IN-HEAD EIGHT

No Hill too Steep—No Sand too Deep

DIVERSIFY, FERTILIZE, MOTORIZE, SPECIALIZE

(Concluded from Page 12)

who raises livestock and the forage and small grain needed to make a proper balance for the feed that cotton provides, is truly diversifying his crops, because the livestock will enable him constantly to increase his money crop—cotton—without robbing the soil.

Diversification in the Corn Belt means the growing of such grains as will grow and the raising of enough livestock to keep the main part of the farm in condition for producing big yields of corn. Nearly every agricultural product has a certain section of the country in which it can best be grown, and the laws of Nature should be closely followed. That land which is best suited to the growing of corn should be planted to corn; that land which will raise the best cotton should be used for that purpose; where Nature will produce the best potatoes is where man should plant them.

It will be a movement toward the solution of the food problem when the country in general realizes that the best crop of corn will be produced when the men best schooled in the lore of corn raising are placed on the land which is best fitted to raise corn, and when the best cotton growers are put to work on the best cotton land, and so on throughout the list of agricultural products.

Diversification, therefore, means regulation of the farm to produce the biggest possible crop of the product best suited to it, and to enable the marketing of that crop in the most advantageous manner.

How Fertilization Pays

The second ingredient in the formula for intensive farming is to fertilize. Fertilization dovetails with diversification. It is one of the principal objects of diversification. It produces bigger yields per acre, thereby reducing the cost of production per acre. It requires no more seed to raise one hundred bushels of corn on an acre of land than it does to raise thirty. Neither does it require appreciably more work. It is largely a matter of soil fertility. The soil that Nature suited for corn and that man properly prepares for corn will give a big yield of corn when the ill-suited, poorly prepared acre fails to pay for the labor on it.

Intelligent fertilization of properly chosen ground will result in larger crops, thereby reducing the cost of production, which will mean more food and lower prices for the consumer, and more profit for the producer.

I do not fear contradiction when I say that the problem in a nutshell is to provide a bigger profit for the producer, and lower prices for the consumer. How better can a bigger profit be assured than through the production of bigger crops at proportionately less cost?

That is what intelligent fertilization will accomplish. Livestock, fed on the farm, furnish the best means for securing fertilization, but they are not sufficient in themselves. Statistics prove that all the livestock in the country could not produce enough fertilizer to replace the plant-life elements taken out of the ground yearly in an agricultural state such as Iowa, for example. Commercial fertilizer is therefore a necessity, and the nation is fortunate in that great plants for the production of commercial fertilizer have been built and are hard at work preparing the materials necessary to maintain soil fertility.

The intelligent use of commercial fertilizer furnishes the answer to the oft-repeated question, "How has Germany managed to feed herself while surrounded by foes who have made every effort to cut off her food supply?" The Germans use great quantities of fertilizer, and the yields of the various staple crops are from two to three times as large as they are, per acre, in this country.

The motorizing of the farm is another measure that will reduce the cost of production. The farm tractor is therefore destined to be a factor in meeting the food situation. If intensive farming entails more labor, that additional labor must be performed by farm machinery, because the man power will not be available. Europe has been decisive in its recognition of the tractor. After years of refusal to stamp it O. K., because there still remained much to be desired in the development of the machines offered, the problems of the world war made it instantly apparent that motor tractors would have to be used while the development and improvement process goes on. Contracts for thousands upon thousands of tractors have been let, and the manufacturers are working to their capacities. More tractors must be turned out and the production must be intensified so that the supply can somewhere approximate the demand.

One or more tractors on every farm will help toward intensive farming and will help to solve the labor shortage problem.

Last, but far from least in the formula, comes specialization. The word is a comprehensive one, and I use it to mean the skillful application of those methods of farming that careful study and experience have demonstrated to be the best in each particular line. Each farmer should endeavor to acquaint himself with the last word in the business in which he is engaged. Farming, like every other line of human endeavor, is constantly undergoing changes with a view to improvement, and the farmer, like the merchant and the manufacturer, must consider himself still in school and still able to learn of methods that will enable him to do better farming.

The Toll of the Garbage Can

Progressive farmers are not slow in grasping and applying new ideas. There is need now that they adjust their methods faster than they have ever done before, and in this they should have the help of all the experts at the disposal of the Government and of all those who are connected with the agricultural institutions and the experiment stations.

By diversification, fertilization, motorization and specialization we can bring about a more intensive cultivation of the soil, with all the benefits that will accrue therefrom.

Chief among these benefits will be a new realization of the function of farming, and with this should come a back-to-the-farm movement that will solve for many years to come the problem of securing needed food supplies. When the farmer is more widely recognized as the benefactor he is, it will be easier to bring about a bettering of the conditions under which he lives and works. It seems to me a proper Government function to improve roads, provide better mail service and otherwise make life on the farm so attractive that migration will turn from the city back to the country.

Good roads and better conditions on the farm are in themselves big factors in solving some of the main problems of production and distribution that confront us as a nation.

Having assured bigger production through intensive farming and improved distribution, there remains only one other prime factor in the food problem. It has to do with the use of food in the home.

The American garbage can gets $700,000,000 worth of foodstuffs annually. That is an enormous waste and it must be stopped. The public press and leading magazines have given the matter considerable attention since the war broke out, and I am sure that a change is being effected. Conservation of food does not require that we go hungry or that we stint ourselves at the table. All that is necessary is that waste be eliminated. The need is that enough food be cooked—rather than too much—and that food be bought when needed and not permitted to lie round in the larder and spoil. In a word, the American housewife must recognize, as her husband is doing, that war demands efficiency and that waste is nothing less than inefficiency.

The Government has called us to war and rightly tells us that it is the patriotic duty of the young men to take the rifle and of the others to do their part in the various ways that exist. It would be a poor reward for patriotism if the Government failed to do its part in assuring food and reasonable prices to the people at home. Most of the actual work will have to be done by the people, but the Government must point the way and take the lead.

With the Government coöperating with producer and purveyor and with the consumers doing their share, the farms of America will provide the food that will keep our armies in the field and our civilians in plenty while the work of making the world safe for democracy is being carried to a successful conclusion.

Better Tubes That Serve More Ably

THE two all-important duties of an inner tube are to last long and to hold air.

We believe that Goodyear Tubes perform these duties more efficiently than any other tubes manufactured.

They last longer than ordinary tubes because they are built *thicker*, of better material, than ordinary tubes.

They hold air better than ordinary tubes because their perfected construction eliminates every chance for fault or flaw.

Goodyear Tubes are built up from many sheets of the finest rubber, vulcanized together into a perfect air-retaining unit.

This laminated construction guards against porosity, sand particles, defects of any kind.

Goodyear Tubes are made with the valve-patch vulcanized *in*—not stuck *on*.

They do not leak, seep or creep.

You should ask for Goodyear Tubes by *name*. Don't say merely, "Give me a Goodyear casing and tube." Say, rather, "Give me a Goodyear casing and a *Goodyear* tube."

Lower tire bills will reward you.

For sustained and severe service we recommend the Heavy Tourist type. They are especially thick and vigorous, a trifle higher-priced than other tubes—and *better*.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

In Ancient And

BACK in the dawn of history, the women of Greece and other lands sought advice of the Oracles. Why was the blight on the olive-trees? Will her man return from the wars? How could she become more beautiful? What will propitiate the gods that her baby may thrive? For even in those early days, when life's setting was simple, woman craved counsel on the problems intimately her own.

To the questions of these perplexed women of old, the priestess of the Oracle, delirious from inhaling the sacred vapor or eating laurel leaves, raved the cryptic answers of the jealous gods.

To-day, with the onward march of the centuries, knowledge has overcome superstition, the Oracles have disappeared, but with life grown more complex, women require and seek advice more than ever before.

This very day, ten thousand people are writing to Butterick (we receive 3,000,000 letters a year), and a great number of these are women asking expert advice of The Delineator. A few random questions from recent letters are printed on this page.

Questions, from the ridiculous to the sublime, reach us in every mail; questions requiring the knowledge of a child-specialist, of a lawyer, a chef or an architect; also questions from harassed women who need a sane, experienced friend to take them by the hand through some crisis in their lives. Progressive women at the head of households, whose task is all professions in one, ask our advice about the "industry of living." The perusal of

SOME QUESTIONS ASKED THE DELINEATOR

Is a performing dog taxable?
Can I extract a needle from my shoulder without an X-Ray?
Where can I learn lip-reading?
Should a guest invite her friends to call or leave this to hostess?
What is Plutarch's "Lives" worth?
Will you send me a menu for a canned-goods luncheon?
What shall we have to do in organizing our Housekeepers' League?
What is the address of the Junior Typewriter Company?
What is the social life at Bismarck, N. D.?
How can I get the life-history of William Morris?
Can you suggest a reliable architect for our $7,000 house?
Did my little girl get scarlet fever from an animal?
What hospitals have post-graduate courses?
Where can I learn beauty culture?
Where are saddle-horses registered?
Why does my baby cry so much?
How can I sell designing work made at home?
Where can I get a list of starchless foods?
Where can I secure metal casement windows?
Why should I continue to be miserable with a husband I loathe?
Where can I get the face powder mentioned in The Delineator?
What diet is advisable for a diabetic?
How can I obtain the companionship of a good man?
How can I keep my disease, tuberculosis, from spreading to others?
Have you a recipe for preserved citron?
How can I cure my little boy of stuttering?
How would my house look with a porch and a musicians' gallery?
Is semi-direct lighting advisable in a papered room?
How shall I support myself and boy?
Do you know of any exercises for tired eyes?
Is it good form to give my boy friend jewelry?
What are good hair tonics, cold-cream, etc.?
How can I start a boarding-place for dogs?
How can I find a sailor on a European ship?

SOME QUESTIONS ASKED THE DELINEATOR

What meaning has the design of my Russian pin?
Can I get a college education through correspondence?
Have you any information on negro slavery among Indians?
What shall I say about "New Orleans, Home of Grand Opera in America"?
How can I secure information about starting a kindergarten?
Who can I board with in Philadelphia?
What is the value of old steel-engravings?
What wedding favors shall I have?
Where can I get information on American philanthropies?
How can I get music published?
How can I make myself entertaining?
How shall I go about it to make my town cleaner?
How shall I treat my hair?
How can I sell a diamond ring for its real value?
Is elocution taught the way it was twenty years ago?
What Delineator contained chart telling what colors to wear?
What are good books on woman suffrage?
Shall I leave on my gloves at a reception?
Where can I start in as a sales-woman?
How shall I give a tea for my new daughter in law?
What are the laws on ownership of property in West Virginia?
When should I say "How do you do?" and "Hello!" and when merely nod?
How can I prevent mildew on books?
How can I capitalize my ideas?
How can I get Summer boarders on a farm, and at what rates?
What shall I say when leaving the home of my fiancée?
Where can I get a list of books for a boy?
How can I make my shop attractive?
Will you help me educate my daughters?
What is the history of The Delineator and how do you select stories?
How can I get an increase on my pension?
How can I reduce my weight?
How can I learn landscape-gardening?
What is the best vocation for my daughter?
Is there a biography of Cosmo Hamilton?

In Modern Times

SOME QUESTIONS ASKED THE DELINEATOR

How shall I, a new housekeeper, equip my kitchen?
Who is an expert on family trees?
Can you help me plan our new church?
What sort of traveling clothes shall I get?
Would you advise me to become a nurse?
How can I be a better wife to a good husband?
Have you any books on medical examination in schools?
What shall I write for a club paper on labor-saving devices?
Where can I get rice flour, and how do you use it?
Can I put a garage under my house?
How can I make my ranch insect-proof?
Will you give me information about F. Hopkinson Smith?
Will you help me select a vocation?
Where can I sell an old English dish?
What shall I wear as "Queen of the Fair"?
Can I add a breakfast alcove to my house?
What different work is a teacher fitted for?
How can I improve the exterior of my house?
Will you send me a book on problems of bad speech?
Will you select a raw food diet for me?
Have you any data for a club paper on making a city cleaner and healthier?
Why doesn't my baby gain more than a quarter of a pound a week?
Shall I make my dining room panels of oak or plaster?
Where can I get books on soul culture for a girl?
Is the early decay of babies' teeth due to some nutritive disturbance?

a single day's mail would be a revelation. In it will be found the perplexities, the tragedies, the comedies, the confidence and gratitude of so many lives.

In order to take care of this varied correspondence, The Delineator employs specialists to give information on every question that arises in a woman's life. Our organization represents a composite encyclopedia, hospital, rectory, law office, university and the house of a friend. Every letter receives an answer—not a vague, cryptic answer, but a personal, specific reply from an expert competent to advise.

Despite the fact that every issue of The Delineator contains more than a score of specialized departments, our readers are invited to ask us "any question under the sun" on which they feel the need of a personal answer.

The Delineator was the first magazine in the world to render such assistance to womankind. For half a century it has performed a service so varied and so intimate that in more than a million homes it is relied upon as a friend.

Welcome this helpful and entertaining friend to your home. Use the attached coupon now to subscribe for The Delineator.

SOME QUESTIONS ASKED THE DELINEATOR

What are good books for elderly men?
How is the minuet danced?
How shall I take up social service?
Where can I get a full grown collie dog?
What new work can a woman's club hold a fair or festival?
Have you any suggestions for building a group of workingmen's cottages of English type?
Where can I get information on "Our Governors and Their Function"?
How can I get books on opening a baby shop?
Have you the life of Julia Ward Howe?
What shall I do for my graying hair?
What are suitable books for a future Harvard student now aged four?
How shall I write a class history?
Have you information on training colic neurotic children?
Shall I send a gentleman friend a book for Christmas?
Who published "North of Boston"?
Which is the best vacuum-cleaner?
Where can I get papers on Latin America?
Who designed the Schwab residence?
How can I earn money designing?
Where can I get books on short-story writing?
How do girls' colleges rank?
How can I become a movie actress?
What shall I give my Sunday-school boys for Christmas?
How shall I entertain at a silver wedding?
Will you give me material for a debate on "Immigration"?
What should I feed my child at one year and later?
How is "Jacques" pronounced?

THE DELINEATOR

Butterick-Publisher

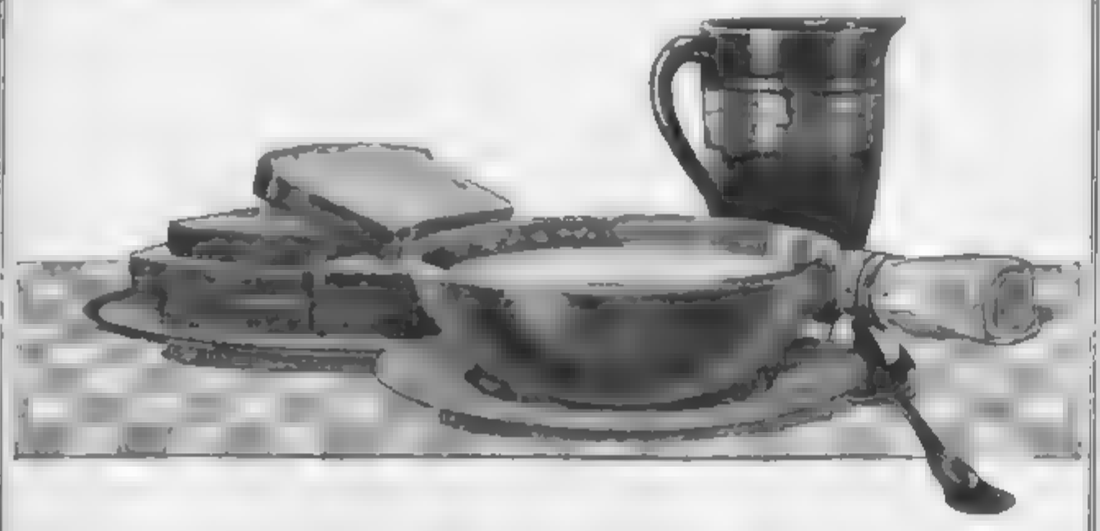
THE DELINEATOR F 1-14
New York City

Enclosed is $1.50. Please send *The Delineator* for one year to the address below.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____



The Milk Dish
As It Used to Be—And Now

Some of us remember well the old plaid table-cloth, the yellow bowl, the plate of bread. That was childhood's supper dish—the old-time bread-and-milk.

The milk is the same as it used to be. But the dish has changed, and the setting.

Instead of bread or crackers—made of white flour only—the modern mother prefers whole wheat.

Instead of soggy morsels we now have bubbles—flaky, crisp and toasted—puffed from grains of wheat.

We now have wheat grains steam exploded, puffed to eight times normal size. As light as fluff, fragile as a snowflake—with a fascinating flavor. Easily digested, because every food cell is broken. All because Prof. Anderson invented Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

In these new days serve new-time foods—these scientific grain foods. They are whole grains made wholly digestible. Puffed Wheat and milk, in good and goodness, is the supreme summer dish.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

These are all-day foods in August. Serve with sugar and cream, mix them with your berries. Use them for nut-like garnish on ice cream. Douse with melted butter for hungry children in the afternoon. Puffed Grains are clear nutriment. Every atom feeds. They are also food confections of the rarest sort. Keep all three kinds on hand.

With Berries

As Titbits

(1618)

WARRIORS ALL

(Concluded from Page 15)

Some of the soldiers had lined the top of the hill to watch the thing, and everybody in 'Frisco which had an auto, and knowed what was comin' off, was there too. It was some crowd!

Well, the bombardment of the fort with the smoke bombs begins and down in the valley that mob starts to go to it. Believe me, it not only looked like the real thing—it was better! The air is full of flyin' magnesium shells, red fire, bayonets, swords and all the other little details of a big-league battle. Why, alongside of this brawl the Battle of the Marne would of looked like a Fourth of July celebration at Pancake Crossin', Ia. We was all in there tryin', and Duke with his staff of directors is tearin' round the outskirts of the thing in autos, bawlin' orders through megaphones and carryin' extra camera men to take a few feet of somethin' that looked extra good and might be missed by the others. We had three aëroplanes in it, and Gerald and his gang was to charge the fort the minute they appeared over the field. That was to be the signal.

As Arline passed Gerald on her way to be locked in the fort he's busy explainin' to the horrible hundred just how they was to make this sensational dash to rescue her. He stands there, glitterin' like a jeweler's show window, wavin' his sword and goin' through the motions of the charge. Just as he mounts his horse Arline stops beside him. They was both outa camera range.

"Oh, my brave hero!" she sings out in a mockin' voice. "Oh, my courageous knight!" she goes on, puttin' her hands over her heart and rollin' her eyes. "Heaven send you back to me without a medal missing!"

With that she laughs long and hard—and walks on, still laughin' that giggle that had everything in it but fun.

Gerald shivers like he's standin' in a draft, and swings his horse round, waitin' for the signal to commence thrillin' the natives.

Now the orders was for these guys to charge right down the hill, into the side of the fort, and then as Gerald grabbed Arline on his horse they was to swing off to the right and dash head-on at a battery of four camera men. The picture on the screen would show a hundred mounted men comin' right at the audience at top speed, yellin' and carryin' on generally like fiends from Hades. It was guaranteed to give a thrill to the most hardened movie fan, and the success of the picture was banked on this finish.

The "aëros" come over the hill, just specks against the blue sky; and screamin' like lunatic devils, swingin' their long swords and makin' them horses do everything but fly, Gerald and his merry men come down that hill. It took 'em less than a minute to reach the bottom, and the crowd at the top is yellin', wavin' hats and handkerchiefs and goin' nutty with the pure thrill of the thing. They tore on over the flat, while we poured smoke bombs into them, without slackenin' a hoof. A dozen of 'em was supposed to fall off their horses like they'd been hit, as they swept through this shot and shell, and Eddie Duke swore like blazes as not a one of 'em left their saddles all the way over. Up the other hill, right at the fort they charged, and then—along comes Arline!

I don't know to this day how she come to do it, because not a bit of this was in the picture. She wasn't supposed to show as much as the top of her head till Gerald battered in the door of the fort and grabbed her up on his horse. Instead of that, when this bunch is about five hundred feet away and comin' like bats from below, she suddenly appears on the top wall of the fort, grabs up a big American flag and starts to wave it back and forth. The thing was bigger than she was, and I don't know how the girl handled it; but let me tell you, movie or no movie, it was some sight! Her hair is down and flyin' all round her in the wind, as the sun hit her and the flag like the biggest spotlight in the world. Her clothes were all torn up and ruffled like the plot called for, but in all her life—wearin' her most high-priced evenin' gown and whatnot—she never got the response from a bunch of men that she did right then. The soldiers' band on the hill all of a sudden strikes up The Star-Spangled Banner and every one of them troopers comes stiffly to salute; the thing had got to them, too, and as for that mob which was watchin'—well, they become ravin' lunatics. Eddie Duke tears round laughin' and cryin' by turns, and sayin' somethin' about this picture makin' him famous. I didn't say a thing—I couldn't. That thing had got me by the throat.

Gerald and his gang tears on up the hill, and, instead of stoppin' to grab Arline, they thunder past the fort, the gang throwin' their hats up in the air and Gerald standin' up in his stirrups to throw her a kiss. The camera men brace themselves for this head-on close-up, but that flyin' herd never turned right or left; they kept on up the hill to the soldiers.

Eddie Duke nearly faints when he sees this, and grabbin' me he pushes me into an auto and we're off—after them.

"The infernal idiots!" he yells, wipin' his eyes. "What do they mean by that? I want 'em comin' at the audience—they'll ruin the thing now! It'll cost a fortune to take this over again. I'll bet them roughnecks have been huttin' up the rye on me."

We caught up with them at the top of the hill and stopped just as they did, right in front of the regulars. Gerald pulls his horse up with a flourish that would of made a cowpuncher cut his throat from jealousy. The others lines up behind him, breathin' hard, all in, and just about able to sit their horses.

Believe me, that was some ride!

Up steps an officer with a terrible frown on his face.

"Here!" he snaps out. "You can't come through here, you men. This is a United States camp and ——"

Gerald salutes stiffly.

"Captain," he says, kinda hoarse, "I have here one hundred trained, seasoned men. I offer them with myself to the Government."

"Well, I'll be—ah, humph!" says the captain, while Eddie Duke liked to choke to death. "Er—is this a part of your movie thriller?"

"No," says Gerald coldly; "this happens to be the real thing." He swings round and gets off his horse. "Dismount, men!" he bawls out, and the hundred does that thing. Gerald turns to the captain and grins. "You'll have to furnish the mounts, Captain," he smiles; "these horses are movie actors."

"Right!" says the captain briskly. "Fall in there!" he barks out, and the hundred pairs off in twos.

"Hey!" hollers Duke, findin' his voice at last; "you can't quit me like this! You gotta show in four close-ups with Miss Arbuthnot yet and I ——"

"Withdraw five hundred yards from this camp, sir!" butts in the captain freezin'ly, "or I'll be forced to place you under arrest. These men are volunteers and ——"

"And so am I, Cap!" hollers Eddie, prancin' up beside Gerald. "This is the last scene I'll direct for some time, boys," he says, turnin' to the hundred, "and if you guys want your money for this week you'll obey my last command. Now! Ready, action, camera, shoot—three cheers for Uncle Sam!"

Say, they just tore that there California air apart, now believe me!

Out of the mob round 'em busts Arline—still with the flag as she left the fort. And say—ain't women a scream? After all she had pulled on Gerald, this is what she said:

"Oh, Gerald—how could you! I—I—mean God bless you, boy!" She looks round at the hundred and smiles, her eyes soft and wet. I thought she was gonna kiss 'em, on the level.

She didn't say nothin', but every one of them birds knew how she felt and they all brightened up and grinned that simple grin of theirs again.

"Gerald," she whispers to him, "was it for me?"

"It wasn't you alone," Gerald tells her, grabbin' a kiss. "It was that flag, Arline, and ——"

"Forward—march!" bawls the captain, standin' aside as a sergeant takes the head of the gang

"I'll marry you now whenever you say," says Arline, still holdin' him.

"The minute I enlist," pipes Gerald, "I'll get them to let me slip off for a couple of hours. You see I'm afraid they wouldn't take me right away if I was married."

"Fall in there!" barks the sergeant.

And, glitterin' movie uniform and all—Gerald fell in!

The AMPICO

Reproducing Piano

Why it's perfectly incredible!

I SUPPOSE I've heard Godowsky play that Chopin Polonaise at least a half dozen times from the concert platform. And I never enjoyed it more than I have this evening.

"It's Godowsky all over—the same subtleties of rhythm and tone coloring, the same astonishing technical facility. Why, you can almost feel the percussion of his fingers on the keys. And to think that here we are sitting comfortably in our easy chairs at home—a hundred miles away from any concert hall that Godowsky would be likely to visit! Besides, we can enjoy not only Godowsky, but a score or more of the greatest living pianists whose interpretations the Ampico reproduces with the same unerring fidelity."

And the Ampico library of artist-played rolls is by no means limited to classical music. It includes also the whole range of popular favorites, light opera, old time melodies, and "heart-songs." Dance music, including ragtime at its very best, is provided by the Ampico's reproductions of such celebrated popular virtuosi as Bergé, Arden and Wendling.

Or, if you desire, you may shift the expression lever and use the Ampico as a player piano. It will play any standard roll, to which by means of easily operated controls you may impart your own interpretation.

The Ampico may be had in the world's oldest and best pianos: the Knabe (1837), Haines Bros. (1853), Marshall & Wendell (1836), Franklin (1894) and the renowned Chickering (1823). Write us and let us tell you more about the Ampico.

THE AMERICAN PIANO COMPANY,
437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Intelligent Smokers
don't apologize to themselves

"I want to be known as a modern man, and abreast of a modern age. So I keep *fit*—and I find health, fun, profit—in business, in pleasure, in life.

"I smoke intelligently, too. I smoke *more moderate* cigars—that please my palate, yet leave my efficiency at par!

"I puff happily, in fact, my ROBERT BURNS. Never does he fuddle, never does he dull or blunt my edge. For all his fragrance, his sheer smoke-satisfaction, he leaves me as he finds me—*fit*.

"And he gives me, too, the feeling that I've *done well*. For I'm smoking—as today we're working and playing—*right*."

* * * * *

There's no mystery about the ROBERT BURNS "efficiency Quality" of "fine palate appeal that won't fuddle." The blend and the curing explain it. Its Havana filler gives it fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

The result? A fully satisfying, ripe cigar, easy and pleasant in its effects.

And a cigar which—moving forward with the times—is better than ever today.

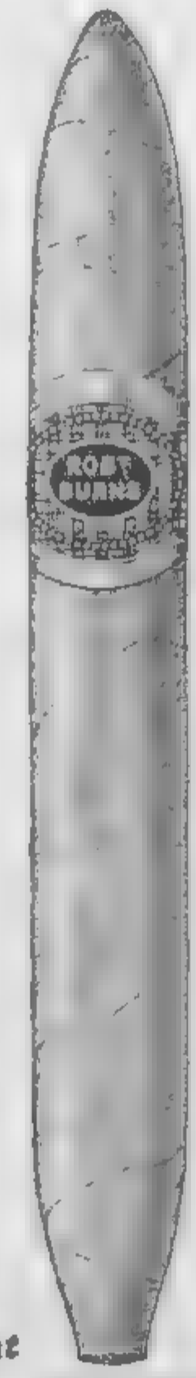
Have you tried one lately?

Remember that Little Bobbie is a pocket edition of ROBERT BURNS himself. Price 5c straight.

Rob't Burns 10¢

Little Bobbie 5¢ straight

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.
119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY



ROBT BURNS
Invincible 10¢
(Exact Size)

AN ARMY OF HOMESICK OLD MEN

(Continued from Page 23)

confided to my orderly. His leg had been broken in the first Balkan War and he was unequal to the hard work of the front line. All he had to do was to take care, on the march, of the goods I have mentioned, plus a few goods of his own. He managed to do it except for one night when we were caught out in the hills. I commandeered a bed and blankets from a Russian officer; but poor Louka cuddled against the horses to keep warm. Next day I commented on the great age that seemed to have descended upon him overnight.

"Das horse," said Louka earnestly, "iss not nice." He pointed to my charger. "I sleep wis him las' night; but all night long wis his four feet he beat."

By and by the tin cans are knocked into weird and inhuman shapes, and the labels come off; so they must be opened by guess. It appears to be a rule that when one has ridden very hard all day, and there is no bread to be found, the only remaining can shall always contain jam. But our box-car pilgrimages were never unpleasant, with a single exception: On one very cold night we crawled into a car filled with baled hay, because hay sounded warmer than ammunition or canned milk, which filled the only other available cars. There was just space enough between the topmost bales of hay and the roof of the car to permit us to lie there; and before we reached Dobraveni many little particles of baled hay had worked through our clothes and part way through our complexions. It did no good to wriggle. Wriggling only added motive force to the baled hay.

At Dobraveni or Vertekopp or Ostrovo, or whatever town it might be at which we dismounted from our box cars, the next job was to find a way to get out to the Front. Sometimes we rode in the arabas, or two-horse carts, which the Serbs use for transport purposes. Occasionally we were able to find room in a French *camion*. Sometimes an English truck would be going our way. Once at the Serbian Front, all troubles were over. We dined with the staff, slept in our tents, and had horses and orderlies and adventure placed at our disposal. There was no thought here of presenting a movie version of warfare to us. We became a part of the organization. We were made to feel that we were at home.

Voivode Mischitch—voivode means chief among chiefs—was in command. A slender, tall, stern man, he inspired his staff with genuine awe. He was merciless on the man who forgot or neglected, and the man who made one mistake rarely had the chance to make two. His office existed only as a shelter for his papers. One usually saw him walking about in the open, quite alone, deep in meditation. When he had determined on his plan he acted with a cavalryman's speed. One found a similarity between Mischitch and our old Indian fighters. If he managed to get the enemy off center he drove him mercilessly. Night marches became commonplaces.

Mischitch Makes a Joke

Mischitch had a way of finding the key to a labyrinth of hills, so that by taking a particular eminence the enemy would be compelled to fall back. In part this was due to the fact that this was old war ground over which the Serbians were fighting, and he knew the country almost hill by hill. In part this faculty was sheer genius. Often the hill he set about taking seemed almost useless to the nontechnical observer; but when it had been captured other positions fell like a row of blocks when a child's finger pushes them. It was a sublimated game of chess he played.

Perhaps it was because of the pace at which he drove his army, but Mischitch seemed to bother very little about trenches. If he were forced to dig in, the trenches were provided, of course, as well as trenches can be provided in a country that is underlaid with rock at a depth of a few inches. But for days at a time the Serbs held a line of rifle pits only. Some of this may have been due to the soldiers themselves. The Serb fights with a certain appetite, but he has the least possible affection for pick-and-shovel work. On one occasion Mischitch pointed out to the men of one regiment that they were in an exposed position.

"We must fall back, my children," said he, "unless you dig trenches. Do you like to dig trenches?"

The regiment remarked audibly that it did not like to dig trenches. The regiment fears Mischitch as much as the staff does, but it understands him better. The regiment remembers that Mischitch was only a peasant not long ago, and that Mischitch's brother still comes into Valyevo every market day with fat geese strung about him for sale to the townspeople. The regiment looks sharp when Mischitch orders, and takes an enormous pride in him, and would probably burst into tears if he scolded it, for the feelings of these big children are very easily hurt. But the regiment is more at ease with Mischitch than it is with some of the young captains of the staff. It knows him so well.

"Then what shall we do, my children?" ruminated the Voivode. "It is true, there are trenches over there; but they are held by the Bulgarians ——"

"*Dobra!*" said the regiment, grinning. "*Dobra!*"

That is the sort of jest which appeals to a Serbian soldier. That night the regiment moved out of the position where the Bulgarian shells had been dropping among them and started uphill for the new trenches. They have their own little ways in the Balkans. If they do not like to dig trenches they are adepts at lying on their sides in the darkness and spooning out rifle pits with their intrenching tools.

The Serbs Pulled the Strings

So they ran forward by pairs and began to scoop out little saucers in the earth. They were not deep, these saucers, because the rock underlay the earth skin of the hill at a depth of a foot or so. The thrown-out earth was piled on the Bulgar side of the pit. The riflemen lay in the saucers, back to back for warmth's sake, because a soft snow was falling and the mud of the pit bottom was oozy and cold, and began to pop away at the Bulgars.

"We knew this regiment," the men explained. "We have fought them often. They do not like their hand grenades."

Those rifle pits were within easy throwing distance of the Bulgar trenches. I saw them next day, when the ground round the pits was still littered with the long-handled German hand bombs, which look like a black tin can set on the end of a policeman's baton. The Bulgars had thrown hundreds of grenades at the popping men in the rifle pits. But the men of this Bulgar regiment had learned by experience that a hand grenade is an unchancy thing for a man not completely expert to fool with. If one holds it the fraction of a second too long after one pulls the string—sometimes when one does not hold it too long—this form of grenade is apt to explode in one's hand. It is perfectly easy to imagine the result.

So the Bulgars put a safety-first rule into operation. When their officers ordered them to throw hand grenades they threw obediently; but they did not pull the strings. The officers could not detect this omission in the darkness, and the failure of the grenades to explode was blamed upon poor ammunition. The Serbs lay in the snow and mud and darkness until the shower of hand grenades ceased. Then they wriggled out between the pits and gathered those that had not exploded, and squirmed back again into their own positions and threw them back. But the Serbs always pulled the strings!

"Just before daybreak we went forward and took the trench," said one of those who took part.

"But how did you get the word? For just before daybreak it is very dark, and if the word of command had been shouted the Bulgars would have heard."

"When the time seemed right someone said '*Dobra!*' And we went ahead."

That is an illustration of the Serb way of doing things. Well disciplined as they are, they act in the field on the town-meeting principle. Most of these old soldiers know quite as well as their officers what is practicable to do and what is not. If the command were issued, no doubt they would go ahead without reasoning why, as well as the

(Continued on Page 65)

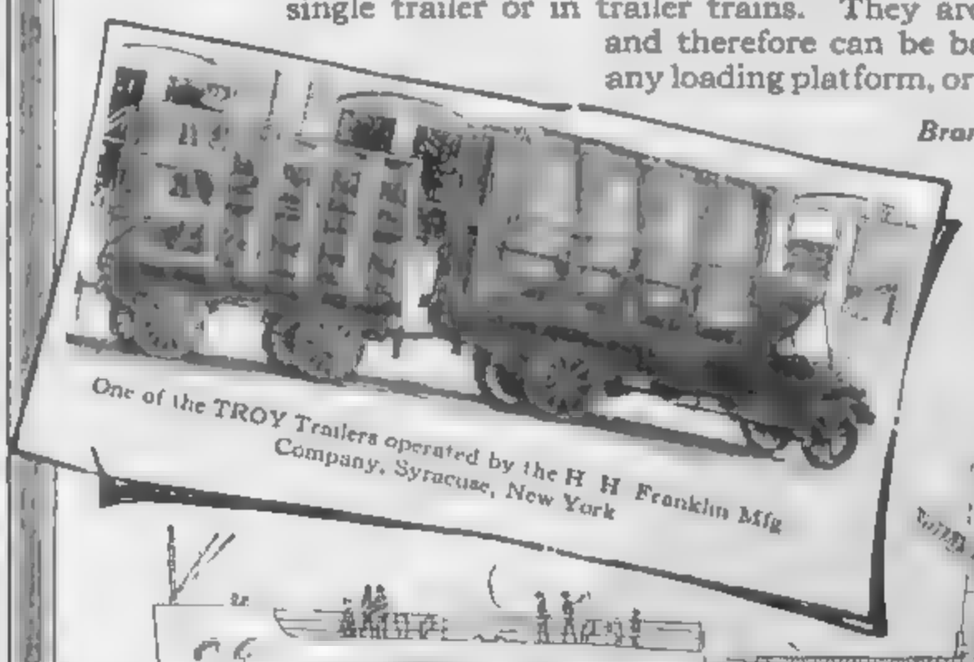
What becomes of the wasted power in YOUR trucks today? Why don't you utilize this excess power? Why have a motor in every one of your trucks when the motor in ***one of your trucks*** has power enough to pull itself and also 1 or 2 other ***motor-less*** trucks?

The power which your truck now ***wastes*** can be turned into profit by using a Troy Trailer. The original investment in one Troy Trailer is only about one-third the cost of a truck of the same capacity. On this basis you can eliminate extra trucks, save the wages of 1 or 2 additional drivers—haul more loads every working day and convert your hauling losses into profits.

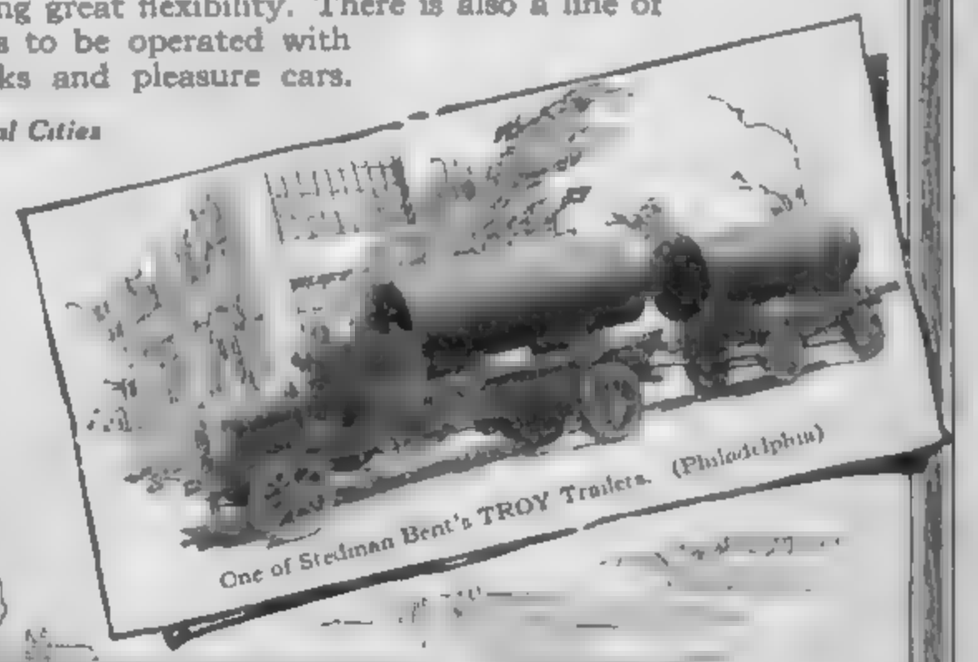
The largest concerns in the world no longer base the hauling of their trucks upon their trucks' carrying capacity alone. We have shown them how, by using Troy Trailers, they were able to deliver loads two times greater than with their trucks alone. And all this increased efficiency at the insignificant increase in maintenance cost of not more than 10%.

Troy Trailers can be Operated with any Good Truck

Troy Trailers are made in capacities of 1 to 5 tons and with any type of body. They are built for use as a single trailer or in trailer trains. They are reversible, and therefore can be backed up to any loading platform, or backed into any alley, as easily as if they were being moved forward. The truck can be coupled to either end of the Trailer, thus providing great flexibility. There is also a line of Troy Juniors to be operated with smaller trucks and pleasure cars.



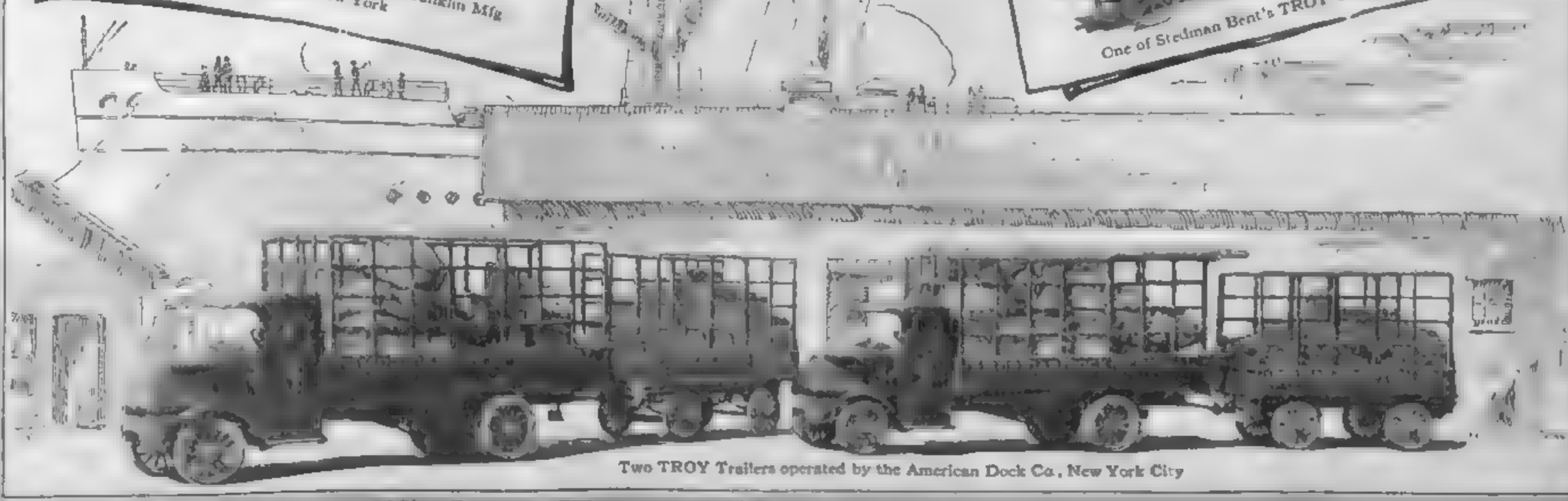
One of the TROY Trailers operated by the H H Franklin Mfg Company, Syracuse, New York



One of Stedman Bent's TROY Trailers. (Philadelphia)

Branches or Distributors in all Principal Cities

The Troy Wagon Works Co.
Troy, Ohio



Two TROY Trailers operated by the American Dock Co., New York City

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

A man's motor car is one of his *personal* possessions. If it is "commonplace," it stamps him as a man of little or no discrimination. If it is "gaudy," it proclaims his bad taste and lack of refinement.

As a consequence, well bred people insist upon a compromise between these two extremes.

They demand individuality in their motor cars—but it is the quiet, unpretentious individuality that characterizes a Patrician the world over.

They demand "smartness" in their motor cars—but it is the smartness of exquisite design, luxurious appointment and finished detail.

In a word, they demand just such a car as the Paige—"The Most Beautiful Car in America."

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

Stratford "Six-51" seven-passenger	$1495
Fairfield "Six 46" seven-passenger	$1375
Linwood "Six 39" five-passenger	$1175
Brooklands "Six-51" four-passenger	$1695
Dartmoor "Six-39" 2 or 3-passenger	$1175
Sedan "Six 39" five passenger	$1775
Sedan "Six 51" seven passenger	$2500
Town Car "Six 51" seven-passenger	$2750
Limousine "Six 51" seven-passenger	$2750

f. o. b. Detroit

(Continued from Page 62)

men of any other army. But when there is time for consultation the commanding officer calls a few of his noncoms into his pit. He tells them frankly what the job ahead of them is. If they like it they say "*Dobra*" and crawl back to their own places, to pass the word among their men. If they do not like it they say so.

I have now forgotten the name of one young colonel who owes his decoration to this trait of his men. He had been ordered to take a battery position. A heavy toll had been taken when they made their first burst out of their trenches; and then they reached a sheltered hollow and lay down for a rest. More guns were put in place in front of them. The staff sent forward an order by a runner that the battalion should retreat. It was hopeless, the staff said, to try to take the battery. The young colonel—he was a major then—passed the word along the line.

"*Nay dobra!*" said his men. "No good! We shall lose more by going back than if we go forward. And we cannot stay here long."

"It is an order," said the colonel. "But I think you are right."

"Send word to the staff," his men advised.

The staff repeated the first order and he gave it to his men.

"Send word to the staff that the battalion is going forward," was their reply.

The battalion went forward and took the position. After it had turned the trench and whirled the Bulgar guns about to play upon their late owners, and had dropped into holes to comfort itself with cigarettes, a runner came from the staff with the delayed reply to the colonel's most recent message. The staff promised him a speedy punishment for disobedience of orders if he ventured to charge the hill. He was again ordered to retire.

Prince Alexander himself had watched the operation; and that night, in camp, he promoted the major to a colonelcy and pinned his own Cross of Karageorge upon his breast. He said whimsically that he wished to know the names of the old noncoms on whose advice the battalion had gone forward. He wanted to add them to his staff.

Dobra is the general word of assent. If a doughnut is good—and Serbs make delectable doughnuts in tin pans over camp fires—it is *dobra*. A good-looking girl is *dobra;* and if she is very good-looking she is *dobra-dobra*. A good speech or a lucky general or a pleasant summer or the word to charge are all *dobra*.

One can go anywhere in Serbia if one is but letter-perfect in *dobra* and *naimo*, which latter is the general negative. One should also be able to say *Hyda!* with great force and conviction. That is the slang for Hurry. And it is needed, for these Balkan peoples do not like to hurry unless killing is somewhere involved. One's conversation might lack continuity perhaps, but if supplemented by assorted rubs and pattings one need never miss a bed or a meal where a Serb camp fire shines.

Official Congratulations

Fighting in the Serb sectors in the Balkans is quite unlike the fighting anywhere else in the field of war. It is more open—almost more domestic. Much of it is done with the bayonet or the butt of the gun, and almost all of it is done where the two sides can see each other with some clearness, or at least guess accurately at each other's position. One reason is because the Serbs had little artillery last year, except some old guns which had been discarded on other fronts. There was one battery of old one-hundred-and-twenty howitzers for which a firing ritual was observed: First, the pieces were loaded. Then they were aimed. Then, if the action was not a particularly spirited one, everyone went away and sat behind rocks while the gun captain pulled the string. Every now and then an aged howitzer of that pattern blew up, and the gunners had learned to treat them with consideration.

The Bulgarians seemed to be short of guns, too, though what they had were in many instances of longer range than the Serbs'. They were served with fair accuracy. In many cases the gunners were Germans.

It is an odd fact that the Serb has very little fear of the German as a soldier, though he has a deep respect for the Bulgarian. It was perfectly plain to any observer that the German is an infinitely better soldier than the Bulgarian. The German officers and men and units were used as stiffening for the Bulgarian line. They were the steel buried in the concrete. Wherever the resistance was particularly vigorous one might be certain that the Germans held the line. On one occasion the Serbs shelled a battery until it ceased firing, and then charged it. The German officer in command was taken alive and unhurt. That night a courteous officer of the Serbian staff called on him in the compound at Dobraveni. The men saluted each other with the stiff formality practiced by European officers.

"It is my duty, sir," said the Serb, "to convey to you the compliments of Voivode Mischitch for the manner in which you fought your battery this morning; and it is my pleasure to add to them my own good wishes."

The German made an appropriate reply, heels clicked, hands flew to cap visors, the men backed away from each other, and the visit of ceremony was over. I walked back to headquarters with the Serbian officer, considerably affected by the scene. The Serbian had been obviously sincere. Congratulations are not often offered by the Voivode. There had been tears in the German's eyes when he responded to the courtesy. I asked in what manner the German had so distinguished himself and why it was that he had been taken unhurt. The staff officer chuckled.

"It was very funny," said he; "but he was so busy beating and kicking his Bulgarian soldiers in an effort to make them serve the guns that he did not know we were in the battery until Yovan tripped him and Panta was sitting on his neck. Even then he blackened Panta's eye."

Local Rules of War

The Serb's respect for the Bulgarian seems to be based upon complete knowledge gained by fighting him for centuries. Each knows the other's little ways. The Bulgarian always knocks off work for lunch, as the Serb does. He has a partiality for three-o'clock-in-the-morning charges. He has a distaste for artillery, but stands up to the bayonet and butt very well. The only time he was charged with unsportsmanlike conduct at the Front was on Dobrapolya, when the Bulgarians, contrary to an age-long rule, made a practice of hand-bombing the Serb trenches just at the lunch hour. The first day it was dismissed as an accident, probably due to the presence of a young German officer in the trenches; but when the same thing happened the next day the Serbian blood boiled.

"We'll show 'em!" said the Serbs.

Whereupon for twenty-four hours hand bombs rained on the Bulgarian trenches, and artillery played on them, and snipers sniped at them. Between times notes were thrown over, attached to rocks.

"You will bomb our dinner carriers, will you?" the Serbs had written. "Then take this!"

At the end of the twenty-four hours a chastened Bulgaria proposed that the lunch-hour truce should again be observed. So far as I know, it was never again violated. Even in the Balkans there are rules of war.

The Serbs and Bulgars hate each other bitterly. They have hated each other for centuries, and the present war was preceded by a fight between the two nations. The Serb firmly believes, too, that the Bulgars have been cruel to their prisoners, and that the treatment of the civilian population in Serbia has been inhuman. In spite of this, and in face of the savage intensity with which the Serbians go forward to the taking of a trench, they are positively kind to the Bulgarian prisoners. To make it plain that this kindness is the expression of the individual, entirely apart from the policy of the staff, a story should be told here:

Bread is the chief item of the Serbian dietary. He can get along without meat if he has to, and without cheese, and without coffee or tea; but if the supply of bread is cut short he makes a frightful fuss about it. A two-pound loaf is served to each soldier each day, and he clings to that loaf until the last crumb is eaten. One sees him using it as a pillow, and discovers it thrust inside his shirt, or lying on the dirty ground of the tent floor. When he sits down to rest he pulls out his long clasp knife and cuts off a thick wedge. The loaf is just sufficient for his day's needs. When he misses any part of it he goes hungry.

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

Founded 1873

VALPARAISO, INDIANA

Thorough Instruction at Lowest Expense

THIS INSTITUTION was founded with the idea of giving to every person, whether rich or poor, a chance to obtain a thorough, practical education at an expense within his reach. That it is performing this mission is indicated by the numbers who avail themselves of the advantages offered.

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY was organized with three departments, 4 instructors, and an annual enrollment of 210 different students. Now there are 22 departments, 220 instructors, and an annual enrollment of more than 5000 different students.

THE REASON for this growth is in the fact that this University is constantly increasing its facilities, strengthening its courses of study, and offering additional advantages to the student. The University is well equipped with buildings, libraries, and laboratories for giving instruction in the following

Departments: Preparatory, High School, Primary Methods, Kindergarten Methods, Commerce, Phonography and Typewriting, Review for Teachers, Bible Study, Education, Arts and Sciences, Engineering, Architecture, Manual Arts, Agriculture, Public Speaking, Music, Fine Arts, Home Economics, Pharmacy, Law, Medicine and Dentistry.

Agriculture The work of this Department leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture. The library and laboratory facilities are comprehensive and include a new building for Home Economics and Agriculture, various laboratories, barns, etc., and two tracts of farm land—a small one of seventeen acres and the Pinney Foundation Farm of four hundred acres.

Engineering The Department of Engineering offers courses leading to degrees in Civil and Architectural Engineering. The facilities include a modern and adequate instrument equipment, testing laboratory, cement testing laboratory, machine shops, architectural and free-hand drawing material, etc.

Law The Department of Law stands for sound legal education, complete utilization of time and minimum expense. The Department facilities include a comfortable building, well appointed recitation and study rooms, a good working law library and the general University Library

Medicine The Department of Medicine is located in both Valparaiso and Chicago. The Chicago buildings are just across the street from the Cook County Hospital, in one of the greatest medical centers in the world. Two years of the work may be taken in Valparaiso, thus greatly reducing the expenses, or the entire four years may be taken in Chicago.

Dentistry The Department of Dentistry of the University is the well-known Chicago College of Dental Surgery, one of the oldest and best equipped dental colleges in the country. Dr. Truman W. Brophy, Dean, Chicago, Illinois.

Home Economics The University maintains excellent facilities for doing the highest grade of work in this Department. A new building, containing cooking laboratories, dining room, domestic art rooms and recitation rooms, offers every advantage.

Music The Conservatory of Music is a Department of exceedingly high standing. The faculty includes teachers who have gained enviable reputations as specialists in their particular line of work. Five regular courses of study are offered. In addition to these, many other courses are offered which are especially attractive to those who desire a combination of work.

While the expense in all the Departments is exceedingly low, it has not been made so at the sacrifice of a high grade of instruction, but by applying business principles to

THE COST OF LIVING so that the most satisfactory accommodations for board and room may be had at from $44 to $56 per quarter of twelve weeks. Tuition $20 per quarter or $75 if paid in advance, for a year of forty-eight weeks. If the entire tuition is paid in advance for the year, it includes all the Departments, except Medical, Dental, and private lessons in Music.

The total expense for board, tuition and furnished room for the regular school year (thirty-six weeks) need not exceed $192, or for forty-eight weeks, $256.

For Free Catalog Address

HENRY B. BROWN, Pres., or OLIVER P. KINSEY, Vice-Pres.,
Box 2, University Hall, Valparaiso, Ind.

The Forty-fifth Year will open September 18, 1917

Second Quarter, Dec. 11, 1917 Third Quarter, March 5, 1918 Fourth Quarter, May 28, 1918

Group of Valparaiso University Buildings, including the Depts of Medicine and Dentistry located in Chicago

DIRECTORY OF
SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

NEW ENGLAND STATES

Sea Pines

School of Personality for Girls

HAPPY home life with personal attention and care. Students inspired by wholesome and beautiful ideals of efficient womanhood. Hygiene and morals observed especially for health, character and initiative. 100 acres; pine groves and 1000 feet of seashore. Climate is exceptionally favorable for outdoor life. Horseback riding, gymnastics. College Preparatory. French, German and Spanish by native teachers. Music, Culture, Domestic Science, Handiwork, Household Arts, Secretarial and other courses for securing Personality Diplomas introductory to definite service. Experienced, enthusiastic instructors. Booklet.

Rev. Thomas Bickford, A. M., Miss Faith Bickford, Principals — Box M, Brewster, Mass.

TILTON SEMINARY

In the foothills of the White Mountains. Seven buildings. $30,000 gymnasium and modern dining hall. Separate dormitories for young men and women. Athletic fields. Preparation for college or business. Music, Art, Elocution, Manual Training. Special courses for high school graduates. Home Economics, including Sewing, Dressmaking and Domestic Science.

CHASE COTTAGE FOR YOUNG BOYS

Entirely distinct building. Number limited. All advantages of Seminary faculty, gymnasium and athletic fields. Equipment superior to many and equal to any school in New England. Endowment permits rate of $300 to $400.

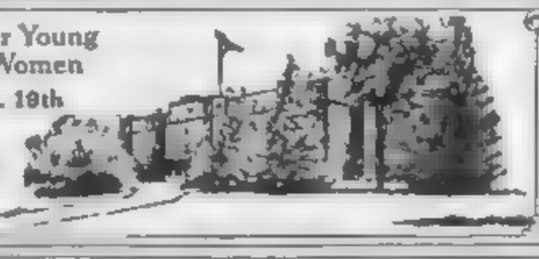
GEORGE L. PLIMPTON, Principal, 34 School Street, Tilton, N. H.

Bradford Academy for Young Women

Bradford, Mass. 115th year opens Sept. 19th

Thirty miles from Boston, in the beautiful Merrimac Valley. Extensive grounds and modern equipment. Certificate privileges. Two years' graduate course for High School graduates. Address

Miss LAURA A. KNOTT, A. M., Principal



THE ROSENBAUM SCHOOL

4 to 1 boys prepared for college in 4 years, all but 5 entered [illegible] last year, representing nearly every state and several foreign countries. Course of study planned for each boy. Small classes or individual instruction. School building, residence, laboratory and gymnasium. *Illustrated booklet.*

The Director, Box D, Milford, Conn.

MONSON ACADEMY FOR BOYS

Established 1804. 15 miles from Springfield. An endowed school. Certificate privileges. Completely equipped athletic field. Modern dormitory. Gymnasium. Rate $350. Fund for boys of proven worth. For catalog, address

THE PRINCIPAL, Monson, Mass.

The Sargent School for Physical Education

Established 1881. Largest and most important department for physical education in the world. Offers unsurpassed opportunities for preparing for health, womanhood. Address as below.

Dr. D. A. SARGENT, Cambridge, Mass.

COLBY ACADEMY

New London, N. H. [illegible] New Hampshire College certificate. General courses. Agriculture. Domestic Arts. Music. $150,000 in new buildings. Scientific equipment unsurpassed. Gymnasium. Athletic field. Military training. Endowment. Founded 1837.

JUSTIN O. WELLMAN, A. B., Headmaster

HARVARD DENTAL SCHOOL

A Department of Harvard University

Modern buildings and equipment. Degree of D. M. D. Certificates from recognized preparatory schools accepted. 4 years' course begins September, 1917. Catalog

EUGENE H. SMITH, D. M. D., Dean, Boston, Mass.

New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics

1465 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn. [illegible] year. Fits for teaching, playground work, physical training, Normal Diploma, Normal Degree. Graduates in demand. Summer School. Address as above.

School of Expression

Concentration of Mind, Body, Voice and Character. Summer Terms at University of Vermont, Boston, Asheville, Chicago. Text-book by Dr. Curry's books recommended by educators and Expression free.

S. H. Curry, Ph.D., Litt.D., President, Copley Sq., Boston, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS, BOSTON, 565 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.)

Chauncy Hall School

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist.

FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal

Emerson College of Oratory

Largest School of Oratory, Belles-lettres [illegible] in America. Sixteenth year opens September 26th. Address Henry Sawyer Ross, Dean, Huntington Chambers, Boston.

DEAN ACADEMY, Franklin, Mass. 52d Year

Young men and young women [illegible] Two years' graduate course in Domestic Science. Fine gymnasium and athletic field.

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D., Principal

MASS. COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY

Chartered 1897. Right to confer Doctor's degree given by the legislature. Equipment of 60 [illegible] Send for catalog and booklet, "Success in the profession."

Cambridge, Mass.

The Middlesex College of Medicine and Surgery

Prepare for a successful practice after the War. Help [illegible] by [illegible] Two years' graduate course in medicine and surgery. Address the Secretary, Cambridge, Mass.

PENNSYLVANIA AND WASHINGTON, D. C.

COMBS CONSERVATORY

[illegible] Year. Individual instruction. Personal Supervision. All branches, [illegible] Modern methods, diplomas and engagements. A School of Public Performance. Teacher Training Course. Public School Music. Lectures. Concerts. Two complete Pipe Organs. Orchestras. Recital hall with [illegible] for women. A school of inspiration, loyalty, success. One Year Book is free and contains valuable information.

Gilbert Reynolds Combs, Director, 1323 S. Broad Street, Philadelphia

Electrical Engineering

Electrical men are always in demand. The Rice Electrical School will [illegible] shops and laboratories to primarily qualified to give a condensed course in Electrical

Engineering

In One Year

Every detail taught. Actual construction, installation, testing. Course, with [illegible] complete.

24 years' reputation with over 2000 young men trained. 25th year opens September 25th. Send for new catalogue. 113 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

Continued on Page 69

The Bulgarian prisoners are half starved when they come in. This is not due to any particular shortage of food in the Bulgarian lines, though their war bread is of very mediocre quality, but to the fact that prisoners are never fed until they have been marched well away from the Front. On the lines there is never food enough for them. So the Bulgarians would come slouching into camp, clad in their dirty dark-brown uniforms, their feet wrapped in rags or dressed in the open sandal favored by the Balkan men, and stand in column while they were being interrogated by the intelligence officers. Soon the Serbs would gather round.

"Are you hungry, brother?" they would ask.

Very shortly one would see Serbians passing along the line, cutting off slices from the cherished daily loaf, and running downhill to the streams to fill the Bulgarian canteens with water. Often they were not too well provided with food themselves; and the men who cheerfully ran up and down hills to fill the pannikins of the enemy had just finished a long day's march. But the Bulgarians were always given their first meal by the charity of the private soldiers. Later on their own rations were issued.

Much of Voivode Mischitch's success was due to the extreme mobility of his army. It seems to me that is a fact which may well be taken into consideration by our own army chiefs during this period of preparation. By comparison with any of the other armies on the continent, the Serbs are as light-footed as jack rabbits. Each man carries a blanket, an overcoat, and a square of canvas. Two of these canvas squares can be buttoned together to form a dog tent. Their camps are the most hit-or-miss affairs imaginable. Just so the tents are not set up in puddles, and a little straw can be raked together for a bed, the men seem to be completely happy. No matter how long a camp may remain in the same place, the tenting scheme never becomes more elaborate. In the English camps the tents are banked up until they are almost storm-proof, and the Frenchman will work a border of colored stone and a triumphal arch or two if he is given time.

Quick-Moving Troops

The consequence is that the Serb moves with almost the celerity of an Indian. By sheer accident I happened to be on the road when the first break came in the Bulgarian lines before Monastir. At headquarters that morning we had been assured that nothing would happen soon. The Bulgarians were holding stiffly. Just before we reached the Serbian camp, where we had planned to take lunch, we passed a French base. There was some activity there, for, as we later found out, they had just received word that the Bulgarians had given way and were in full retreat. Two miles farther up the hill were the Serbs. We could see their tents. Then we dropped into a road that had been sunk by the action of the Macedonian rains and the French *camions*, and they passed from sight. When we came out into the open again—the tents were gone!

We could hardly believe our eyes. There were camp fires twinkling through the falling snow, and the pleasant fragrance of wood smoke came to us on a slant of wind. But the tents were gone. A dozen or so men were sitting about the fires, toasting bread upon the coals and making coffee with the long-handled one-cup pots one finds in every Serb's outfit. From the *coulées* near by long strings of men were making their way up to the road. Each had wrapped his spare underclothes in his blanket and wrapped the blanket in the canvas square, and tied the extra pair of shoes on top, and hung a few odds and ends of personal effects about him—and the army was on the march.

"Twenty minutes ago," said a staff officer, who had been warned of our coming by telephone, "we got the word. We're off for Monastir."

Then he swung into the saddle. The telephone man pulled down the instrument from the pole on which it hung and tied it on a mule; and on he went. The men who were sitting about the camp fires were orderlies of the officers who were bossing the job of breaking camp. Soon they were gone. In half an hour from the time the news had come there was nothing left of that camp, at which we had expected to take lunch, save a camp fire and ourselves. This time we had not even the emergency tins that one theoretically always travels with in the Balkans. The tins are rarely get-at-able when the emergency comes. We were left there disconsolate, for our horses were done up and the snow was falling.

That would not have bothered a Serb. He is either indifferent or else a stoic. If there is a pool in the road the Serb is quite as apt to splash through it as to go round it. He will paddle through a stream carelessly, while an Englishman would roll up his trousers to ford it, and a Frenchman look about to build a bridge. If it is not raining the Serb may not put up his dog tent at all. If it is very cold he will build a fire the size of a derby hat, and wrap himself and his blanket about that fire in some fashion of mystery, and light a cigarette, and be quite happy. The one item in which he actually shines as a camp mate is in building fires. No matter how hard it may be raining, or how wet the wood may be, the fires at headquarters are sparkling by the time the tents are up. He could almost build a fire in the midst of a lake.

After all, though, the Serbs are not indifferent to the elementary comforts. I thought they were, at first. I had gotten used to watching them squatting on wet rocks in the mud; making little messes in tiny pans over tiny fires, while the rain beat on their bowed shoulders; seeing them sleep curled up on mud banks; and finding them sitting up in long snoring ranks on the straw of a packed stable floor. Then one night we came to a village well within the Bulgarian range. At dinner that night the shutters of the commandant's house were tightly closed, so that the gleam of the one candle might not shine through. If the Bulgars saw it they would at once rain high explosive upon us. They must have seen a candle later, for the next week the village was totally destroyed.

Music at the Front

"To-night we shall have some music," said the commandant. "It shall be as though we were back in Belgrade."

When the dishes were cleared away and the thumb-size cognac glasses and the thimble-size cups of sirupy Turkish coffee came on, a Tzigane fiddler appeared. He stood with his feet just inside the circle of light from the little candle, so that his thin face, with its high cheek bones and stringy black beard, and the two black eyes which reflected the rays like polished lumps of coal were to be guessed at rather than dimly seen.

He was perilously near a genius, this gypsy. At home, in Belgrade, he had been on the way to become famous; but when the war came on he became a cook. Ordinary soldiers, it appears, have difficulty in carrying violin cases; but one can always be strapped on the goulash cannon. He played the standard operatic airs, and then improvised airs of his own, or whimpered out plaintive gypsy melodies. But, no matter how thin and clear his strings sounded on this cold night, the rattle of the mitrailleuse on the hill above rose over them.

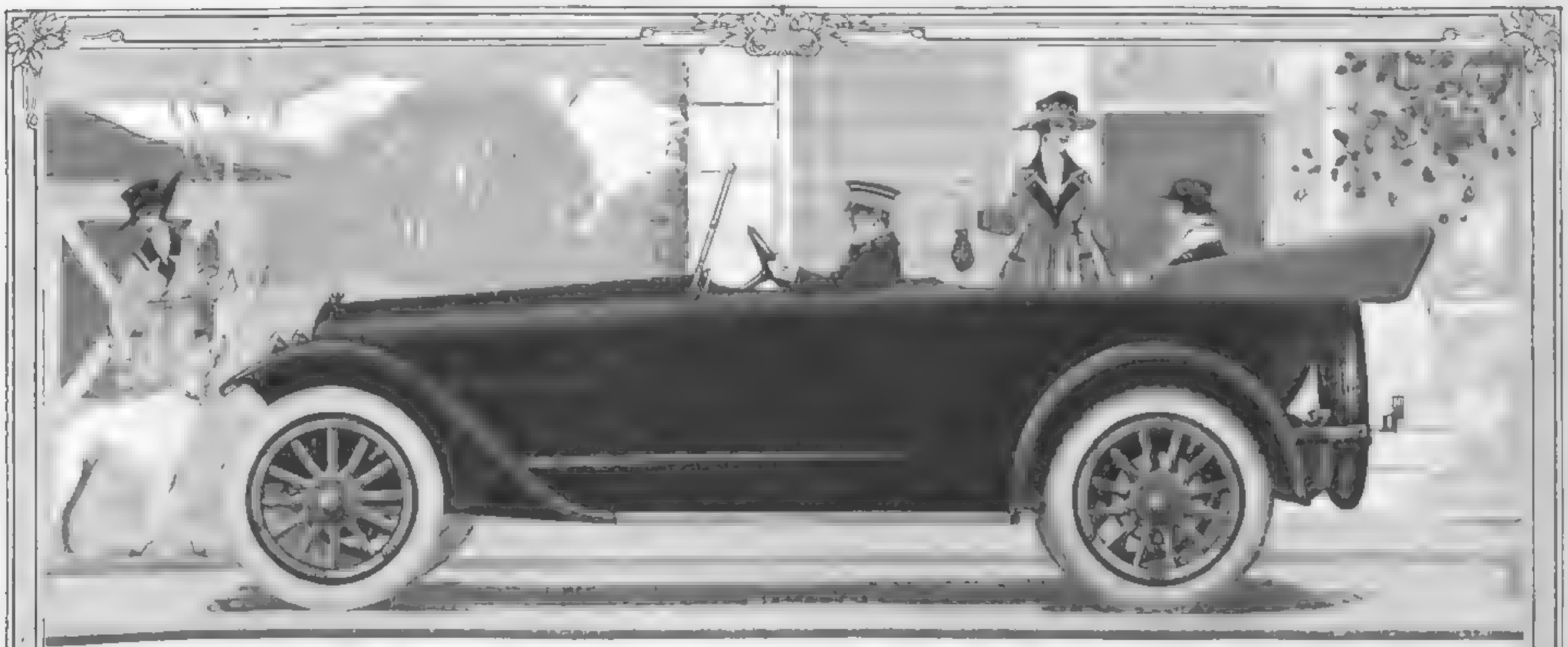
"Only warming their hands," said the commandant comfortably. "It is very cold in the trenches on nights like these; and, of course, there can be no fire there. So, when the men can stand it no longer, they turn on the mitrailleuse. Then they all gather round and warm their hands on the hot barrel."

One night we received an emissary from that other Serbian Army—the one that is still in Serbia. Its existence had been dimly rumored, but no more than half believed by the outlanders. It seemed impossible that in a country held by the enemy, with armed posts in every village and the frontier closely guarded, an army could still remain in being. But the story appeared to be true. It was not an army by Western standards, it is true; for it had no encampments and no transport train. But it was an effective army. Its guerrilla bands hid in the woods and were fed by loyal peasants; and it had a general and a staff and a plan of campaign.

"But how did you get through the Bulgarian lines?" I asked.

It was not a matter of great difficulty, it appeared. Five months before he had been sent over into Serbia to organize this army. Four times he had tried to get through the enemy lines and had failed. Then a French flyer took him aboard his plane and dropped him near Nish. At that time the Serbians had believed that, with the help of the other

(Concluded on Page 69)



See These New Ideas
In Car Building

The Mitchell embodies many ideas which are novel, as yet, in a car.

They mean more complete equipment, greater strength, and added beauty. They mean extra comfort, convenience and economy. So no one should decide on a new car without knowing them.

This is to urge that you judge these new standards before buying a high-grade car.

The Basic Principle

For 14 years the Mitchell manufacturing policy has been guided by John W. Bate.

The first object was factory efficiency. That is, to build the complete car—chassis and body—in a model factory at a minimum labor cost.

Millions of dollars have been spent to that end in this factory and equipment. Now in this modern factory, covering 45 acres, we are building an extra-grade car for less than we believe anyone else could build it.

The evidence is not all in Mitchell prices. They are lower than any comparable cars. But much of this saving goes into features which nearly all cars omit.

This is Our 19th Car

The latest Mitchell—built in two sizes—is the 19th model built under Mr. Bate. It is the final result of more than 700 improvements.

We have watched 70,000 Mitchell cars on the road to gain new ideas for this one. Mr. Bate spent the year 1913 in Europe to study new engineering standards. And the designers of the Mitchell on show today examined 257 new models to combine all the known attractions.

So the latest Mitchells embody all we know, and all anyone knows, to make an ideal car.

The Chief Distinctions

Our costliest extra is 100 per cent over-strength. That is twice our former margin of safety. And the purpose is a lifetime car.

There are 31 features, like a power tire pump, which nearly all cars omit.

There is unusual luxury. In the past year alone we have added one-fourth to the cost of body attractions. There is extra-grade leather, heat-fixed finish, and countless dainty touches. There are handles on the windshield for entering the car, a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables, etc.

Two Sizes—Two Prices

We are now building two sizes, so more motor car buyers can enjoy all the Mitchell advantages. So you get a Mitchell lifetime car from $1250 up.

All these unique features are essential to the utmost in a car. Go see them. See how our idea of strength, beauty and equipment differs from the rest.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

$1525

Mitchell —a roomy 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly developed 48-horsepower motor.

Four-Passenger Roadster, $1560. Sedan, $2240
Cabriolet, $1960 Coupé, $2060
Also Town Car and Limousine.

Mitchell SIXES
IN TWO SIZES

$1250

Mitchell Junior —a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor. ¼-inch smaller bore.

All prices f. o. b. Racine.

Two Power Ranges

Race with the Hare-Hunt with the Hounds

You *can*—in your Peerless Eight—for it has two separate and distinct power ranges that give it a "dual personality"

The "Loafing" Range

In its loafing range you may "race with the hare."

You have the nimble "getaway" for quick acceleration at *all* speeds, you have the soft, smooth, purring motor that will wind its way through traffic, taking the slow crawl or the swift spurt,—or the smooth, even gait—everything required in ordinary driving—with the utmost grace and distinction.

You would imagine that the car was designed and built *only* for that kind of work and to utterly excel in it.

In ordinary driving it performs entirely in its "loafing" range on half rations, using fuel so sparingly as to shame many a six of less power—even many a four.

But when you want to "hunt with the hounds" you have a brute of a car, ready to pace the best of the pack.

You have only to open your throttle wider to call upon your "sporting" range and utterly change the character of your motor.

That same softly purring motor now utters a deep growl of brute power.

No ordinary car can hold with you now.

You have unleashed eighty horsepower on full rations

The "Sporting" Range

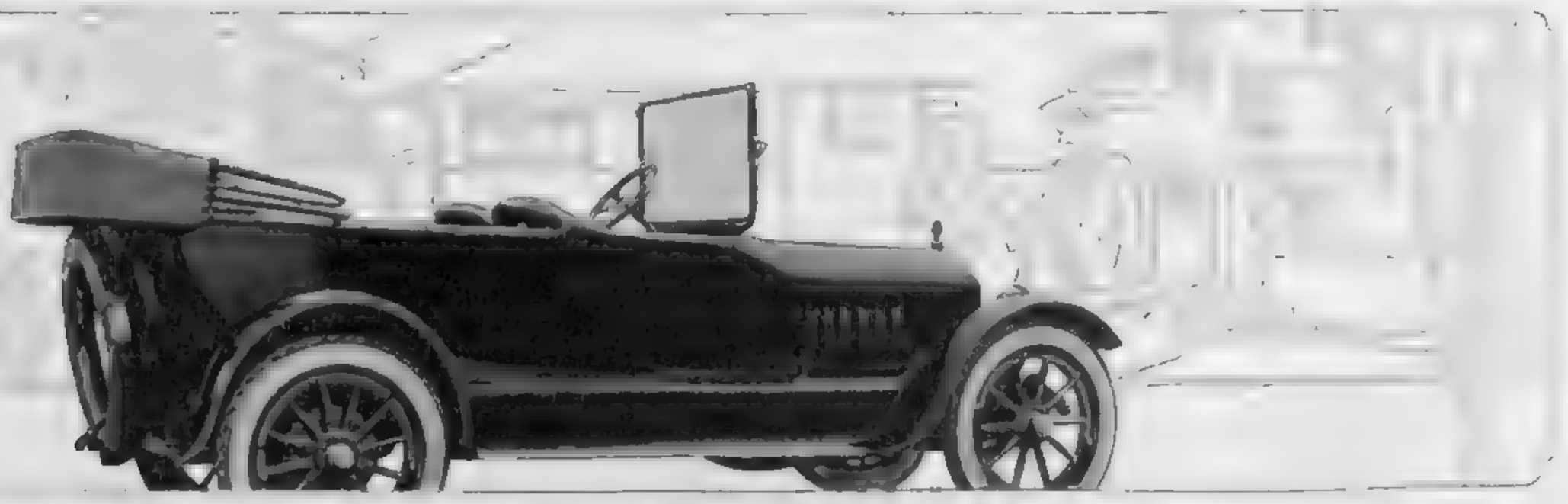
and few indeed are the cars that can contend with you—only the few that are built especially for thundering speed and prodigious feats of power without regard for the gentler virtues which the Peerless exhibits in its "loafing" range.

Let the Peerless dealer demonstrate what it means to drive a car capable of almost unbelievable contrasts of performance, a car that will maximize your pleasure yet minimize your expense.

Touring, $2090 Roadster, $2090 Sporting Roadster, $2[illegible]0 Coupé, $2750 Sedan, $2890 Limousine, $3590
Prices f. o. b. Cleveland—Subject to change without notice

The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Peerless Eight



Peerless
All that the name implies

(Concluded from Page 66)

allies, they should finally be able to fight their way home. The *comitadji* had come out to find what had been wrong with the program.

With two comrades, dressed in peasant costume, he had felt the Bulgarian lines for forty miles. At last he settled on a place where they might win through. He noted that a great rock stood halfway on a sentry's beat. Often the tired sentry leaned against that rock for rest. He crept to the rock under cover of night and crawled on top of it. But that night the sentry kept at a distance. The *comitadji* lay there on the rock all the next day.

"I was afraid," he said, "for I was very tired, and if I slept and snored " He drew his hand across his throat. "But last night," said he, "the sentry was an old man and tired. So, toward midnight, he leaned against the rock. And I leaned down-so—and thrust with my knife—just inside the collar bone. He did not cry."

In January we saw the lines of *cheechas* creep slowly down the hills toward the rest camps. A Balkan peasant looks old when he is forty. By that time his face is lined and drawn and his beard is gray. It is the kindly country custom to call such a man Uncle—*Cheecha*—and it seemed to me that almost every man in the ranks had earned this title of courtesy.

"We are to have a rest," the old men said.

It was a rest for only two weeks. By that time the recruits had been gathered for the Serbian Army.

They were the scrapings of the barrel. They were men who had been invalids ever since Corfu, and men who had been too old to join when the war began, and men who had been wounded, and men who were boys only yesterday.

Every Serbian man who was fit to carry a gun had been gathered into the ranks. They came from America and Russia and Rumania, and some had slipped through the lines from Austria, and some were deserters from the Bulgarian ranks. By some miracle the army had been reconstituted. Then they were sent back to the Front. Perhaps they did not go happily, for no men who have gone through what these men have will face with cheerfulness the prospect of going through it again. But they went without protest. After all, they are fighting on Serbian soil to-day. That means a great deal to them.

Not far above Monastir is Prilip, and in the hills over Prilip Prince Marko has slept in his cave for centuries. He is the national hero of Serbia. The story-tellers told of his exploits in the village squares every night while peace reigned. The day came when Prince Marko found that life wearied him; and so he rode his white horse into the cavern, laid his golden mace down for a pillow and thrust his sword into the rock, and went to sleep.

"So the moss grew over the sword," the Serbian soldiers say. "But each day Sharatz nibbled patiently at the moss, and little by little the rock was worn away. At last the sword fell, and the clang of it awakened Marko; and he leaped on his horse and led us to victory at the Battle of Prilip in 1912."

"Do you believe this story?" I asked an old Serb officer.

"The men believe it," said he. "I do not discourage them. They all say they saw Marko on his white horse that day; and they believe that his coming presages certain victory. We shall win back our homes!"

ELIZABETH FRAZER—HERSELF

(Concluded from Page 25)

the globe three times before he was twenty-one, and there was a story he used to tell about being lost overboard in a living gale of wind off Cape Horn that I still consider the very best story the world has ever produced, bar none. And there was another about being taken prisoner by the governor of the Fiji Islands and cast into a stone dungeon for six months; and watching his comrade beside him die of chills and fever; and beckoning one day through the bars to the governor's wife who was walking in the garden with her child; and begging her to let him work in her garden, as he was getting so thin in jail he was going to die if something didn't happen soon. She did, and took up the case with her husband, the governor, who released him.

There was another splendid glowing yarn about fighting an octopus under water, and I had always understood that it was my father who slew the monster, until one day in later years I ran across the same tale in Victor Hugo—with another hero! For a while I couldn't decide whether it was my father who had cribbed the tale from Hugo, or whether Hugo was not trying to put something over on my father, having heard of his exploit in some roundabout way and basely used it without giving credit; but now I believe that both of them stole it from hoary tradition, but that of the two my father had the better right, being a sailor.

All of which is merely an introduction to say that I love sea stories, sea stories full of cannibals and Kanakas and sharks and things, stories with the wind blowing a "living gale," with masts cracking and fingers freezing to the riggin', and heavy seas breaking across the decks, and the captain bawling above the gale, and the first mate hurling a belaying pin at a big sullen Swede who refuses to go aloft, and the vessel driving onto the line of breakers right under her lee and finally going to pieces on the rocks, and all hands lost overboard save one man—my father, naturally!—who manages to elude the sharks and wins the shore and lies a night and a day half drowned upon the beach!

I wish somebody would write a regular story like that for THE POST.

WHEN THE HALF-GODS GO

(Continued from Page 10)

The light followed him as far as it could—to the corner of Primrose Street; and then the night, and his other world of uptown, where nothing in the Village could follow him, hid the taxi and Mr. Jones.

The next Thursday he did not meet the girl at her door; but violets did, and the scrawled note the messenger gave her was brief: "Unavoidably detained. Sorry!" But there were plenty of violets, white ones this time, cluster on cluster, cool against sheltering green, delicate enough to vanish if you looked at them too hard, but so fresh that the last of them were pinned to the girl's gown on the following Thursday, when Mr. Jones, who had not found her waiting, came upstairs and into her room. She did not wear the green gown, but the old black one; and she looked at Mr. Jones in the doorway as if she expected to see a stranger there. But then she ran to him and held out both hands.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she said. "I was afraid. I thought"—for this man was not the alarming stranger of those minutes in the dark hall, but her friend, Mr. Jones, with the old twinkle in his kind tired eyes and the old kind smile—"I thought we couldn't have parties any more."

"Well—we can," said Mr. Jones; "parties just the same. And you don't have to be afraid of me ever again. Do you believe that?"

"Yes."

"But there's something I'll have to tell you." He hesitated. "How much do you care?" he asked. "Care, I mean," he added quickly, "about our parties, sister?"

"Why, don't you know?" said the girl. "They're all I've got in the world. They're—all I want," she added very softly.

"That's what I thought," said Mr. Jones rather absently, though he seemed pleased. "That's just what I thought."

"What are you going to tell me? Tell me now."

"Oh!" said Mr. Jones, and seemed at first to have forgotten what he had to tell, and then to find it rather hard to tell it. "Why, I've got work to do, hard work for the next few weeks. I'll be a busy man. So you are not going to see quite so much of me, sister—not for these next few weeks. But after that ——"

Again he seemed to forget what he had to say, and he looked at the girl rather as if he did not see her, or as if he saw other things too—unfamiliar but pleasant things.

"After that?" said the girl.

"Why, after that," said Mr. Jones benevolently, as if he were promising his little friend the rarest treat in the world, "maybe

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY

ROCHESTER ATHENAEUM & MECHANICS INSTITUTE
ESTABLISHED 1885 ROCHESTER, N. Y.
School of Applied Arts. Complete equipment for Art Education. [illegible] professional three-year courses in Fine and [illegible] Art, Commercial Illustration, Architecture, Interior Design, [illegible] Ideal conditions, student home and surroundings.
Schools of Industrial and Household Arts. Three years' [illegible] Dressmaking, Millinery, [illegible] Cooking, [illegible] Management, Dressmaking, Millinery, [illegible], alternate weeks of [illegible] six weeks' Summer Session opens July 2. Illustrated bulletins. State course desired. Address
THE REGISTRAR, Dept. T, Eastman Bldg., 55 Plymouth Ave. Rochester, New York

Eastman
[illegible] on request
[illegible] Box 947 Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Bordentown Military Institute
Boys developed in character and scholarship for the work of the world, in college or business. Sympathetic, efficient instructors. Small classes, individual attention. Each boy is [illegible] wholesome food, carefully [illegible] and recreation, and partial [illegible]

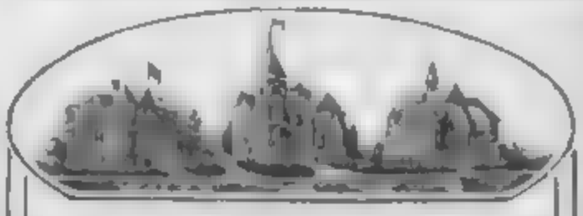
SOUTHERN STATES

Staunton Military Academy
An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys
375 Boys from 45 States last session. Largest Private Academy in the East. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.
[illegible] feet above sea level, pure dry [illegible] Personally healthful and beautiful. Best [illegible] Many [illegible] Mineral springs. High moral tone. Personal [illegible] Military training develops [illegible] health, [illegible] and promptness. Baseball, football, basketball, tennis, golf, athletic park, [illegible] sports encouraged. Drills and exercises in open air. Boys from [illegible] and refinement only received. Personal, individual instruction by our tutorial system. Standards and traditions high. Academy fifty-seven years old. New $200,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges $400. Handsome catalogue free. Address
COLONEL WM. G. KABLE, Ph. D., Principal, Staunton, Va.

CASTLE HEIGHTS
[illegible] school in the South. Ten Buildings
Individual Attention Distinctive Feature
L. L. RICE Box 5 Lebanon, Tenn.

LAW Chattanooga College of Law. Two years' course leads to LL. B. and practice in State and U. S. Courts. An Institution of recognized high standing. Lectures so arranged that
Students May Earn Living
Strong faculty of 15. School opens Sept. 19th, 1917. Write for illustrated catalogue.
CHATTANOOGA COLLEGE OF LAW
Chattanooga Tennessee

WESTERN STATES



Learn a Paying Profession
that assures you a good income and position for life. For twenty-four years we have successfully taught
PHOTOGRAPHY
Photo-Engraving and Three Color Work
Our graduates earn $20 to $50 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. [illegible] how you can become successful. Tuition easy — living inexpensive. Write for catalog No. [illegible]
ILLINOIS COLLEGE of PHOTOGRAPHY
Box 9, 959 Wabash Ave., Effingham, Ill.

Colorado School of Mines
Golden

[illegible] more active now! In war and now than ever. Prepares here [illegible] for peace work. Four years' [illegible] and [illegible] Highest standards [illegible] diversified opportunities. Athletics, [illegible] clubs, etc. For [illegible] address Registrar, Dept. L, School of Mines, Golden, Colo.

Study Dentistry at the INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE
[illegible] Important [illegible] trends, moderate cost for [illegible] Clinical facilities unexcelled. Modern and complete equipment in all departments.
F. R. Henshaw, Dean
7 W. North St. Indianapolis, Ind.

WENTWORTH
MILITARY ACADEMY

Prepares boys for [illegible] Rated by [illegible] [illegible] of Investigation of R.O.T.C. [illegible] from Department [illegible] New Gymnasium. Address [illegible] for catalog and [illegible] Col. S. Sellers, Supt., 1812 Washington Ave., Lexington, Mo.

Detroit Technical Institute
One Year Courses in Electrical and Mechanical Engineering. Two Year Courses in Analytical Chemistry and Pharmacy. Instructors specialists in their line. Address for Bulletin
THE DIRECTOR, 34 Witherell St., Detroit, Mich.

The HUDSON SCHOOL
Three Courses: Classical, Technical, Commercial.
Prepares for College or Professional School. A teacher for every eight pupils. [illegible] over 15.
Address The Headmaster, 34 Witherell St., Detroit, Mich.

Continued on Page 70

Bourjois
JAVA
POUDRE
AT ALL DEALERS 50¢
The amount sold indicates it to be the most used face powder by women of fashion and refinement the world over
FOR MEN —
The "Naturelle" tint after shaving —
— made by —
A BOURJOIS & CO inc.
Oldest and largest Manufacturers of Face Powder in the World
OF PARIS, FRANCE
35 WEST 34th ST., NEW YORK

Big Doors in Little Space

Your garage must have ... and the ... of ... and the best of ... by equipping your garage with

WAGNER DOOR HANGERS

... track designed especially for garages ... all the ... Big proof ... Write ... catalog showing many ... garage ... Wagner.

WAGNER MFG. CO.
Dept. K, CEDAR FALLS, IOWA

CONSERVE YOUR FOOD SUPPLY

INSTRUCTIONS FREE
For Canning and Drying Vegetables and Fruits
Write National Emergency Food Garden Commission
Maryland Bldg. Washington, D. C.
Send two cents for postage.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability.
Victor J. Evans & Co. 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

you'll never see me again. Who knows? But then, again, you may. Get on your bonnet, sister."

The true history of any woman's relations with any man is secret history, which only two people ever read all of—the man and the woman—and then only when the book is finished and the meaning is clear. A new chapter had begun; but in that chapter what was Mr. Jones going to do with the Twilight Girl? Must this gray dream turn into one more of his sordid love affairs? Must it end, or could he turn back the hands of the clock to the minute before he kissed her and keep them there—keep the dream alive forever in a secret and twilight world? From the outside evidence you could not tell.

There were no more kisses; but there were nights when he left her abruptly, and hours when he watched her face across restaurant tables and heard nothing that she said. Again there were nights when they played together like children—the night of the circus in Madison Square Garden, and the peanuts and lemonade; the rainy night, when they broiled a steak on her gas stove—wonderful nights! But he never came except on Thursdays now.

The Twilight Girl looked as shadowy and ethereal as her name by June, and her cheeks lost the faint pink that he had been coaxing there; and under the soft smooth skin two delicate cheek bones showed. But heartache and a need for a tonic have the same physical effects, and both often come with the spring; and you could not safely infer that she was pining for Mr. Jones.

Meantime late spring changed to early summer, and these two delightful but nerve-racking seasons took the world and the winter-jaded city, and the little, bedraggled Village, which was the heart of the city to Mr. Jones, all by the shoulders and shook them until they waked and thrilled, and great things occurred. And the Village was swept by a sudden spring fever of gayety and played harder than ever, as Mr. Jones, who loved it, liked best to see it play. His own parties had never been noisier and Mr. Jones never a better host.

Even the youngest generation in the Village, which was beginning to laugh at his carefully cultivated slang and pompous ways, stopped laughing and admired; for about Mr. Jones, that spring, hung an air of mystery and great achievement. His abstracted air and his long absences added to it. It was thought that he might be making a fortune through war deals, doubling the millions with which they credited him already; or that he was arranging a Broadway appearance for Marianina. Adolescence, the great German drama of sex, and the police, who tried to prevent the first performance, and the press, that told the public why, had brought fame if not fortune overnight to the Penny Players; and they owed it all to Mr. Jones.

J. Eldredge Jones was a great man that spring in the Village—great if never before; too great, the Village would all have agreed, to spend much time with obscure young women in garrets. And indeed it was more than a week since she had seen him or heard from him when, one sultry Thursday in June, he came for the Twilight Girl.

It was the last Thursday in June. It was also the night that Marianina and fate had chosen for the farewell supper of the Penny Players, disbanding for the year and celebrating the event in state in an uptown restaurant; but this fact, though exhaustively discussed with Marianina, no longer troubled Mr. Jones, and nothing else seemed to trouble him as he walked home, down the Avenue, with the Twilight Girl.

They had dined in the garden of the restaurant at the end of the Drive, with nothing between them and the river but the thin strip of land that grows thinner and more unreal at night; with nothing between them and the stars. Then they had seen the newest of the new summer shows, and danced at Hawaiia, their old favorite among the cabarets, and walked all the way home from it to the Square. The principal dancer, an energetic and well-set-up young woman, advertised as Hawaiian, who worked hard to make up to the audience for the fact that she was not, had worked harder than ever to-night. The whole evening had been the best imitation of earlier and happier evenings that they could find in a changed summer New York.

The girl was changed too—in a dress that he did not know, beruffled, summer white, of an antiquated cut, but so fresh that the black velvet hat looked very limp and sad above it—and was, at first, in a mood that he did not know, a mood of strained, tense gayety. But it had left her now, and she was silent and pale. Near the Evert Mr. Jones stopped abruptly and looked at her.

"We're going in here," he said, "for another drink. You're tired?"

"No," said the girl; but she told him in that one word how tired she was, and her tired voice trembled as if it were trying to tell him still more—more about that night, and other nights and weeks before.

"Tired to-night," said Mr. Jones, "when I wanted you to be happy? When it's the last night you and I shall go batting like this? You need somebody to take care of you. I'm not fit to; but you come in here, sister. We've got to talk." He put a hand on her arm, but she did not seem to feel it.

"Did you say this was the last time?" she whispered. "The last?"

"The last," said Mr. Jones. "Do you care like that? Why, sister ——"

They were standing still now in front of the Evert; for a great moment was upon them suddenly, as such moments come in dreams, as all the big moments had come in their little gray dream romance; suddenly—and it was over quickly too.

For at their left, unheard but near, a door had opened and crashed shut, the door of the Evert Grill. And out of the doorway and up the stairs surged a little crowd that made a noise like a very much bigger crowd, a crowd all quite happy and good-looking and young, and quite aware of it, and pleased with themselves and with life; and more so as they discovered Mr. Jones. They greeted him and surrounded him, filling the sidewalk, barring his way, laughing at him and calling out unintelligible things.

Mr. Jones knew them all. They were his young protégées, the Penny Players. This was Marianina's supper party, held at the Evert after all; and the young woman in red, the flushed and angry young woman who now pushed her way to the edge of the group and confronted him, was Marianina.

"So this is the girl, J.!" she said to J. Eldredge Jones. "This," she repeated to the group, after a minute of scornful silence which awed them into silence too, "is the girl! The reason why J. couldn't come to-night to the biggest party he ever paid the bills for; the business engagement that kept him from the last Liberty Club pageant; his Thursday girl; the girl that got Thursday off his calendar and has just kept him away from me three weeks. This girl! This little white-faced ——"

"Oh, come, Nina!" said one brave spirit in the group, unheeded.

"That will be all, Nina," remarked Mr. Jones gently; and it was.

The leading lady of the Penny Players threw the contralto thrill into her voice which had obtained that position for her, came two steps nearer, and directly and tenderly addressed Mr. Jones.

"J.," she said, "I'm jealous. I don't say you can't look at another woman. You can. But this once-a-week business gets me. It's too regular and legal and binding. It won't do. I'm jealous; and I never was jealous before. I don't like it. I'm crazy about you; but you have got to choose between this girl and me."

"I have, Nina," said Mr. Jones.

And indeed it was not a choice to hesitate over. Marianina, in her sweeping scarlet draperies, the costume of her rôle, worn by request to-night, a red that hit you between the eyes and made you glad to be hit, was a vigorous and splendid figure, with her flushed cheeks and flaming eyes; and she looked more than her own impressive self beside the still little figure of the Twilight Girl, the smallest and shabbiest creature that was ever the focus of melodrama. Marianina was splendid; and Mr. Jones, the only person present not overwhelmed by her, was, in his own stolid way, impressive too.

"Well, you won't be sorry, J.," said Marianina.

"No," said Mr. Jones. "Taxi!"

"How many?" said the starter, with a cold eye upon the assembled audience.

"Two," said Mr. Jones; and grasping Marianina by a substantial red-clothed arm, he escorted her to one and put her in.

"J.," she called from the window tenderly, but with hysteria threatening him in her voice, "aren't you taking me home?"

"Sure!" said Mr. Jones promptly. "One minute."

"Go home and wait," he said to the Twilight Girl so softly that the interested audience could not hear. "Take the other cab. I'll be round in an hour. Don't be

(Concluded on Page 73)

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

WESTERN STATES—Continued

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL
Highest standards ... work ... ghost cutting by War ... $100.00 ... by ... $100.00 ...
COL. T. A. JOHNSTON Supt., 732 Third St., Boonville, Mo.

DETROIT COLLEGE OF LAW
Prepares for the Bar. Two distinct schools—Day and Evening. Three years' course leads to degree of LL. B. Students ... 22 courts in city, secure thorough instruction in theory and practice. Faculty composed ... 25 ... Bench and Bar. 27th year begins Sept. 24, 1917. Self-supporting students assisted in finding employment. For catalog and full particulars address
DEAN DETROIT COLLEGE OF LAW, 34 Witherell St., Detroit, Mich.

INDIANA, Angola, 10 S St.
Tri-State College of Engineering
Make you a Civil, Mechanical, Electrical or Chemical Engineer in two years. $175 covers tuition, board and furnished room for 48 weeks. Preparatory courses at same rate. No entrance examination.

Wayland Academy Box C. A. Beaver Dam, Wis. Eighth grade to first year college, all courses. 6 buildings, 20-acre campus; athletic field, lake. Endowed. Expenses $300. Music. Stenography. Catalogue. Edwin P. Brown.

Why not?

Why not sell us your spare time? The increased cost of living makes it wise—if not necessary—to increase your income. If $5.00 or $10.00 a week would help, you can easily earn it. Many of our part-time workers find it possible to earn as much as $100.00 a month.

All about you are subscribers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. We'll pay you liberally for forwarding their renewal orders, and for introducing these dominant publications to new readers.

Spare time is all that is required. Give us half an hour a day and you'll be convinced. You may, without obligation, secure full details by addressing THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 836 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"THESE ScotTissue Towels sure are great in hot weather. Their absorbent texture gets right into the pores and gathers up the moisture. I tell you they're fine! So soothing and comfortable to a fellow's hot, perspiry skin, too. But the greatest satisfaction is to know they are absolutely clean, and I have no hesitancy to put them to my face. I'm taking these cold face showers several times a day now since we have these ScotTissue Towels. This combination is the best little recipe for summer comfort I've ever discovered."

ScotTissue is made of a paper specially manufactured for towel purposes. It's the ideal Summer Towel as well as the ideal year-round towel.

Ideal because it dries the skin quickly and thoroughly, being soft and very absorbent; and above all, because it looks clean, feels clean, and *is* clean —clean from the minute it leaves the model factory to the time you take it from the dustproof cabinet, folded, ready to dry your face and hands.

When you find a pure white, soft and very absorbent towel, with the trade-mark "ScotTissue" embossed on it—your identification—you will find real satisfaction, real hot-weather comfort.

Heads of amusement parks, boat lines, stores, office buildings, hotels, theatres, restaurants, factories, offices, schools and institutions should investigate ScotTissue and send for further interesting and valuable information.

Scott Paper Company

Originators of the Paper Towel

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

30 Church Street, NEW YORK
355 Market Street, SAN FRANCISCO

723 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia

113 E. Austin Avenue, CHICAGO
Address nearest office

ScotTissue Towels

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

GINGER ALE

Wherever and whenever thirst appears serve Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. Offer to serve it and you generate thirst with anybody who has tried it. If you want to mix a drink use Clicquot Club just as you would charged water. It blends perfectly with almost anything. Good grocers and druggists sell it by the case. Also at fountains, clubs, restaurants, etc.

The Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Mass.

U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 70)

worried, sister." Then, stepping obediently into Marianina's taxi, he closed the door upon himself and her.

It was a long hour later—three by the clock and morning by the feel of the air—when he slipped through the door she had left ajar and creaked cautiously up the Twilight Girl's stairs to her own half-open door and stood there looking in. The girl, who sat with her blond head pillowed on her arms on the table under the rose-shaded light, heard him and got up and came to him. She came slowly and stood looking up into his face, both hands behind her back, in her old, childish fashion; but her eyes were a woman's eyes.

"It's you. Where have you been?" she said

"You know," said Mr. Jones.

"With that woman. Why?"

"I had to," said Mr. Jones simply. "I couldn't let her go on throwing fits in the street and making trouble for you. I had to get her home."

"Then why did you come here?"

"It's late, I know; but I wanted to make sure you didn't worry. I wanted to tell you that everything is all right!" said Mr. Jones. "Why, child —— Why, sister ——"

For the immediate result of the optimistic message he had brought was that the Twilight Girl was sobbing out her tired little heart in his arms, while he patted her shoulder awkwardly.

"All right!" Mr. Jones could make out, brokenly, between her sobs. "When you've been there an hour—an hour? When she told you to choose, and you went with her? When you told me to-night was our last party—our last! When I've been losing you for weeks? When I lost you to-night? And you wouldn't explain or tell me that I was losing you all these awful weeks? All right!"

"All right forever between you and me; and forever's a long time, sister," said Mr. Jones gently, so that the words just came to her.

Then he let her cry until she was quiet again.

"Sister," he said then, "do you really think I've been neglecting you these last weeks?"

"Yes," said her small choked voice.

"Can't you guess what I've been doing? No? Did you really think there was any question of choice between that woman and you? Don't you know that I'm done with her? I told her so to-night. I couldn't tell her before. I'm done with every woman but you—forever! Don't you know it, sister?"

"Why—couldn't you tell her before?"

"She's the Penny Players. They'd go to pieces without her, and I wanted them to stay together till I got back the money I put in."

"Money?"

"Money—for you." Mr. Jones paused, choosing his words, looking down at the blond head against his shoulder. "I didn't mean," he said, "to go into all this to-night. It's hard to tell even you. Hard to tell you, even now; and I've been putting it off. But—it's like this, sister: I'm not what these people down here think I am. I'm a big man down here, but a little man uptown. I'm not a rich man. I don't make ten thousand a year sometimes; and I spend most of it down here—my last spare dollar sometimes. And I stay away then till I make more. This year I have kept on in a risky business that was running downhill just in the hope of making money that I could spend down here. It don't sound good when you tell it. I never told it before. Does it sound too bad to you, sister?"

"No."

"Well, the war hit me hard. I'm the only Jones of Jones, Jones & Company; or—I was. I've sold out now. There's no more Jones, Jones & Company. There's only ——"

"Only—what?"

"Me," said Mr. Jones. "Me and five thousand a year. That's all I could get out with; and I've worked hard to keep that. These weeks I've been trying to get my life into some kind of shape so there'd be room for you—these weeks when you thought I was getting tired of you. Me, working at some safe job, where I won't lose the five thousand and won't make much more; and a house somewhere in the suburbs—a rented house. That's all you'll get. Is it enough, sister?"

"Oh!" breathed the Twilight Girl. "Do you mean—you can't mean—that you love me?"

"Look at me," said Mr. Jones; and he put a big hand under her chin and made her look.

She looked, and then hid her tear-stained, transfigured face on his shoulder again.

"But say it!" she whispered. "I want to hear you say it. Do you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jones.

"But when? How long?"

"Ever since the night I kissed you," said Mr. Jones. "I thought you knew. But is it enough—what you'll get, sister?"

"What will you get?"

"You," said Mr. Jones.

"Is that enough? Why, you don't even know my name!"

"I know what it's going to be," said Mr. Jones—"to-morrow."

"To-morrow? But it's almost to-morrow now."

She slipped out of his arms and looked at him—looked as long as tired eyes can look at the sun—no longer; and then, like a sleepy child, she held out her arms again.

"I'm so tired," she said; "and I was so afraid."

"I'm tired too," said Mr. Jones. "If I go, will you go to sleep? No? Well, then, we'll make that all right too. Here ——" With one arm still round her, he groped for the old Roman blanket, found it, wrapped her in it clumsily but adequately, and then sat precariously down in the steadiest wicker chair, which creaked but held them both. "Now we'll rest," he said.

The blond head sank lower and lower on his shoulder and the small, tense body relaxed in his arms; but then a little whisper came from under the folds of the Roman blanket, so small that he had to bend his head to hear.

"Why?" it said.

"Why what, dear?"

"Why am I enough—enough for you?"

"I don't know; but you are," said Mr. Jones. "Go to sleep, sister."

And he kissed her forehead gently once, as borrowed babies are kissed; and presently she was still in his arms again, and in another minute asleep. But Mr. Jones did not sleep.

A king who had renounced his kingdom; a man who had humbled himself before a woman, betraying his secret self to her—a sacrifice for which no woman ever yet has given adequate thanks; and an oldish and fattish man, heavy-eyed and tired—Mr. Jones kept watch, with the girl in his arms. His arms grew stiff; but she was not heavy in them. The blond head rested lightly against his shoulder. Ninety-eight pounds of shy, strange girl! It was not very much to renounce a kingdom for. She was enough—but why?

In the still hours before the dawn, in this poor little room at the edge of his kingdom, the last night the king was to spend there was going fast; a June night, hauntingly sweet, as only June nights are, when the hours of dark are short and a presage of coming heat thrills already in the air—June heat, which concentrates all the beauty in the world and makes it ours.

Mr. Jones' world, his kingdom, was beautiful to-night, young and free and alive, and his half-gods were dying out there in the dark—dying and calling to him—his gods, Adventure and Romance, that he had set up in the Village, to worship there. What is one face against the undiscovered beauty of the world—one woman's face? Is one face enough? So they called; but Mr. Jones did not hear.

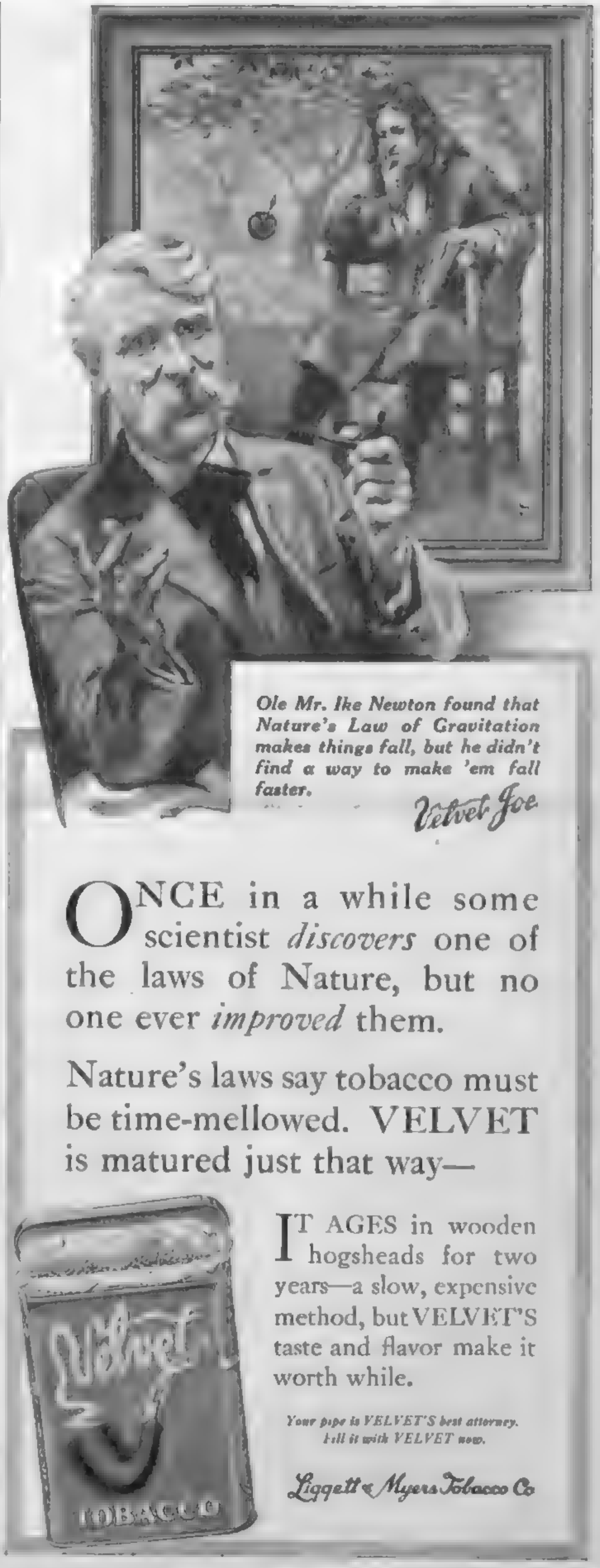
The little room was gray with dawn already, a wistful gray, like the gray of twilight.

Shifting the girl's weight gently in his cramped arms, he reached toward the rose-shaded light and turned it off; leaned carefully back till he could touch the white curtains, and drew them close. But it was dawn, and the dawn would wake her soon. And then her long-lashed lids would flutter open and her dark eyes open wide.

With his eyes on her pale, sleeping face he waited for this miracle to be; for now he knew what he should see—what he had seen from the first, there in the depths of her twilight eyes! He knew the name of their unanswered question; their long, still dream.

It was a miracle as old as the world, and forever new; and it was worth the world—what was there in her eyes. He was to see it for the rest of his life; but this morning he could wait no longer to see it. And the name of it was Love.

"You love me!" whispered Mr. Jones. "God knows why; but you love me. Wake up, sister! It's your wedding day!"



Ole Mr. Ike Newton found that Nature's Law of Gravitation makes things fall, but he didn't find a way to make 'em fall faster.

Velvet Joe

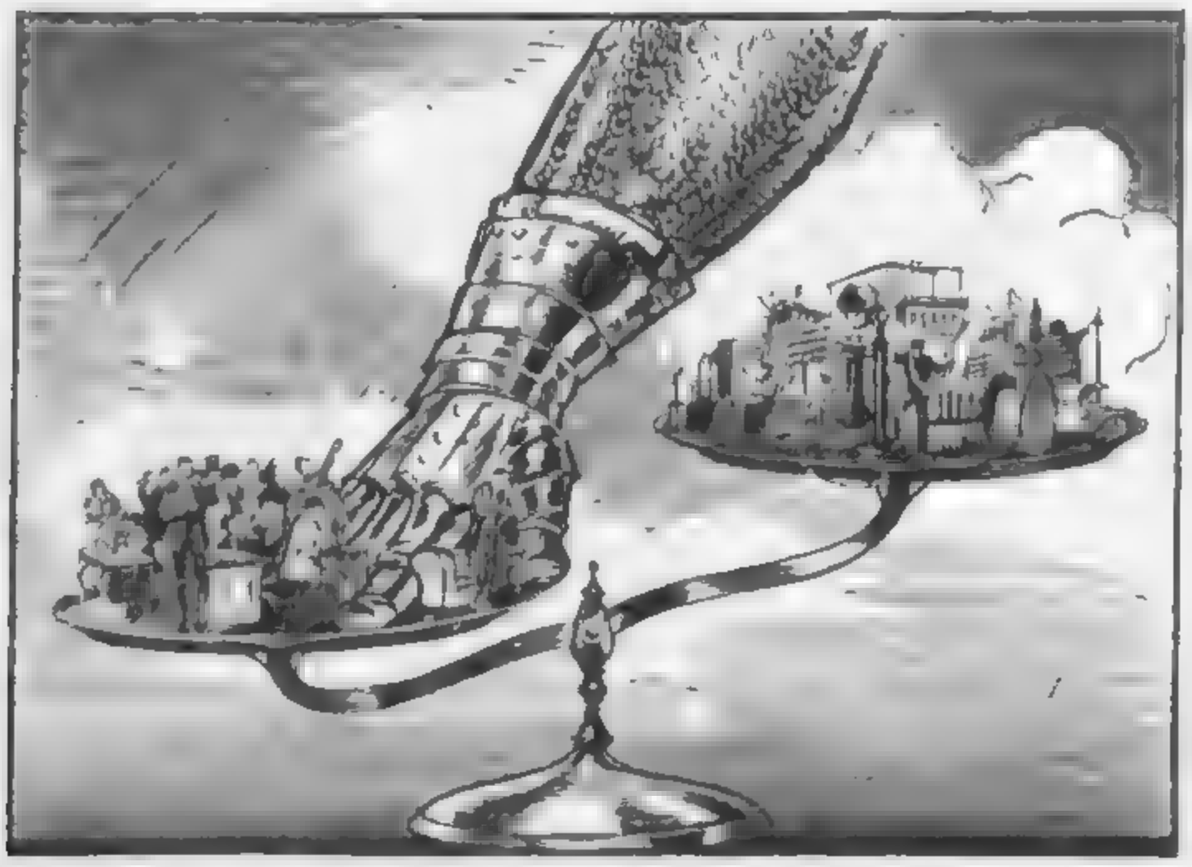
ONCE in a while some scientist *discovers* one of the laws of Nature, but no one ever *improved* them.

Nature's laws say tobacco must be time-mellowed. VELVET is matured just that way—

IT AGES in wooden hogsheads for two years—a slow, expensive method, but VELVET'S taste and flavor make it worth while.

Your pipe is VELVET'S best attorney. Fill it with VELVET now.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co



The Weight of War

The heavy hand of war has disturbed the balance between supply and demand the world over. Our problem of serving the public has all at once assumed a new and weightier aspect.

Extraordinary demands on telephone service by the Government have been made and are being met. Equipment must be provided for the great training camps, the coast-defense stations must be linked together by means of communication, and the facilities perfected to put the Government in touch with the entire country at a moment's notice.

In planning for additions to the plant of the Bell System for 1917, one hundred and thirty millions of dollars were apportioned. This is by far the largest program ever undertaken.

But the cost of raw materials has doubled in a year. Adequate supplies of copper, lead, wire, steel and other essentials of new equipment are becoming harder to get at any price, for the demands of war must be met.

Under the pressure of business incident to war, the telephone-using public must co-operate in order that our new plans to meet the extraordinary growth in telephone stations and traffic may be made adequate.

The elimination of unnecessary telephone calls is a patriotic duty just as is the elimination of all waste at such a time. Your Government must have a "clear talk track."

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

O-Cedar Polish

adds to the pride of the Library an exterior lustre in keeping with the rare bindings and deluxe editions within.

Always clean and polish all fine furniture with O-Cedar Polish

Dealers Everywhere.
25c to $3.00.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL COMPANY
Chicago — Toronto — London

THE HIGH HEART

(Continued from Page 21)

things, for horses and cows and calves, for Corots and Constables—with a difference!—on the uplands of farms or in village highways. Once when a foal galloped madly away from the train, kicking up its slender hind legs, my companion actually laughed.

When we got out at the station a robin was singing, the first bird we had heard that year. The note was so full and pure and Edenlike that it caught one's breath. It went with the bronze-green of maples and elms, with the golden westering sunshine, and with the air that was like the distillation of air and yet had a sharp northern tang in it. Driving in the motor of the inn through the main street of the town we saw that most of the white houses had a roomy colonial dignity, and that orchards of apple, cherry and plum, with acres of small fruit, surrounded them all. Having learned on the train that jam was the staple of the little town's prosperity we could see jam everywhere. Jam was in the cherry trees, covered with dainty white blossoms; in the plum trees, showing but a flower or two; and in the apple trees, scarcely in bud. The thought of it did something to bring Mrs. Brokenshire's mind back to the simple natural ways she had forsworn, even before reaching the hotel.

The hotel was no more than a farmhouse that had expanded itself half a dozen times. We traversed all sorts of narrow halls and climbed all sorts of narrow staircases, till at last we emerged on a corner suite where the view led us straight to the balcony.

Not that it was an extraordinary view; it was only a peaceful and a noble one. An undulating country held in its folds a scattering of lakes, working up to the lines of the Southern New Hampshire hills which closed the horizon to the north. Green was, of course, the note of the landscape, melting into mauve in the mountains and saffron in the sky. Spacing out the perspective a mauve mist rose between the ridges, and a mauve light rested on the three white steeples of the town. The town was perhaps two hundred feet below us and a mile away, nestling in a feathery bower of verdure.

When I joined Mrs. Brokenshire she was grasping the balcony rail, emitting little "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of ecstasy. She drew long breaths like a thirsty person drinking. She listened to the calling and answering of birds with face illumined and upturned. It was a bath of the spirit to us both. It was cleansing and healing; it was soothing and restful and corrective, setting what was sane within us free.

Of all this I need say little beyond mentioning the fact that Mrs. Brokenshire, in spite of herself, entered into a period in which her taut nerves relaxed and her overstrained emotions became rested. It was a kind of truce of God to her. She had struggled and suffered so much that she was content for a time to lie still in the everlasting arms, and be rocked and comforted. We had the simplest of rooms; we ate the simplest of food; we led the simplest of lives. I had come to love Mrs. Brokenshire so much that it was a joy to me to witness the revival of her spirit, and I looked forward to seeing her restored not too reluctantly to her husband.

With him I had, of course, some correspondence. It was an odd correspondence, in which I made my customary *gaffe*. On our first evening at the inn I wrote to him in fulfillment of my promise, beginning "Dear Mr. Brokenshire," as if I was writing to an equal. The acknowledgment came back "Miss Alexandra Adare: Dear Madam," putting me back in my place. Accepting the rebuff, I adopted the style in sending him my daily bulletins.

As a matter of fact, my time was largely passed in writing, for I had explanations to make to so many. My acquaintance with Mrs. Brokenshire having been a secret one, I was obliged to confess it to Hugh and Mrs. Rossiter and even to Angélique. I had, in a measure, to apologize for it, too; setting down Mrs. Brokenshire's selection of my company to an invalid's eccentricity.

So we got through May and into June, my reports to Mr. Brokenshire being each one better than the last. My patient never wrote to him herself, nor to anyone. We had, in fact, been a day or two at the inn before she said:

"I wonder what Mr. Brokenshire is thinking?"

It was for me to tell her then that from the beginning I had kept him informed as to where she was, and that he knew I was with her. For a minute or two she stiffened into the *grande dame*, as she occasionally did.

"You'll be good enough in future not to do such things without consulting me," she said with dignity.

That passed, and when I read to her, as I always did, the occasional notes with which her husband honored me, she listened without comment. It must have been the harder to do that since the lover's pleading ardor could be detected beneath all the cold formality in which he couched his communications.

It was this ardor as well as something else that began in the end to make me uneasy. The something else was that Mrs. Brokenshire was writing letters on her own account. Coming in one day from a solitary walk I found her posting one in the hall of the hotel. A few days later one for her was handed to me at the office with several of my own. Recognizing Stacy Grainger's writing, I put it back with the words:

"Mrs. Brokenshire will come for her letters herself."

From that time onward she was often at her desk, and I knew when she got her replies by the feverishness of her manner. The truce of God being past the battle was now on again.

The first sign of it given to me was on a day when Mr. Brokenshire wrote in terms more definite than he had used hitherto. I read the letter aloud to her as usual. He had been patient, he said, and considerate, which had to be admitted. Now he could deny himself no longer. As it was plain that his wife was better he should come to her. He named the twenty-second as the day on which he should appear.

"No, no," she cried excitedly. "Not till after the twenty-fourth."

"But why the twenty-fourth?" I asked innocently.

"Because I say so. You'll see." Then fearing apparently that she had betrayed something she ought to have concealed, she colored and added lamely: "It will give me a little more time."

I said nothing, but I pondered much. The twenty-fourth was no date at all that had anything to do with us. If it had significance it was in plans as to which she had not taken me into her confidence.

So too when I heard her making inquiries of the maid who did the rooms as to the location of the Baptist church. "What on earth does she want to know that for?" was the question I not unnaturally asked myself. That she who never went to church at all, except as an occasional act of high ceremonial for which she took great credit to her soul, was now concerned with the doctrine of baptism by immersion I did not believe. But I hunted up the sacred edifice myself, finding it to be situated on the edge of a daisied mead, slightly out of the town, on a road that might be described as lonely and remote. I came to the conclusion that if anyone wanted to carry off in an automobile a lady picking flowers—a sort of *enlèvement de Proserpine*—this would be as good a place as any. How the Pluto of our drama could have come to select it heaven only knew.

But I did as I was bid and wrote to Mr. Brokenshire that once the twenty-fourth was passed he would be free to come. After that I watched, wondering whether or not I should have the heart or the nerve to frustrate love a second time, even if I got the chance.

I didn't get the chance precisely, but on the twenty-third of June I received a mysterious note. It was typewritten and had neither date nor address nor signature. Its message was simple:

"If Miss Adare will be at the post office at four o'clock this afternoon she will greatly oblige the writer of these lines and perhaps benefit a person who is dear to her."

The post office being a tolerably safe place in case of felonious attack I was on the spot at five minutes before the hour. In that particular town it occupied a corner of a brick building which also gave shelter to the bank and a milliner's establishment. As the village hotel was opposite I advertised my arrival by studying a display of hats which warranted the attention before

(Continued on Page 77)

MORRIS
TESTED FOODS

MORRIS SUPREME TEST

The Nation's Food Standard

A WORD OF APPRECIATION BY MORRIS & COMPANY
TO HOUSEWIVES AND PURE FOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

A YEAR ago we printed in The Saturday Evening Post the first word of The Morris Supreme Test, which reflects the lifelong policy of this institution.

We told of the pains taken in selecting materials; of the rigid inspection in all processes of preparation. And we told of the final test made once a week in every Morris plant—The Morris Supreme Test.

Without this test there could not be the uniform goodness of Morris products. Without it we could not hold so large a proportion of permanent food buyers.

The Supreme Test, strictly enforced in all branches of our business, definitely fixes the standard which Morris Foods must meet. It insists upon that extra quality which is your right when you pay your money for first class foods. And first class foods mean *real economy*.

There is an advantage in buying prepared foods of known quality.

There is protection in knowing that a food producing firm not only is right in *intentions*, but that it is qualified by experience, facilities, organization to carry out those intentions.

Nelson Morris, founder of this gigantic business, stood out among the food men of his time for his remarkable gift of selection. He trained the Morris business in the way it should go. He taught others to select—to know—to eliminate guesswork. And The Morris Supreme Test today is simply the final working out of this policy.

The list of Morris products has grown to supply almost every pure food need. Let these choice foods provide the mainstay and variety for every meal.

And please note this: Whatever you buy with the Morris name on—whether it be a Supreme Ham of choice selection, delicious Supreme Bacon, Supreme Butter, Whiteleaf Brand Lard or Marigold Oleomargarine—you are getting a Morris Tested Food.

Morris Tested Foods have been approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute, the Housewives' League, comply with the Westfield standards and all the Meat products bear the stamp of approval of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Morris & Company stands back of Morris products—no matter where you buy them—to insure your fullest satisfaction.

We thank the housewives of this country—we thank the high class dealers everywhere—who have accepted and approved The Morris Supreme Test. Their cordial attitude has meant much to us.

We have made The Supreme Test efficient. They have made it a Nation-wide success.

MORRIS & COMPANY

PACKERS & PROVISIONERS

Chicago East St. Louis St. Joseph Kansas City Oklahoma City Omaha

Copyright 1917
by
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.

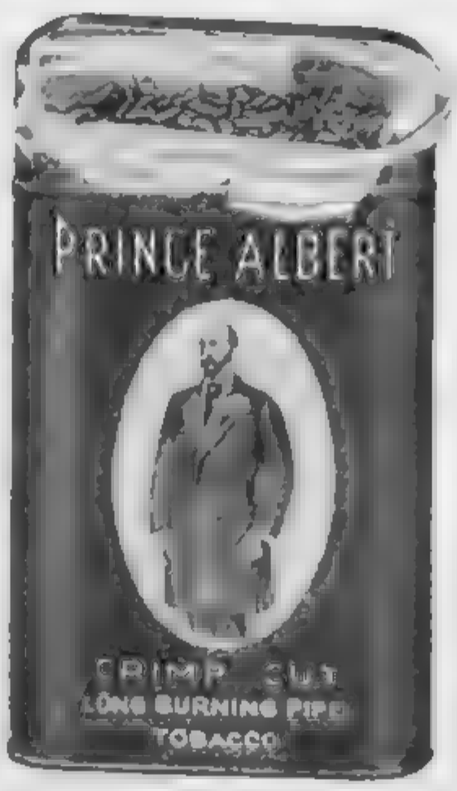
PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

YOU'LL brighten up your smoke-future close to double its present gait if you'll be a sport-for-a-spell and let Prince Albert tell your taste and tongue a tobacco tale that you'll hear today in any port on the Seven Seas. You can't figure out any quantity of smokejoy that P. A. fails to furnish; you can "sit-in" and puff away till the birds start to chirp without a tongue-tingle, without a come-back of any sort! *And, that P. A. flavor!*

For, Prince Albert has the quality that certainly hands out satisfaction with a capital S—and, *it's quality you're on the trail of.*

Start patting yourself on the back as speedy as you find yourself on the way for a supply of P. A., for, you're headed for smokesunshine, for more jimmy pipe joy than you ever believed could be yours! Sound-the-cymbals and run up the colors for you'll want to celebrate, *surest thing you know!* With P. A. for "packing" you get a new slant at smokesport that makes it all the more alluring. And, you just bang away on your pipe like every day was a holiday! Keeps your smokeappetite tuned to party-pitch to beat the band!



Everywhere tobacco is sold you buy Prince Albert. In toppy red bags and tidy red tins. Then, there are handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such fine condition.

And, Prince Albert can't any more bite your tongue or parch your throat than a new baby can whistle for spuds. That's because bite and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process. You can go-the-limit at both ends against the middle and little old P. A. will hand-out-joy to the high-top-point of your keenest desires!

Your cue is to get busy on the job and get some of that Prince Albert flavor and fragrance into your smokesystem. It's so enticingly delightful you'll agree you've been camping on the wrong side of the fence! And you can lay-a-bet on *that* fact!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 74)

going inside to invest in stamps. As I was the only applicant for this necessary of life the swarthy, undersized young man who served me made kindly efforts at entertainment while "delivering the goods," as he expressed it.

"English, ain't you?"

I said, as usual, that I was a Canadian.

He smiled at his own perspicacity.

"Got your number, didn't I? All you Canucks have the same queer way o' talkin'. Two or three in the jam factory here—only they're French."

I knew someone had entered behind me, and turning away from the wicket I found the person I had expected. Mr. Stacy Grainger, clad jauntily in a gray spring suit, lifted a soft felt hat.

He went to his point without introductory greeting.

"It's good of you to have come. Perhaps we could talk better if we walked up the street. There's no one to know us or to make it awkward for you."

Walking up the street he made his errand clear to me. I had partly guessed it before he said a word. I had guessed it from his pallor, from something indefinably humbled in the way he bore himself, and from the worried light in his romantic eyes. Being so much taller than I he had to stoop toward me as he talked.

He knew, he said, what had happened on the train. Some of it he had wrung from his secretary Strangways, and the rest had been written him by Mrs. Brokenshire. He had been so furious at first that he might have been called insane. In order to give himself the pleasure of kicking Strangways out he had refused to accept his resignation, and had I not been a woman he would have sought revenge on me. He had been the more frantic because until getting his first note from Mrs. Brokenshire he hadn't known where she was. To have the person dearest to him in the world swept off the face of the earth after she was actually under his protection was enough to drive a man mad.

Having acquiesced in this, I considered it no harm to add that if I had known the business on which I was setting out I should have hardly dared that day to take the train for Boston. Once on it, however, and in speech with Mrs. Brokenshire, it had seemed that there was no other course before me.

"Quite so," he agreed, somewhat to my surprise. "I see that now. He's not altogether an ass, that fellow Strangways. I've kept him with me, and little by little ——" He broke off abruptly to say: "And now the shoe's on the other foot. That's what I wanted to tell you."

I walked on a few paces before getting the force of this figure of speech.

"You mean that Mrs. Brokenshire ——"

"Quite so. I see you get what I'd like you to know." He went on brokenly: "It isn't that I don't want it myself as much as ever. I only see, as I didn't see before, what it would mean to her. If I were to take her at her word—as I must, of course, if she insists on it ——"

I had to think hard while we continued to walk on beneath the leafing elms, and the village people watched us as two city folks.

"It's for to-morrow, isn't it?" I asked at last.

He nodded.

"How did you know that?"

"Near the Baptist church?"

"How the deuce do you know? I motored up here last week to spy out the land. That seemed to me the most practicable spot, where we should be least observed ——"

We were still walking on when I said, without quite knowing why I did so:

"Why shouldn't you go away at once and leave it all to me?"

"Leave it all to you? And what would you do?"

"I don't know. I should have to think. I could do—something."

"But suppose she's counting on me to come?"

"Then you would have to fail her."

"I couldn't."

"Not even if it was for her good?"

He shook his head.

"Not even if it was for her good. No one who calls himself a gentleman ——"

I couldn't help flinging him a scornful smile.

"Isn't it too late to think in terms like that? We've come to a place where such words don't apply. The best we can do is to get out of a difficult situation as wisely as possible, and if you'd just go away and leave it to me ——"

"She'd never forgive me. That's what I'd be afraid of."

"There's nothing to be afraid of in doing right," I declared, a little sententiously. "You'll do right in going away. The rest will take care of itself."

We came to the edge of the town where there was a gate leading into a pasture. Over this gate we leaned and looked down on a valley of orchards and farms. He was sufficiently at ease to take out a cigarette and ask my permission to smoke.

"What would you say of a man who treated you like that?" he asked presently.

"It wouldn't matter what I said at first, so long as I lived to thank him. That's what she'd do, and she'd do it soon."

"And in the meantime?"

"I don't see that you need think of that. If you do right ——"

He groaned aloud.

"Oh, right be hanged!"

"Yes, there you go. But so long as right is hanged wrong will have it all its own way, and you'll both get into trouble. Do right now ——"

"And leave her in the lurch?"

"You wouldn't be leaving her in the lurch because you'd be leaving her with me. I know her and can take care of her. If you were just failing her and nothing else—that would be another thing. But I'm here. If you'll only do what's so obviously right, Mr. Grainger, you can trust me with the rest."

I said this firmly and with an air of competence, though, as a matter of fact, I had no idea of what I should have to do. What I wanted first was to get rid of him. Once alone with her I knew I should get some kind of inspiration.

He diverted the argument to himself—he wanted her so much, he would have to suffer so cruelly.

"There's no question as to your suffering," I said. "You'll both have to suffer. That can be taken for granted. We're only thinking of the way in which you'll suffer least."

"That's true," he admitted, but slowly and reluctantly.

"I'm not a terribly rigorous moralist," I went on. "I've a lot of sympathy with Paolo and Francesca and with Pelléas and Mélisande. But you can see for yourself that all such instances end unhappily, and when it's happiness you're primarily in search of ——"

"Hers—especially," he interposed with the same deliberation and some of the same unwillingness.

"Well, then, isn't your course clear? She'll never be happy with you if she kills the man she runs away from ——"

He withdrew his cigarette and looked at me wonderingly.

"Kills him? What in thunder do you mean?"

I explained my convictions. Howard Brokenshire wouldn't survive his wife's desertion for a month; he might not survive it for a day. He was a doomed man, even if his wife did not desert him at all. He, Stacy Grainger, was young. Mrs. Brokenshire was young. Wouldn't it be better for them both to wait on life—and on other possabilities that I didn't care to name more explicitly.

So he wrestled with himself, and incidentally with me, turning back at last toward the village inn—and his motor. While shaking my hand to say good-by he threw off jerkily:

"I suppose you know my secretary Strangways wants to marry you?"

My heart seemed to stop beating.

"He's—he's never said so to me," I managed to return, but more weakly than I could have wished.

"Well, he will. He's all right. He's not a fool. I'm taking him with me into some big things; so that if it's the money you're in doubt about ——"

I had recovered myself enough to say:

"Oh, no; not at all. But if you're in his confidence I beg you to ask him to think no more about it. I'm engaged—or practically engaged—I may say that I'm engaged—to Hugh Brokenshire."

"I see. Then you're making a mistake."

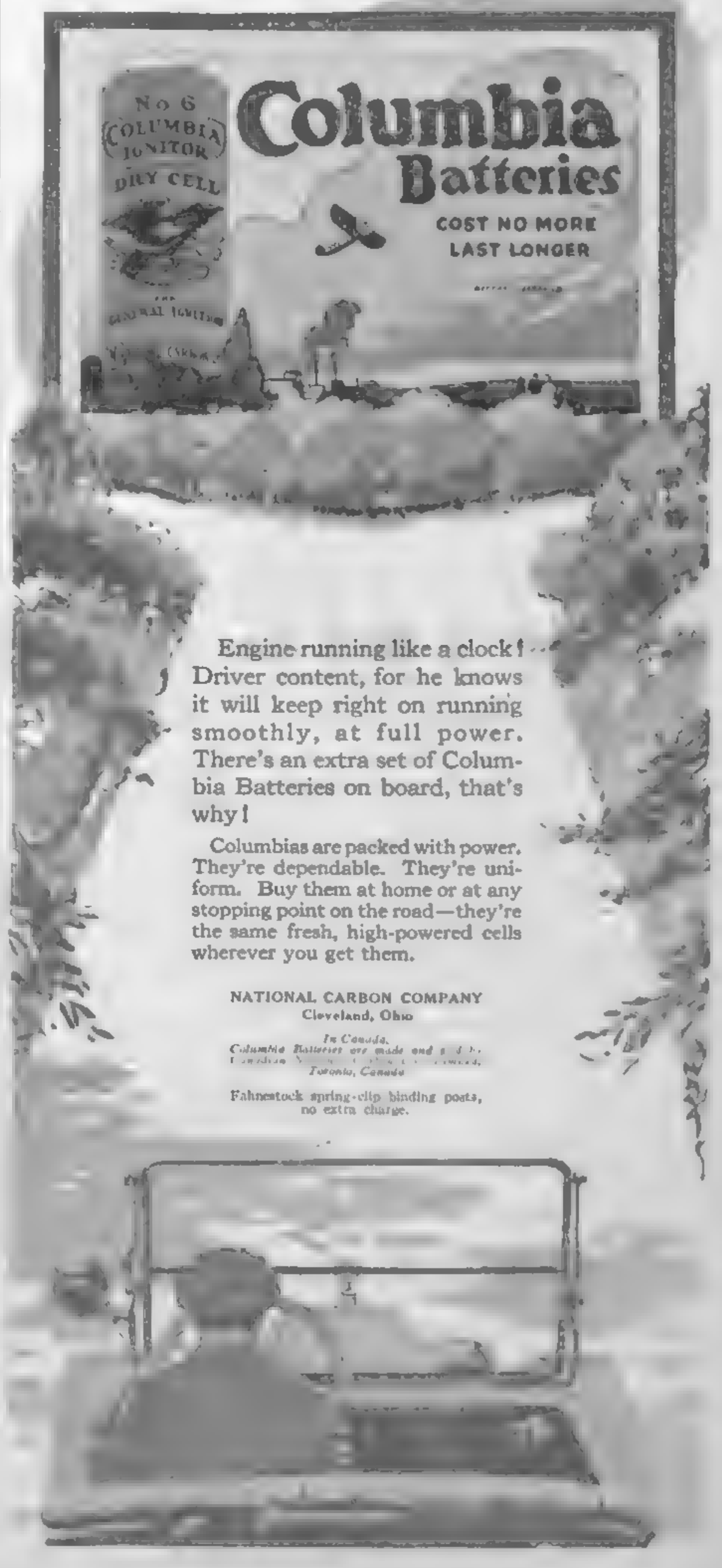
I was moving away from him by this time so that I gave him a little smile.

"If so, the circumstances are such that—that I must go on making it."

"For God's sake don't!" he called after me.

"Oh, but I must," I returned, and so we went our ways.

Columbia Batteries



Engine running like a clock! Driver content, for he knows it will keep right on running smoothly, at full power. There's an extra set of Columbia Batteries on board, that's why!

Columbias are packed with power. They're dependable. They're uniform. Buy them at home or at any stopping point on the road—they're the same fresh, high-powered cells wherever you get them.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada,
Columbia Batteries are made and sold by
The Canadian National Carbon Company, Limited,
Toronto, Canada

Fahnestock spring-clip binding posts, no extra charge.

USED IN THE ARMIES AND NAVIES OF THE WORLD

Your boy needs a

Easy to Fill

Press the Button

PARKER

SAFETY-SEALED

FOUNTAIN PEN

Drop ink tablet in water

New Parker LATENT Clip held in place like ← a WASHER.

$2.50 $3 $4 $5 at increasing dealers. Catalog free.

Dissolves immediately into fluid ink

SAFETY-SEALED—The new type "no holes in the wall" fountain pen. Ink can't get out to soil clothes or person.

PARKER INK TABLETS for a soldier's kit in place of fluid ink

Parker Pen Co., 90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin. New York Retail Store, Woolworth Building

Delivered TO YOU FREE

No other concern will offer you such values or such terms. Make your choice from

44 styles

LOW FACTORY PRICES

TIRES

Lamps, Horns and parts for all bicycles at half usual prices.

Send No Money but write today for

Electric Lighted RANGER Motorbike

We want a Rider Agent in Every Neighborhood

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. T-55 Chicago

Economical Chefservice in Your Home Any Time!

The Purity Cross mark

Purity Cross Welsh Rarebit

At Fine Grocers, 20c and 35c—35c and 50c in Canada

If not at dealer's, a single tin will be mailed at above prices—or, special, send us $1.15 or $2.00 per half dozen respectively (in Canada $1.45 or $2.85). Delivery prepaid if you mention your best grocer's name. Booklet sent free if you mention grocer.

Purity Cross, Inc., Model Kitchen, Route 30, Orange, N. J.

Why Buy

Here are three mighty good reasons why you should buy Buckskin Tires in preference to any other on the market

First—Because they are made by skilled workmen of the finest possible rubber and fabric.

Second—Because they are guaranteed for 4000 miles.

Third—Because, by buying direct from factory you make a big saving.

We have a special offer to make car owners. Write for booklet telling about it—also price list. 14

THE L. AND M. RUBBER CO. Howard St., Carrollton, O.

Western Distributing Office 1436 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

National STEAM PRESSURE CANNING OUTFITS

Reduce Food Costs

Don't pay exorbitant prices for foods when our may system of preserving enables you to buy fruits and vegetables when prices are low and put up in glass jars or cans for future use. Delicious and appetizing meals made most delicious and economical.

or longer. Can all you need and sell the rest. Pays for itself many times over. Write for details, stating what you will can and capacity desired.

NORTHWESTERN STEEL & IRON WORKS 817 Spring St., Eau Claire, Wis.

CEEBYNITE (SEE-BY-NIGHT) the DOUBLE-DUTY COMPASS

ASK YOUR DEALER

Keuffel & Esser Company

NOHOLS

REG. TRADE MARK

MENS WORK PANTS that wear like iron

BOYS PANTS, proof against roughest play

GUARANTEED for six months solid wear

If they don't live up to their Guarantee—

WEARPROOF TEARPROOF SPARKPROOF HOLEPROOF

The American Guaranteed Reinforced Clothing Co.

C. H. Wolfe, Mgr., 31 Leonard St., New York

I Print MY OWN

Technical Books—Low Prices—Easy Terms

C. H. Ward, Room C 235 B, 850 E. 58th St., Chicago.

On going back to our rooms I found poor dear little Mrs. Brokenshire packing a small straw suitcase, the most expensive of its kind. She had selected it as the only thing she could carry in her hand to the place of the *enlèvement*. She was not a packer; she was not an adept in secrecy. As I entered her room she looked at me with the pleading, guilty eyes of a child detected in the act of stealing sweets, and confessing before he is accused.

I saw nothing, of course. I saw nothing that night. I saw nothing the next day. Each one of her helpless, unskillful moves was so plain to me that I could have wept; but I was turning over in my mind what I could do to let her know she was deceived. I was reproaching myself, too, for being so treacherous a confidante. All the great love-heroines had an attendant like me, who bewailed and lamented the steps their mistresses were taking, and yet lent a hand. Here I was, the Nurse to this Juliet, the Brangaene to this Isolde, but acting as a counter-agent to all romantic schemes. I cannot say I admired myself; but what was I to do?

To make a long story short I decided to do nothing. You may scorn me, O reader, for that; but I came to a place where I saw it would be vain to interfere. Even a child must sometimes be left to fight its own battles and stand face to face with its own fate; and how much more a married woman! It became the more evident to me that this was what I could best do for Mrs. Brokenshire in proportion as I watched the leaden hands and feet with which she carried out her tasks and inferred a leaden heart. A leaden heart is bad enough; but a leaden heart offering itself in vain—what lesson could go home with more effect?

During the forenoon of the twenty-fourth each little incident cut me to the quick. It was so naïve, so useless. The poor darling thought she was outwitting me. As if she was stealing it she stowed away her jewelry, and when she could no longer hide the suitcase she murmured something about articles to be cleaned at the village cleanser's. I took this with a feeble joke as to the need of economy, and when she thought she would carry down the things herself I commended the impulse toward exercise. I knew she wouldn't drive, because she didn't want a witness to her acts. As far as I could guess the hour at which Pluto would carry off Proserpine, it would be at five.

And indeed about half past three I observed unusual signs of agitation. Her door was kept closed, and from behind it came sounds of a final opening and closing of cupboards and drawers, after which she emerged wearing a dark-blue walking suit and a hat of the *canotière* style, with a white quill feather at one side. I still made no comment, not even when the wan, wee, touching figure was ready to set forth.

If her first steps were artless the last was more artless still. Instead of going off casually, with an implied intention to come back, she took leave of me with tears and protestations of affection. She had been harsh with me, she confessed, and seemingly indifferent to my tender care, but one day she might have a chance to show me how genuine was her gratitude. In this, too, I saw no more than the commonplace, and a little after four she tripped down the avenue, looking, with her suitcase, like a schoolgirl.

I allowed her just such a handicap as her speed and mine would have warranted. Even then I made no attempt to overtake her. Having previously got what is called the lay of the land, I knew how I could come to her assistance by taking a short cut. I had hardened my heart by this time, and whatever qualms I had felt before, I was resolved now to spare her no drop of the wormwood that would be for her good.

I cannot describe our respective routes without appending a map, which would scarcely be worth while. It will be enough if I say that she went round the arc of a bow and I cut across by the string. I came thus to a slight eminence, selected in advance, whence I could watch her descent of the hill by which the lower Main Street trails off into the country. I could follow her, too, when she deflected into a small cross thoroughfare, bearing the scented name of Clover Lane, in which there were no houses; and I should still be able to trace her course when she emerged on the quiet country road that would take her to her trysting place. I had no intention to step in till I could do it at some spot on her homeward way, and thus spare her needless humiliation.

In Clover Lane she was within a few hundred yards of her destination. She had only to turn a corner and she would be in sight of the flowery mead whence she was to be carried off. It was a pretty lane, grass-grown and overhung with lilacs in full bloom, such as you would find on the edge of any New England town. The lilacs shut her in from my view for a good part of the time, but not so constantly that I couldn't be a witness to her soul's tragedy.

Her soul's tragedy came as a surprise to me. Closely as I had lived with her, I was unprepared for any such event. My first hint of it was when her pace through the lane began to slacken, till at last she stopped. That she didn't stop because she was tired I could judge by the fact that, though she stood stock still, she held the light suitcase in her hand. I couldn't see her face, because I stood under a great elm, some five hundred yards away.

Having paused and reflected for the space of three or four minutes, she went on again; but she went on more slowly. Her light tripping gait had become a dragging of the feet, while I divined that she was still pondering. As it was nearly five she couldn't be afraid of being before her time.

But she stopped again, setting the suitcase down in the middle of the road. She turned then and looked back over the way by which she had come as if regretting it. Seeing her open her small handbag, take out a handkerchief and put it to her lips, I was sure she was repressing one of her babylike sobs. My heart yearned over her, but I could only watch her breathlessly.

She went on again—twenty paces perhaps. Here she seemed to find a seat or a roadside bowlder, for she sat down on it. Her back being toward me and her figure almost concealed by the wayside growth, I could only wonder at what was passing in her mind. The whole period, of about ten minutes' duration, is filled in my memory with mellow afternoon light and perfumed air and the evening song of birds. When the village clock struck five she bounded up with a start.

Again she took what might have been twenty paces, and again she came to a halt. Dropping the suitcase once more she clasped her hands as if she was praying. As, to the best of my knowledge, her prayers were confined to a hasty evening and morning ritual in which there was nothing more than a pious, meaningless habit, I could surmise her present extremity. Stacy Grainger was like a god to her. If she renounced him now it would be an act of heroism of which I could hardly believe her capable.

But apparently she made up her mind that she couldn't renounce him. If there was an answer to her prayer it was one that prompted her to snatch up her burden again and hurry with a kind of skimming motion right to the end of the lane. It was to the end of the lane but not to the turning into the roadway. Once in the roadway she would see—or she thought she would see—Stacy Grainger and his automobile, and her fate would be sealed.

She had still a chance before her—and from that rutted sandy juncture, with wild roses and wild raspberries in the hedgerows on each side, she reeled back as if she had been struck. I can only think of a person blinded by a flash of lightning who would recoil in just that way.

For a few minutes she was hidden from my view behind the lilacs. When I caught sight of her again she was running like a terrified bird back through Clover Lane and toward the Main Street which would take her home.

I met her as she was dragging herself up the hill, white, breathless, exhausted. Pretending to take the situation lightly, I called as I approached:

"So you didn't leave the things."

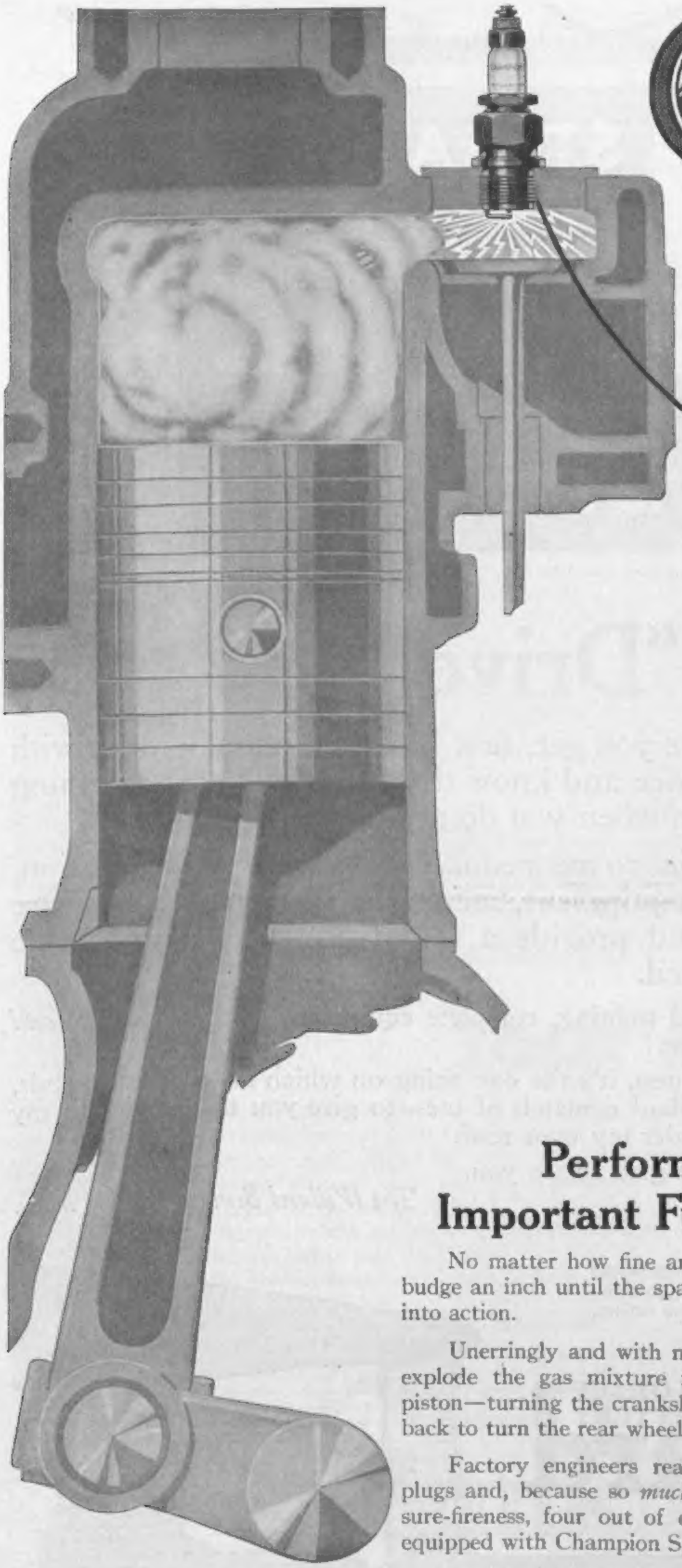
Her answer was to drop the suitcase once again, while regardless of curious eyes at windows and doors she flew to throw herself into my arms.

She never explained; I never asked for explanations. I was glad enough to get her back to the hotel, put her to bed, and wait on her hand and foot. She was saved now; Stacy Grainger, too, was saved. Each had deserted the other; each had the same crime to forgive. From that day onward she never spoke his name to me.

But as that evening I went to her bedside to say good-night, she drew my face to hers and whispered cryptically:

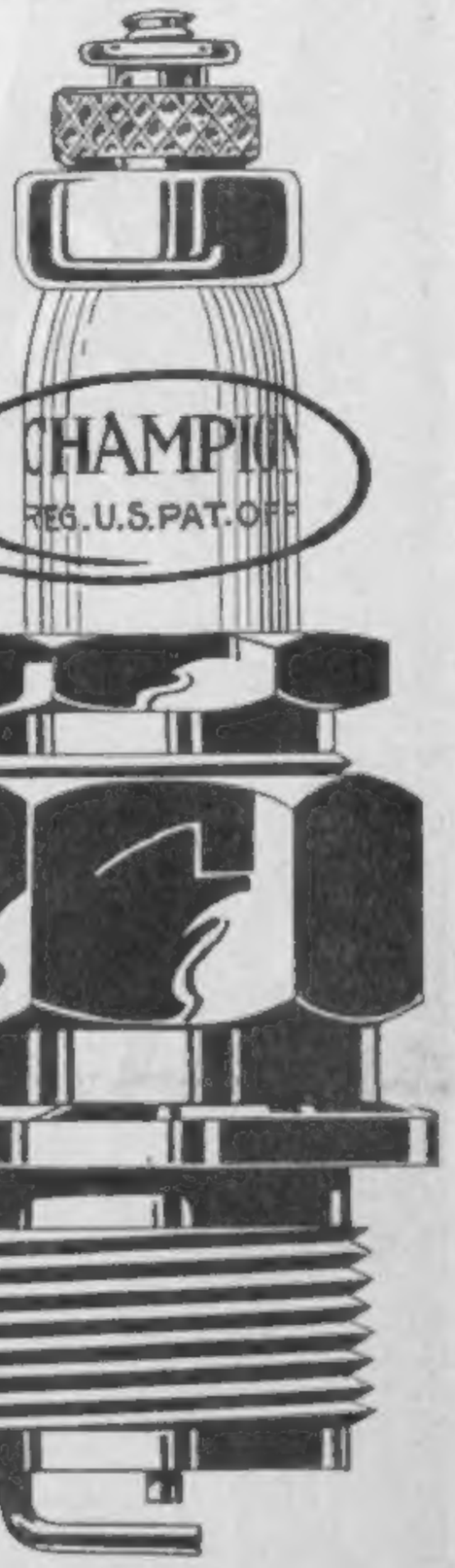
"It will be all right now between yourself and Hugh. I know how I can help."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Champion Toledo

Dependable Spark Plugs



Champion Regular
Price $1

Perform The Most Important Function In A Car

No matter how fine and costly your car is, it is unable to budge an inch until the spark plugs give it the *life* that sends it into action.

Unerringly and with mighty vigor, Champion Spark Plugs explode the gas mixture in the cylinders—forcing down the piston—turning the crankshaft—delivering the propelling power back to turn the rear wheels.

Factory engineers realize the vital importance of spark plugs and, because so *much* depends upon their durability and sure-fireness, four out of every five cars leave their factories equipped with Champion Spark Plugs.

Avoid substitution by looking for the name "Champion" on the porcelain of every plug you buy. You can get Champion Spark Plugs everywhere—especially designed for your make of car.

Champion Spark Plug Company

Toledo **Ohio**

Canadian Office: Champion Spark Plug Co. of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY SERVICE STATION

(Copyright registered, 1917)

"Drive In"

I'd like to have you get, first hand, an acquaintance with *inside* battery service and know that we have here something you can rely upon when you do need it.

"Inside" Service to me means a *real* battery service station, with floor space, equipment, material and men—able to care for your needs and provide a rental battery for you while yours is being fixed.

It demands special training, complete equipment, and *all the time and thought of the proprietor.*

It's my only business, it's the one thing on which my success depends, it's the one thing Willard demands of me—to give you that service in my own establishment under my own roof.

Drive in, we'll be glad to see you.

The Willard Service Station Man.

Write to the Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, Ohio, for complete list of over 950 service stations.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Your Hands

and only yours—need ever touch the healthful fruit inside Nature's germ-proof package.

In Summer, California sends you Sunkist Oranges, with all their luscious wholesomeness sealed in by Mother Nature.

Remember this, especially in summertime, when foods not sealed may not be pure.

In Sunkist Oranges you have a fresh fruit the year 'round—grown in a perfect package in which it ripens on the tree.

A sweet, delicious, tempting, cooling fruit which yields a rich, highly beneficial juice and lends itself ideally to incomparable summer salads and desserts.

Let the little folks have this fresh fruit. Sunkist Oranges are uniformly good. Ask your dealer for the oranges in tissue wrappers stamped "Sunkist."

200 Recipes and Suggestions by Alice Bradley

Miss Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass., has written 200 recipes and suggestions for the use of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. A beautifully illustrated book, which will be sent FREE to any housewife, tells all about them. Send a post card for your free copy now. *California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. M 83, Los Angeles, Cal. A Co-Operative, Non-Profit Organization of 8000 Fruit Growers.*

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges (628)

Copyright, 1917, Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.

Kellogg's Will Always Maintain Quality

You can be sure of Kellogg's — the original Toasted Corn Flakes — the Flakes that are delicate and thin. Whatever the times or the tendency, the *quality* of Kellogg's has our pledge and warranty—the finest Corn Flakes possible to produce! Look for the signature.

W. K. Kellogg

KRUMBLES is Kellogg's *all-wheat* food.
Every single tiny shred is thoroughly toasted.